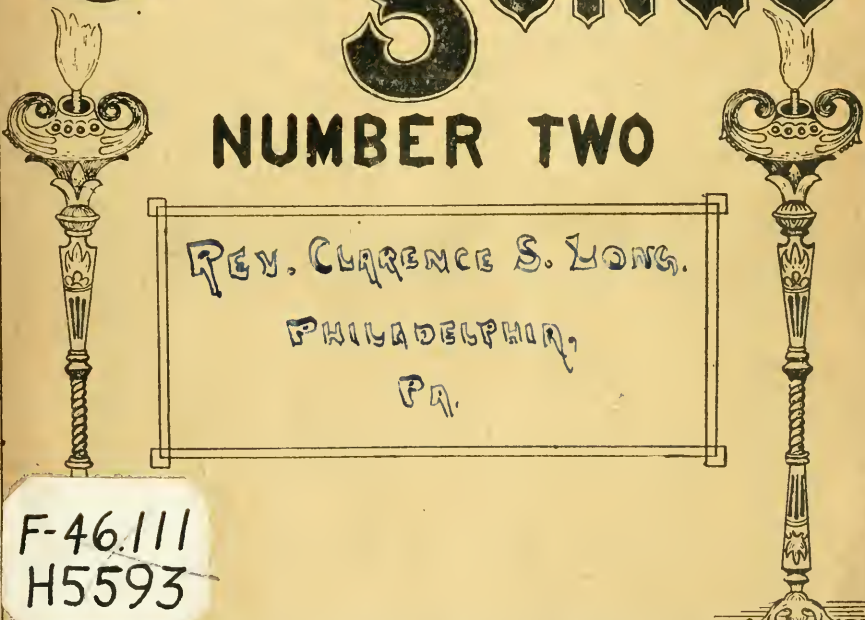


# HYMNS <sup>and</sup> SPIRITUAL SONGS

NUMBER TWO



REV. CLARENCE S. LONG.  
PHILADELPHIA,  
PA.

F-46.111  
H5593

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1530 Chestnut Street  
Philadelphia

# Hymns and Spiritual Songs

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## NUMBER TWO

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Compiled especially for The Evangelistic Service,  
Sunday School and Young People's Meetings

EDITED BY

JOHN P. HILLIS

H. L. GILMOUR

WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK

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APPROVED AND USED BY HENRY OSTROM

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## FOREWORD

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After having tested so thoroughly the words and music of HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS, it affords me much pleasure to commend to the public HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS, No. 2.

Those who use this collection will be impressed that it not only provides such words and tunes as sing extra well, but that attention to the demand of Men's Meetings, Brotherhoods, Sunday Schools and Boys' and Girls' Meetings has received special attention, while it is pre-eminently a great book for evangelistic campaigns.

The ground covered in this new book includes a large number of hymns on the following subjects: Praise, Prayer, Invitation, Testimony, the Bible, Childhood Devotion, Jesus and the Holy Spirit.

The many new pieces have been included only after the editors had tested them in great assemblies.

I commend this book to those interested in promoting Christian song. Praying that the Spirit of the Lord may give it a wide and blessed mission.

HENRY OSTROM,  
Greencastle, Indiana.

January 1, 1909.



# Hymns and Spiritual Songs.

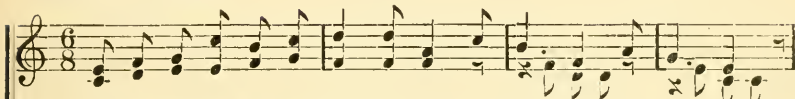
## Number Two.

1

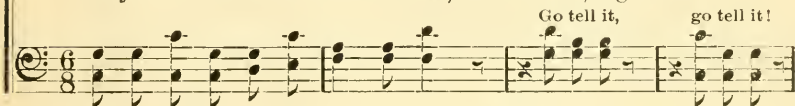
### Go Tell It.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

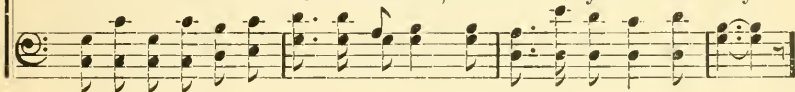
JOHN P. HILLIS.



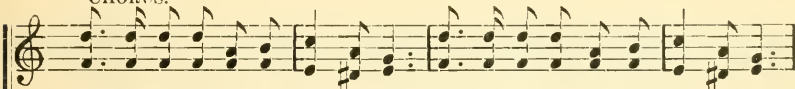
1. If you have heard that our God is love, Go tell it, go tell it!
2. If you can sing the dear Saviour's praise, Go sing it, go sing it!
3. If you can turn oth-er hearts to God, Go do it, go do it!



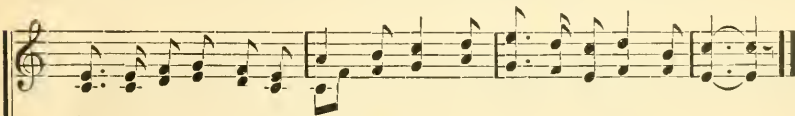
That he is reigning in heav-en a-bove, Go tell of his love to-day.  
Un-to him gladly your voi-ces now rise, Go sing of his love to-day.  
Bid them to follow where Je-sus has trod, Go do what you can to-day.



#### CHORUS.



Tell of a Saviour so kind and true, Tell of his love and his mer-cy too,



Tell of the good he would have us do, Go tell of his love to-day.



## Roll the Stone Away.

ORA SAMUEL GRAY.

CHARLES H. MARSH.

SOLO.

1. Je-sus was standing beside a grave, Weeping, but knowing his pow'r to save;  
 2. Je-sus is speaking to you in song, Asking why have you delay'd so long:  
 3. Je-sus is stand-ing by hearts of sin, Knocking and saying, "Let Me come in."

"Take ye away now the stone from the door," And Christ will his power display.  
 While men are lying in grave-clothes of sin, For whom Jesus died on the cross.  
 Rouse then, ye sleeper, and o-pen the door, For Je-sus has pow-er to save.

CHORUS. *faster.*

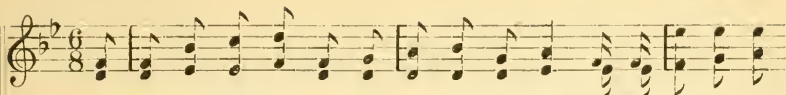
They roll'd the stone a - way, For Christ was there that day, And call'd up-

on a man to leave the darken'd grave. We'll roll the stone a - way, For

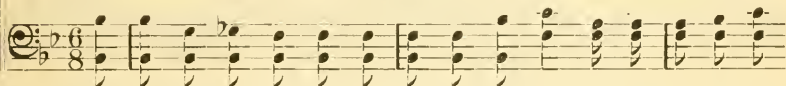
he is here to-day, And waits to show his mighty pow'r, His pow'r to save.

HARRIET FITHIAN.

IRA B. WILSON.



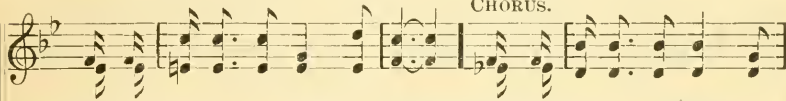
1. I have a dear Sav-iour who loves me I know, And whose will I de-  
 2. This won-der-ful Friend is a help-er in-deed; He has promis'd to  
 3. He soothes me in sor-row with songs in the night, And inspires me with  
 4. His love is a fount-ain of bless-ing so pure, Ev-er flow-ing for



light to do. He's pres-ent to cheer me wher-ev-er I go,—  
 lead me thro', And clos-er he comes than a broth-er in need,—  
 hopes a-new; He fills me with cour-age my bat-tles to fight,—  
 me, for you; His pow'r is un-fail-ing, his prom-ise is sure,—



## CHORUS.



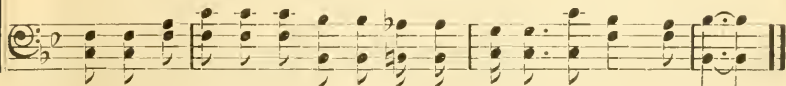
Was there ev-er a Friend so true? Was there ev-er a Friend so



true? Was there ev-er a Friend so true? I oft-en have  
 so true? so true?



prov'd him, I ev-er will love him; Was there ev-er a Friend so true?



# The Fight Is On.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ringing out, The cry "To arms" is  
 2. The fight is on, a-rouse ye soldiers brave and true; Je-ho-vah leads, and  
 3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry, The bow of prom-ise

heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic-to-ry, The  
 vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go buck-le on the ar-mor God has given you, And  
 spans the eastern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-ry land shall honored be, The

CHORUS. *Unison.*

triumph of the right will soon appear.  
 in his strength un-to the end endure. } The fight is on, O Chris-tian  
 morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray,.....With ar-mor

gleam-ing, and col-ors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day;



# The Fight Is On.—Concluded.

*Harmony.*

The fight is on, but be not wea - ry, Be strong and in his might hold  
fast; If God be for us, his banner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last.  
vic-t'ry! vic-t'ry!

5

## How Could It Be?

REV. N. A. McAULAY.

CHAS. H. MARSH.

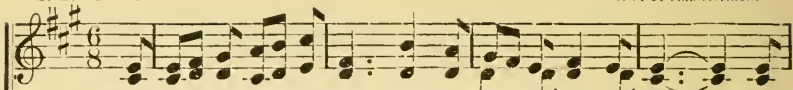
*Slowly.*

1. Poor and des-pised he came seek - ing for me, Bear - ing my  
2. Down in Geth-sem - a - ne, there I be - hold Je - sus in  
3. See him as-cend the mount, bleeding for me, Where thro' the  
4. Then in the tomb he lay, sleep - ing for me, Till came the  
woe and shame my soul to free; For me he suf - fered here,  
ag - o - ny, sor - row un - told; Then at the trait - or's call,  
crim - son fount, cleans - ing I see; For me he left his throne,  
prom - ised day of vic - to - ry; He from the grave a - rose,  
Shed oft the bit - ter tear, In love so pure and dear, How could it be?  
He went to Pi - late's hall, Bearing the sins of all, How could it be?  
For me he did a - tone, Dy - ing in shame a - lone, How could it be?  
He conquer'd all his foes, Then he in glo - ry rose, How could it be?

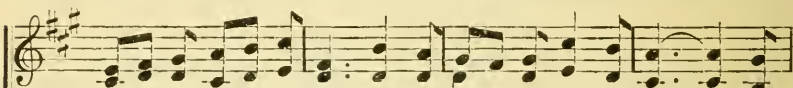
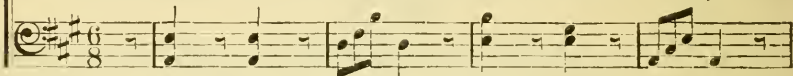
## Get Right with God.

E. E. HEWITT.

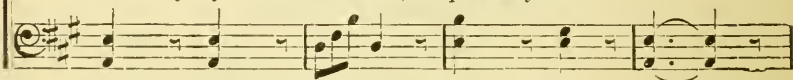
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



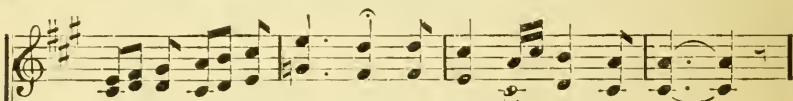
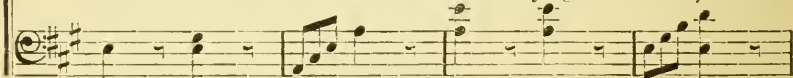
1. What - ev - er joys engross you, Whatev - er cares op - press, What -
2. He's wait - ing to be gra - cious; He's call - ing now to you, In -
3. Per - haps you once con - fessed him, And said you were his child; But



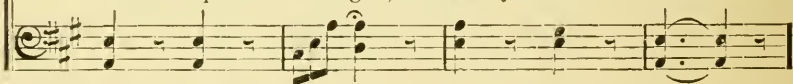
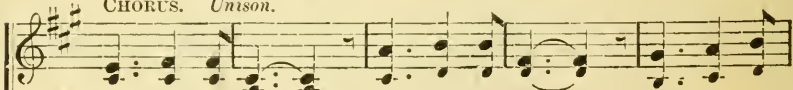
ev - er aims al - lure you, Whatev - er ills dis - tress; Though  
vit - ing you to par - don, To mer - cies great and true. O  
sad - ly you have wan - dered, In path - ways dark and wild. The



skies are bright and sun - ny, Or storms may be a - broad, There's  
turn from ev - 'ry pleas - ure, Lay ev - 'ry weight a - side; Get  
clouds of sin and sor - row The heav'n - ly light be - dim; But



one sur - pass - ing du - ty: Get right, get right with God.  
right with God this mo - ment, Thro' Christ the cru - ci - fied.  
still his Spir - it lin - gers, To draw you back to him.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Get right with God, And do it now; Get right with



## Get Right with God.—Concluded.

God, He tells you how; O come to Christ,

*Harmony.*  
Who shed his blood, And at the cross Get right with God.  
Get right with God.  
Get right with God.

7

## Where Jesus Is, There is No Night.

C. J. BUTLER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sin's gloomy night was o'er me spread, Till light divine Christ on me shed;
2. 'Twas when my trusting heart believed, My Lord his wand'ring one received;
3. While journeying up life's mountain slope, I smooth the way with Faith and Hope,
4. This light that bids the shadows flee, Thro' death's dark vale my guide shall be;

*S:* FINE.

I sang as darkness took its flight: "Where Jesus is, there is no night."  
Gave me to know, with saints in light: "Where Jesus is, there is no night."  
Still sing-ing as I near its height: "Where Jesus is, there is no night."  
My soul shall sing with heav'n in sight: "Where Jesus is, there is no night."

*D.S.*—hap-py soul sings with de-light; "Where Jesus is, there is no night."

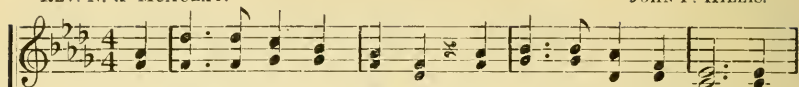
*D.S.*

There is no night, 'tis passed a-way, Since Je-sus came with me to stay; My

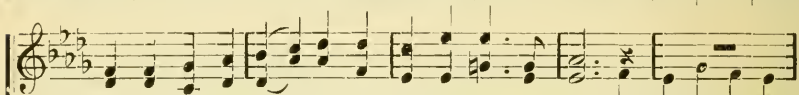
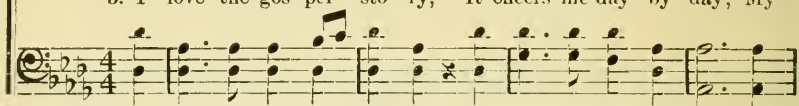
## I Love the Gospel Story.

REV. N. A. MCAULAY.

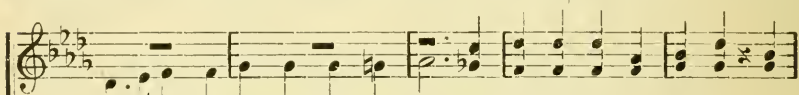
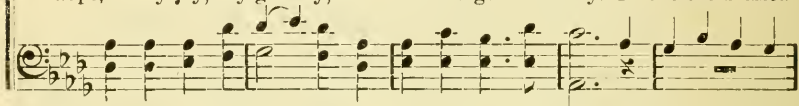
JOHN P. HILLIS.



1. I love the gos- pel sto- ry, 'Tis God's re-deem-ing love, It
2. I love the gos- pel sto- ry, It keeps me ev- 'ry hour; For
3. I love the gos- pel sto- ry, It cheers me day by day; My



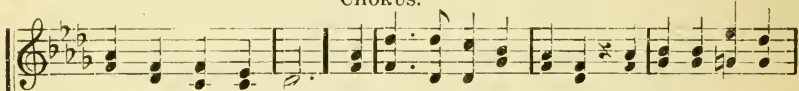
comes with light and glo- ry From him who reigns a-bove. I love the blessed  
Christ, the Prince of glo- ry, Im- parts his sav-ing pow'r. I love the blessed  
hope, my joy, my glo- ry, I own its gen-tle sway. I love the blessed



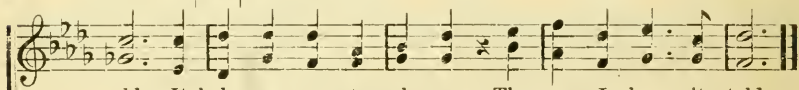
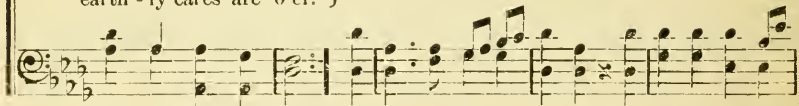
sto- ry, Its theme the Lamb of God, Who left his home in glo- ry, For  
sto- ry, 'Tis man- na to my soul; The balm of life and glo- ry, It  
sto- ry, My por- tion ev- er-more; 'Twill be my theme in glo- ry, When



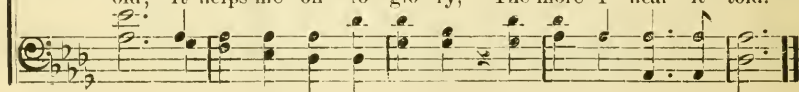
## CHORUS.



me to shed his blood. } I love the gos-pel sto- ry, It nev- er can grow  
makes my spir- it whole. }  
earth- ly cares are o'er.



old; It helps me on to glo- ry, The more I hear it told.



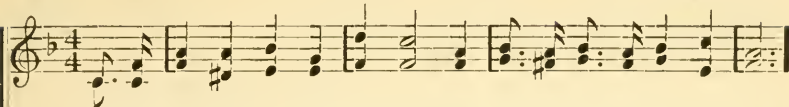


# Doing Business for the King.

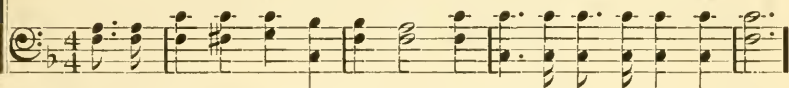
MRS. O. D. MARTIN.

Dr. Henry Ostroms' Revival Song.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



1. To the Lord who lov'd and sav'd us, Our hearts, our all we humbly bring;
2. By the cross which he ac-cept-ed, And by his ho-ly suf-fer-ing,
3. By his glo-rious res-ur-rec-tion, And by the boundless love we sing;
4. There's a home for all his peo-ple, A song "his own" at last shall sing;



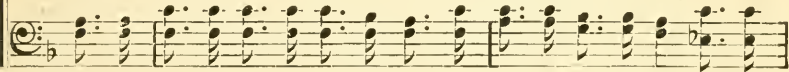
We will spend each day he gives us In business for our gra-cious King.  
 We be-seech you now to en-ter The serv-ice of our gra-cious King.  
 We will tell the world the pleas-ure Of serv-ice for our gra-cious King.  
 And we wel-come you this mo-ment To serv-ice for our gra-cious King.



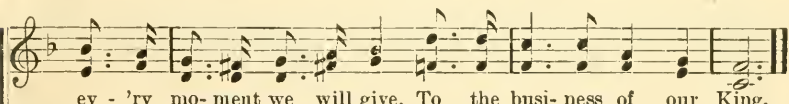
## CHORUS.



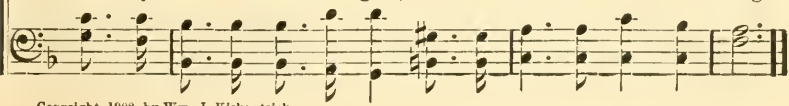
"Be ye rec-on-ciled to God," Is the  
 "Be ye rec-on-ciled to God, O be ye rec-on-ciled to God,"



mes-sage now we bring,..... All our life..... and  
 The mes-sage now we bring, All our life and ev-'ry mo-ment.

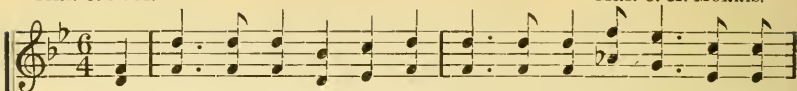


ev-'ry mo-ment we will give, To the busi-ness of our King.

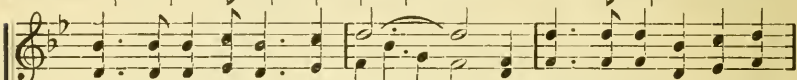


MRS. O. H. M.

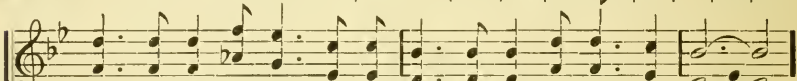
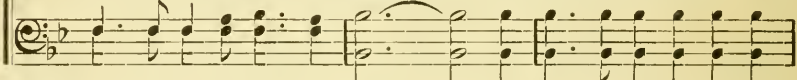
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



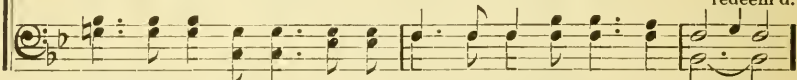
1. When wan - der - ing far Je - sus sought me and found me, O the
2. The dark - ness of sin and re - bel - lion is o - ver, O the
3. His bur - den is light and his yoke it is ea - sy, O the
4. My heart o - ver - flows as his good - ness I pon - der, O the
5. He ban - ished for - ev - er my fear - ing and doubting, O the



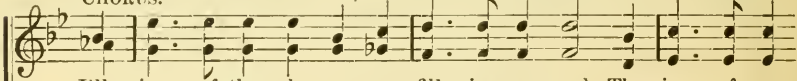
joy of a sin - ner re - deem'd!... In lov - ing for - giveness his  
 joy of a sin - ner re - deem'd!... The light of his presence o'er -  
 joy of a sin - ner re - deem'd!... In tri - als he keeps, and in  
 joy of a sin - ner re - deem'd!... He lov'd me, and died for me,  
 joy of a sin - ner re - deem'd!... I press on my homeward way  
 a sinner redeem'd!



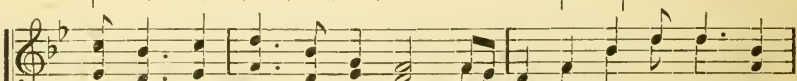
arms were a - round me, O the joy of a sin - ner re - deem'd.  
 shad - ows me ev - er, O the joy of a sin - ner re - deem'd.  
 sor - row ne'er leaves me, O the joy of a sin - ner re - deem'd.  
 O what a won - der, O the joy of a sin - ner re - deem'd.  
 prais - ing and shouting, O the joy of a sin - ner re - deem'd.  
 redeem'd.



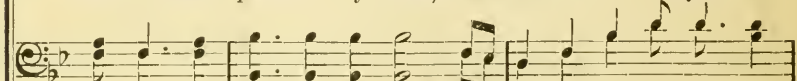
## CHORUS.



I'll sing of the glo - ry now fill - ing my soul, The joy of a



sin - ner made per - fect - ly whole; In loud hal - le - lu - jahs the



# The Joy of a Sinner Redeemed.—Concluded.

eho - rus shall roll, The joy of a sin-ner re - deem'd....  
redeem'd.

## II 'Twas at the Cross.

NEAL A. MCAULAY.

CHARLES H. MARSH.

1. The bur-den of my doubts and fears, Proclaim'd its sto-ry in my ears;
2. The gladness which I now en-joy, The prais-es which my lips em-ploy,
3. The prom-is-es so rich and sweet, Which trusting souls so oft re-peat,
4. The Com-fort-er, the Heav'nly Dove, That guides the soul to God a-bove,

It fill'd my eyes with bit-ter tears, Un-til I saw my Saviour's cross.  
I did not taste with all their joy, Un-til I saw my Saviour's cross.  
Were al-ways dark and in-com-plete, Un-til I saw my Saviour's cross.  
I nev-er knew, nor felt his love, Un-til I saw my Saviour's cross.

### CHORUS.

'Twas at the cross, I heard him say, "The blood can wash your sins a-way,"

I nev-er can for-get the day, I found my Sav-iour at the cross.

## The Hallelujah Song.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Let those who've never known our Lord and King Go mourning all the  
 2. 'Tis heav'n within a sin-ner's heart to know His bur-den roll'd a -  
 3. The blood, the pre-cious blood of God's dear Son Is on my soul to -  
 4. Some day be-fore the great white throne we'll sing The hal-le - lu - jah

day, go mourn-ing all the day; But we've a song of joy we  
 way, his bur-den roll'd a - way; His sins like crim-son, made as  
 day, is on my soul to-day, And fears and doubtings from my  
 song, the hal - le - lu - jah song Of praise and hon - or to our

CHORUS.

love to sing While pressing on our up-ward way.  
 white as snow, And Christ the Lord come in to stay.  
 heart have flown Since Je- sus wash'd my sins a - way. } Hal-le - lu - jah!  
 God and King With all the ransom'd blood-wash'd throng.

for the blood which re-deems us, Hal - le - lu - jah! we'll sing it  
 re-deems us from all sin,

o'er and o'er;... Hal - le - lu - jah! for the blood of the



# The Hallelujah Song.—Concluded.



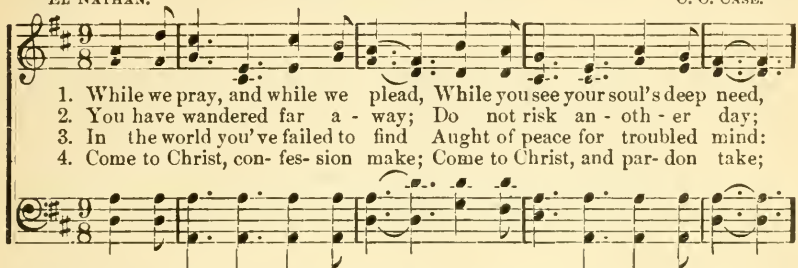
bless-ed Son of God, Hal - le - lu - jah! for - ev - er - more!

13

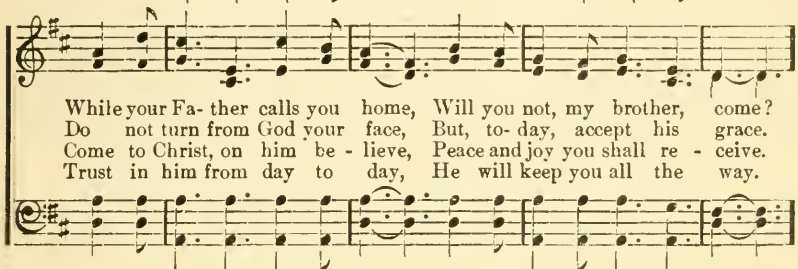
## Why Not Now?

EL NATHAN.

C. C. CASE.

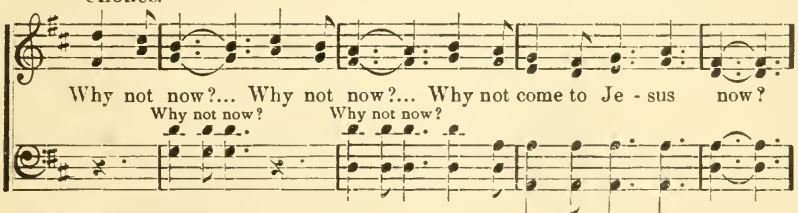


1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,  
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;  
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troubled mind:  
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;

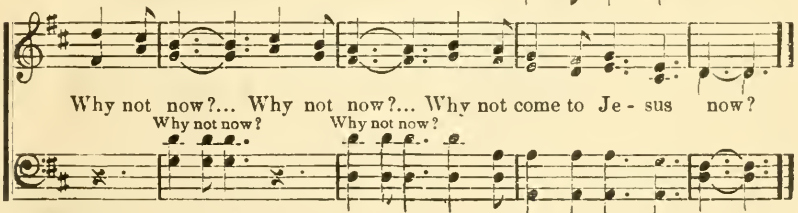


While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?  
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, accept his grace.  
Come to Christ, on him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.  
Trust in him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

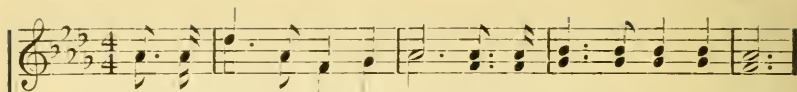
CHORUS.



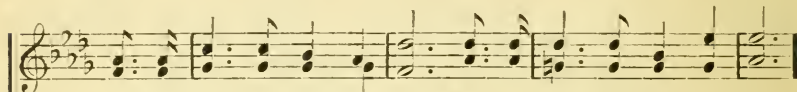
Why not now?... Why not now?... Why not come to Je - sus now?  
Why not now? Why not now?



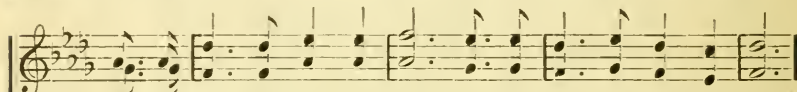
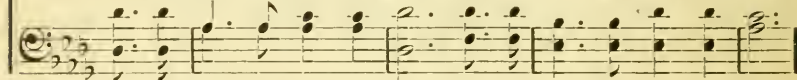
Why not now?... Why not now?... Why not come to Je - sus now?  
Why not now? Why not now?



1. Tho' the an - gry surg-es roll On my tem-pest-driv-en soul,
2. Might-y tides a-bout me sweep, Per-ils lurk with-in the deep;
3. Troubles almost whelm the soul, Griefs like bil-lows o'er me roll;



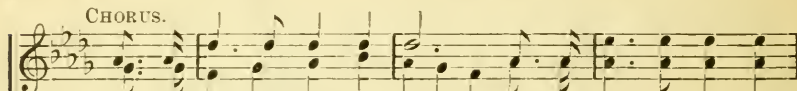
I am peace-ful, for I know, Wild-ly tho' the winds may blow,  
An-gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem-pest ris-es high;  
Tempters seek to lure a-stray, Storms ob-scure the light of day;



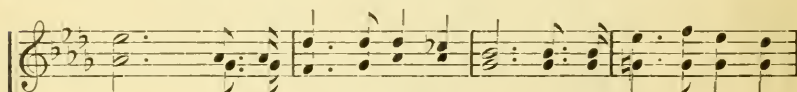
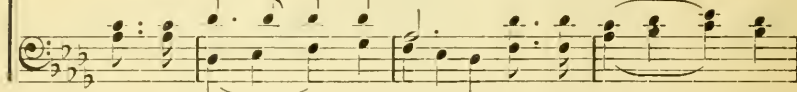
I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er-more en-dure.  
Still I stand the tem-pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.  
I can face them and be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.



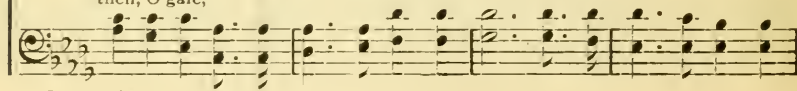
## CHORUS.



And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild-est, then, O  
And it holds..... my anchor holds; Blow your wild - - - est,



gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev-er, nev-er  
then, O gale,



# My Anchor Holds.—Concluded.

fail, For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.  
For my an - chor holds, it firm-ly holds,

15

## O Pilot Me.

N. A. McAULAY.

CHARLES H. MARSH.

1. Guide me, O Lord, thro' wind and tide, My bark is frail, the sea is wide;
2. Toss'd to and fro by currents deep, Thy mighty hand a-lone can keep;
3. Let me but see that bea-con light, That shines for safe-ty in the night;
4. Then I shall reach my har-bor home; No more the trackless deep to roam;

The angry waves are rough and high: All that I need, in love, sup- ply.  
When comes the sweeping, angry gale, My Pi-lot's wis-dom must pre-vail.  
O keep me from the rock-bound shore, Lest I be wreck'd mid breaker's roar.  
The prais-es of my Pi-lot tell, Whose chart and compass serv'd so well.

### CHORUS.

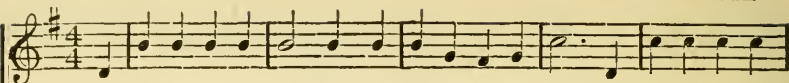
O pi-lot me, O pi-lot me, Since I must sail life's rest-less sea;

Pro-tect and help in ev-'ry blast, Till I am safe in port at last.

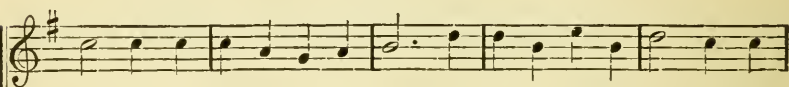
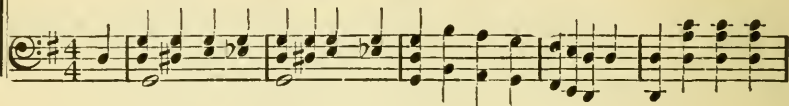
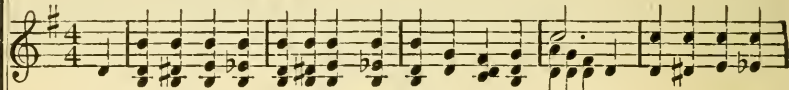
## Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

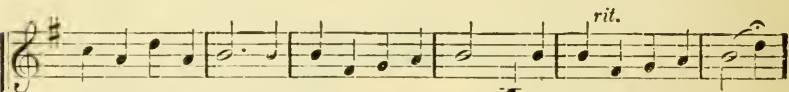
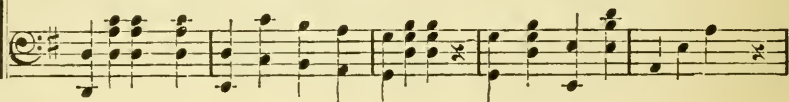
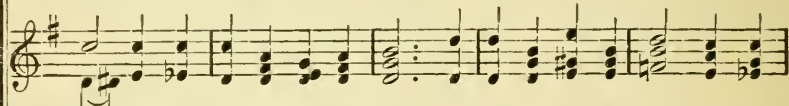
ADAM GEIBEL.



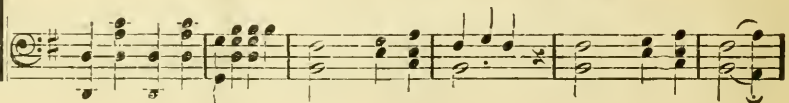
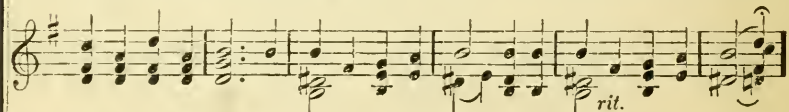
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum-pet call o - bey, Forth to the might-y
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength a-lone; The arm of faith will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of



ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His  
con - flict, In this his glo - rious day: "Ye that are men now serve him" A -  
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each  
bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A



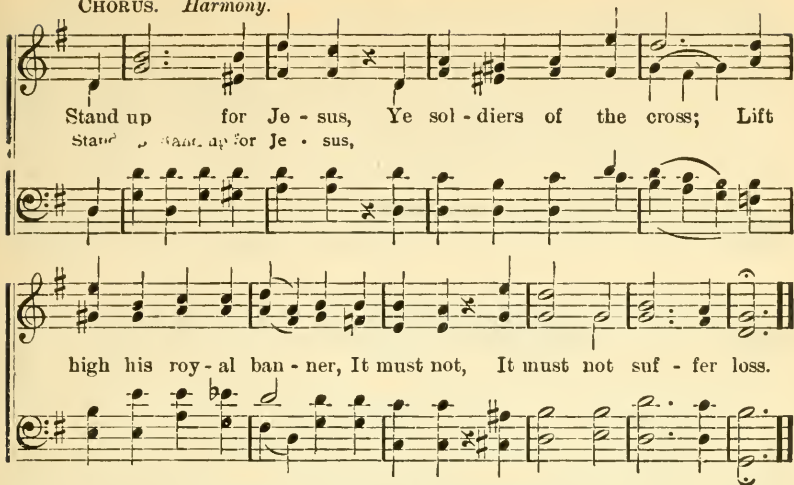
ar - my shall he lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed,  
gainst un-number'd foes; Let cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.  
piece put on with prayer; Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.  
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.





# Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*



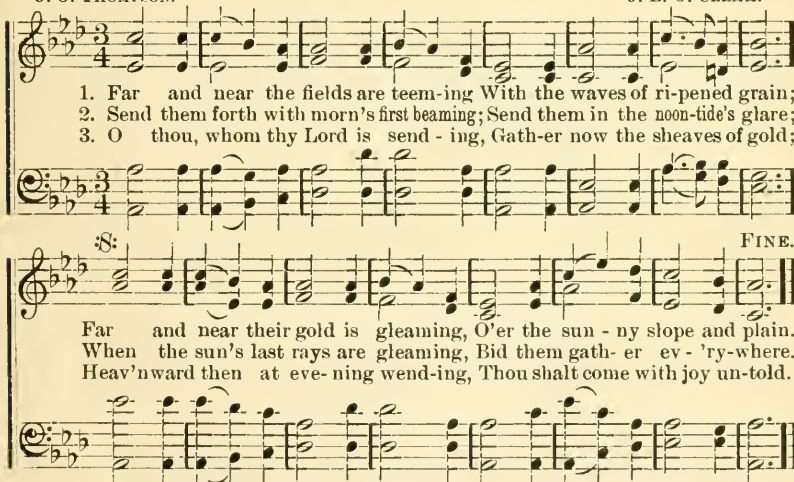
Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift  
Stand up for Je - sus,  
high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not, It must not suf - fer loss.

17

## The Call for Reapers.

J. O. THOMPSON.

J. B. O. CLEMM.

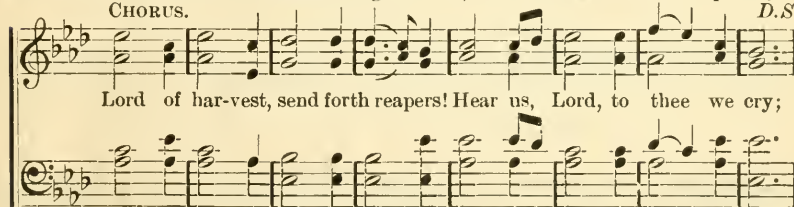


1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the waves of ri-pened grain;  
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming; Send them in the noon-tide's glare;  
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send - ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold;  
Far and near their gold is gleaming, O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.  
When the sun's last rays are gleaming, Bid them gath-er ev - 'ry-where.  
Heav'nward then at eve-ning wend-ing, Thou shalt come with joy un-told.

*D.S.*—Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

CHORUS.

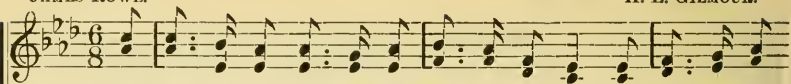
*D.S.*



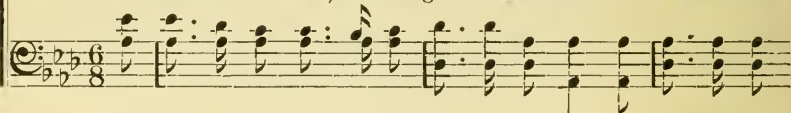
Lord of har-vest, send forth reapers! Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;

JAMES ROWE.

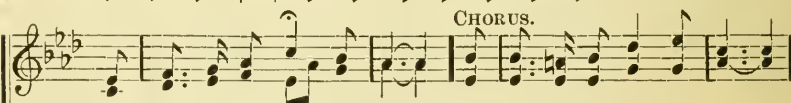
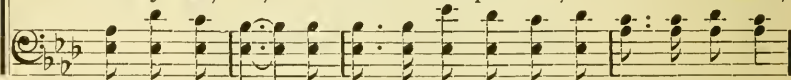
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. When-ev - er by sor-row my spir - it is tried, Or rough seems my
2. Tho' waves of mis-for-tune may o - ver me roll, And friends with their
3. At times when the temp-ter steals near to my heart, I claim the pow'r
4. No fear will be mine, when I get the command To cross to the

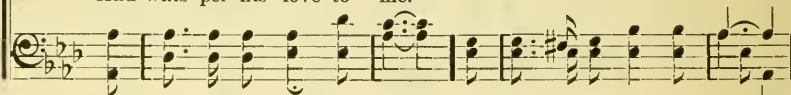


path - way to be, My pre-cious Re-deem-er what-ev - er be-tide,  
 sym - pa - thy flee, Still Je - sus my Saviour comes close to my soul,  
 promised so free, The wil - der - ness He - ro then bids him de-part,  
 clear crys - tal, sea, For Christ who has promised, be - side me will stand,

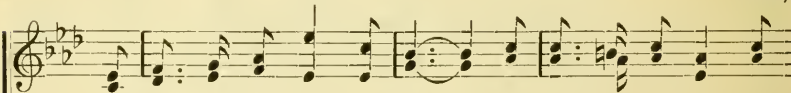


## CHORUS.

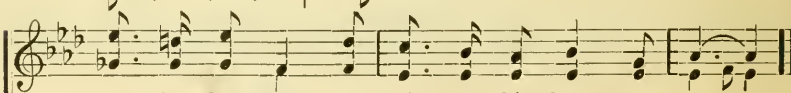
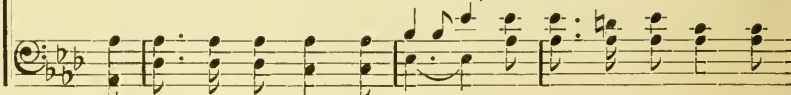
Still whis-pers his love to me.  
 And whis-pers his love to me.  
 And whis-pers his love to me.  
 And whis-per his love to me. } He whispers his love to me,



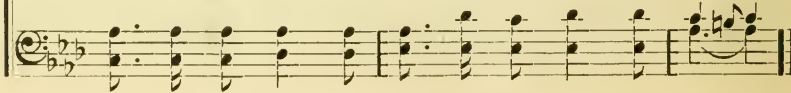
to me,



He whis - pers his love to me, My spir - it to cheer, my  
 to me,

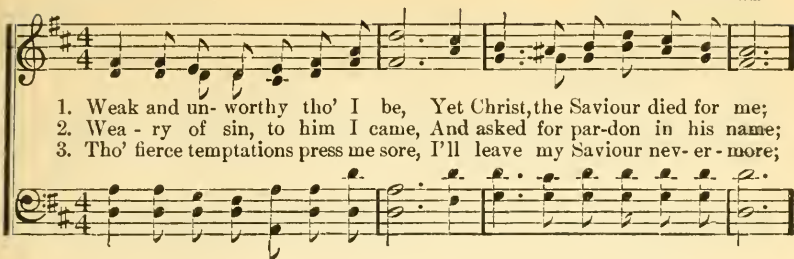


Sav - iour draws near, And whis - pers his love to me.  
 to me.

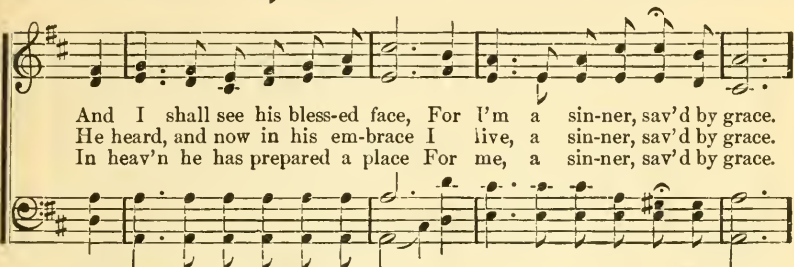


MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

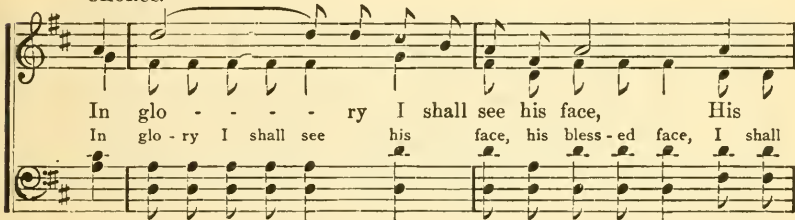


1. Weak and un- worthy tho' I be, Yet Christ, the Saviour died for me;  
 2. Wea- ry of sin, to him I came, And asked for par-don in his name;  
 3. Tho' fierce temptations press me sore, I'll leave my Saviour nev- er- more;

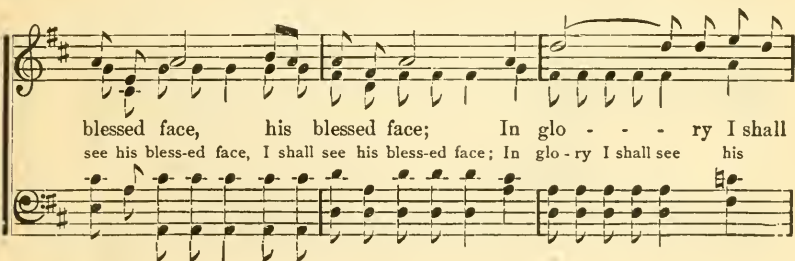


And I shall see his bless-ed face, For I'm a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.  
 He heard, and now in his em-brace I live, a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.  
 In heav'n he has prepared a place For me, a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.

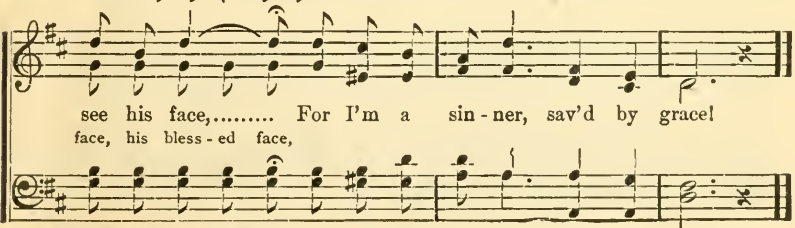
## CHORUS.



In glo - - - ry I shall see his face, His  
 In glo - ry I shall see his face, his bless - ed face, I shall



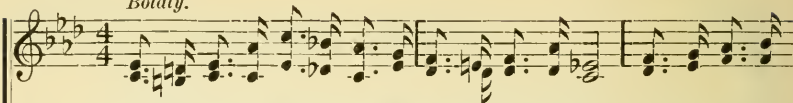
blessed face, his blessed face; In glo - - - ry I shall  
 see his bless-ed face, I shall see his bless-ed face; In glo - ry I shall see his



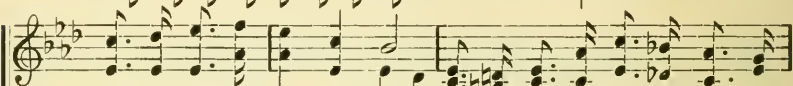
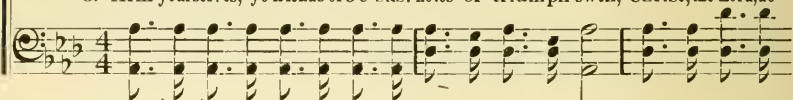
see his face,..... For I'm a sin-ner, sav'd by grace!  
 face, his bless - ed face,

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

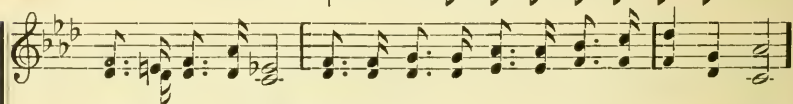
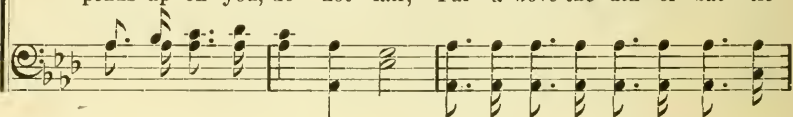
W. A. POST.

*Boldly.*

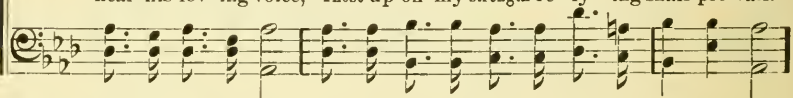
1. Arm yourselves, ye friends of Je-sus! hosts of sin are nigh, Do not i - dly
2. Clasp hands, step bravely onward, marching thro' the night, Nev - er trail his
3. Arm yourselves, ye friends of Je-sus! notes of triumph swell, Christ, the Lord, de -



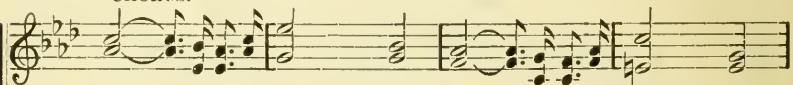
stand, the Saviour's call o - bey; Sleep not on the watch-tow'rs, see the  
might-y stan-dard in the dust; In his footsteps forward, Christian!  
pends up-on you, do not fail; Far a-bove the din of bat-tle



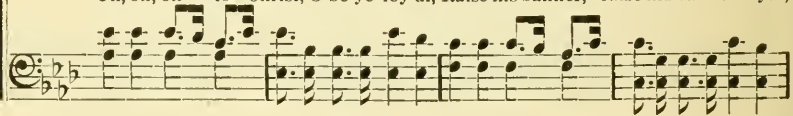
foes on ev - 'ry hand, Brightly beams the bea-con light to show the way.  
ev - er watch and pray, Sa-tan's pow'r is sure-ly wan-ing; hope and trust.  
hear his lov-ing voice, "Those up-on my strength re-ly - ing shall pre-vail."



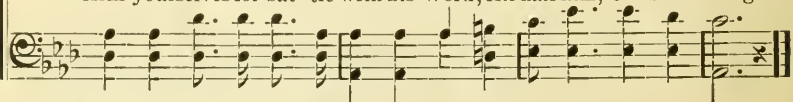
## CHORUS.



On, to Christ be loy - al, Raise, his banner roy - al,  
On, on, on to Christ, O be ye loy-al, Raise his banner, raise his banner royal,



Arm yourselves for bat-tle with his Word; All hail him, Christ our King!





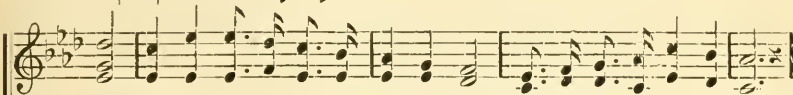
## The Victory Song.

MRS. O. H. M.

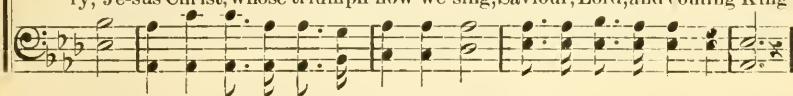
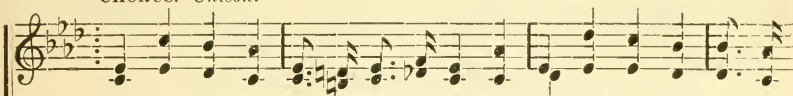
MRS. O. H. MORRIS.



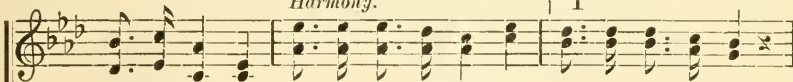
1. Christian warrior, sing the vic'try song, Ye who to the winning side be -
2. In all lands the sto - ry must be told, Then our eyes his coming shall be -
3. Shine on, shine on, Sun of Righteousness, With thy glory - beams the land to -
4. Hon - or, pow'r and glo - ry ev - er be Un - to him who gives the vic - to -



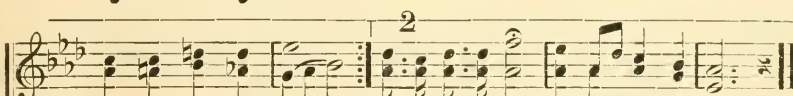
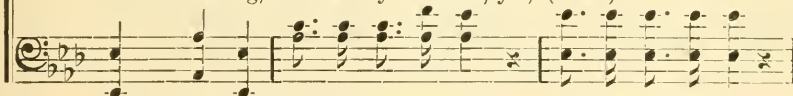
long; Soon from shore to shore, and sea to sea, Jesus Christ shall conquer'r be.  
hold; Prostrate at his feet all nations fall, Hail and crown him Lord of all.  
bless; Superstition's night shall fade a - way, At the dawn of promis'd day.  
ry, Je - sus Christ, whose triumph now we sing, Saviour, Lord, and coming King

CHORUS. *Unison.*

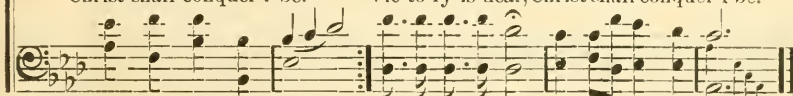
{ Vic - t'ry perches now on Israel's banners, Lift your voic - es, sing your  
Night is wan - ing, morning light is breaking, Heathen nations from their

*Harmony.*

loud ho - san - nas, Vic - to - ry is near, yes, vic - to - ry is near;  
slum - ber wak - ing, Vic - to - ry is near, yes, (*Omit.*)



Christ shall conquer'r be. Vic - to - ry is near, Christ shall conquer'r be.



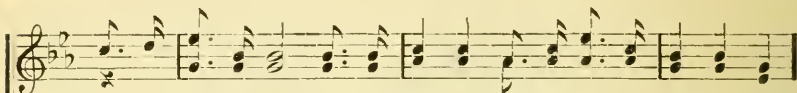
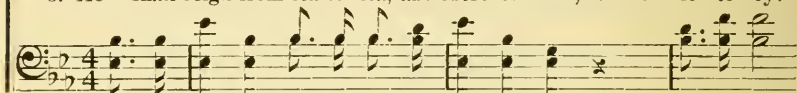
MRS. C. H. M.

ROMANS 8: 31.

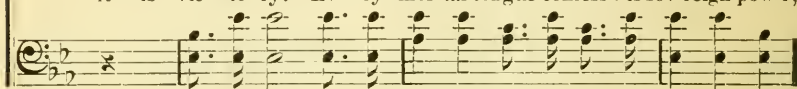
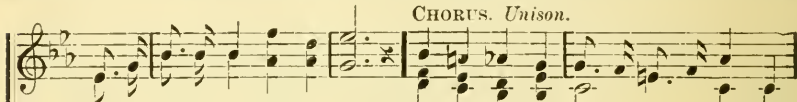
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



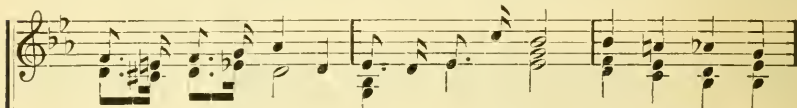
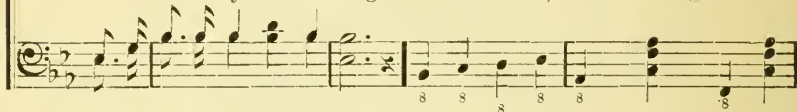
1. There's a glad song rings thro'out the world to-day, It is vic-to-ry!  
 2. "Peace on earth, good will to men" he brings to all, It is vic-to-ry!  
 3. He shall reign from sea to sea, and shore to shore, It is vic-to-ry!



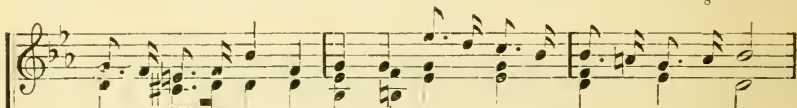
it is vic-to-ry! To the con-quest of the cross we haste a-way;  
 it is vic-to-ry! Pris-on doors swing wide, and i-ron fet-ters fall;  
 it is vic-to-ry! Ev-'ry mor-tal tongue confess his sov'reign pow'r;

CHORUS. *Unison.*

It is vic-to-ry! for our King! God is for us, who can be against us?



Ral-ly, Christian soldiers, ral-ly at his call; In his name shall



vic-to-ry at-tend us, Sa-tan's ar-ma-ments be-fore us yield and fall;



# God Is For Us.—Concluded.

*mf* *cres.*.....

God is for us, vic - to - ry is near, God is for us, fal - ter not or fear;

*cres.* *ff* *ritard.*

God is for us, cheer, my comrades, cheer, vic - to - ry for our King!

23

## Bless the Lord, My Soul.

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Friend who died for thee; And bless him  
 2. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Rock in which we hide; And bless him  
 3. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Hope so sure and sweet; And bless him  
 4. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Guide in days to come; And bless him

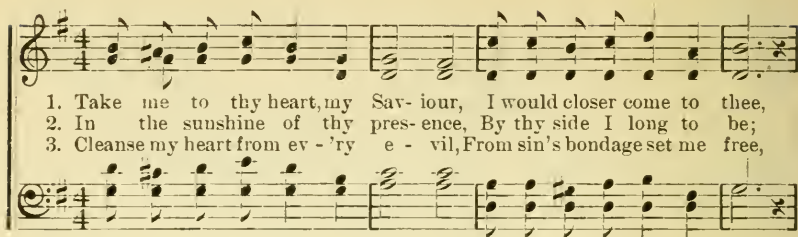
CHORUS.

for the saving grace, So rich, so full and free. Bless the Lord, my soul,  
 for the sense of peace, A-mid the surging tide.  
 for the lov-ing call To wor-ship at his feet.  
 for the crown of life In thy e - ter-nal home. Bless the Lord,

Bless the Lord, my soul; And all that is within me, Bless his ho - ly name.  
 Bless the Lord,

ADA POWELL.

JOHN P. HILLIS.

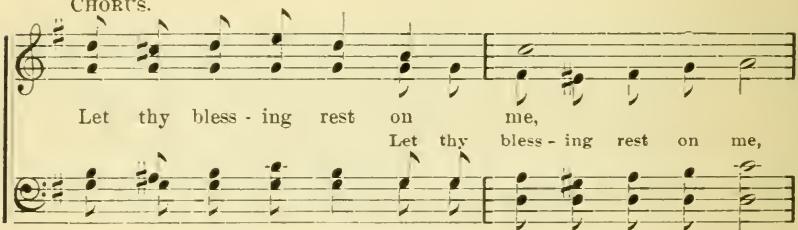


1. Take me to thy heart, my Sav- iour, I would closer come to thee,  
 2. In the sunshine of thy pres-ence, By thy side I long to be;  
 3. Cleanse my heart from ev - 'ry e - vil, From sin's bondage set me free,

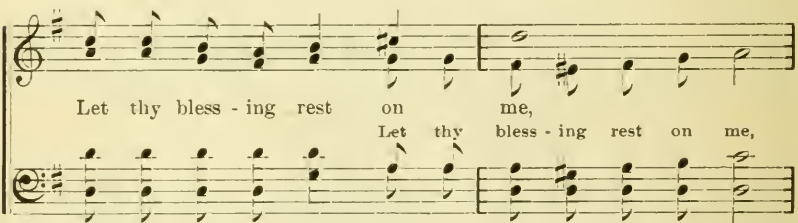


I would know thy love un - fail - ing; Let thy blessing rest on me.  
 Strong to face the deep-est per - il, If thy blessing rest on me.  
 Tune my heart to sing thy prais - es; Let thy blessing rest on me.

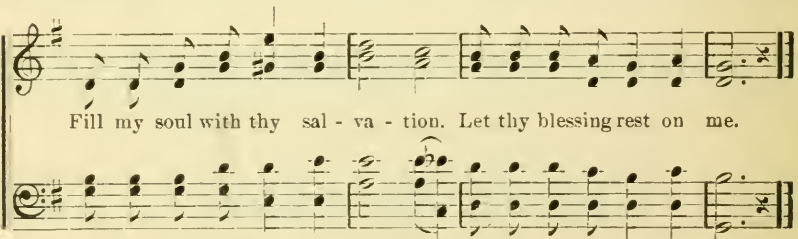
## CHORUS.



Let thy bless - ing rest on me,  
 Let thy bless - ing rest on me,



Let thy bless - ing rest on me,  
 Let thy bless - ing rest on me,

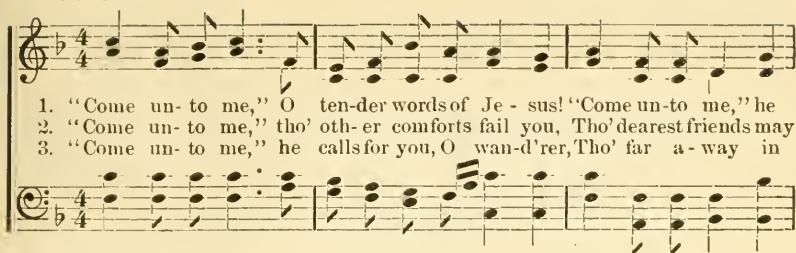


Fill my soul with thy sal - va - tion. Let thy blessing rest on me.

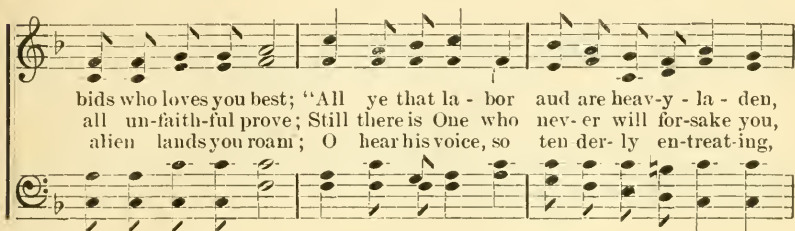


T. O. CHISHOLM.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



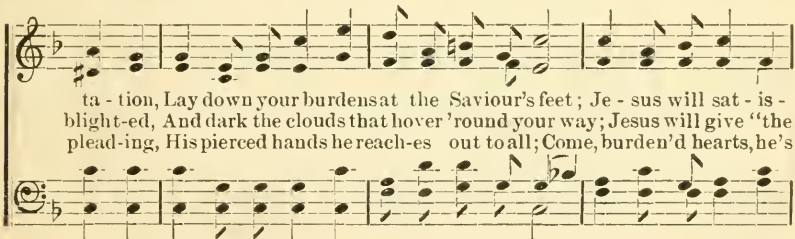
1. "Come un-to me," O ten-der words of Je - sus! "Come un-to me," he  
 2. "Come un-to me," tho' oth-er comforts fail you, Tho' dearest friends may  
 3. "Come un-to me," he calls for you, O wan-d'r'er, Tho' far a-way in



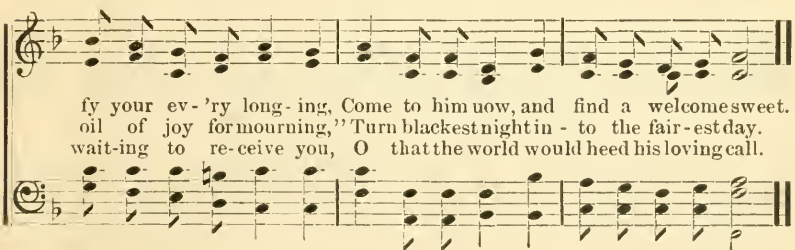
bids who loves you best; "All ye that la - bor and are heav-y - la - den,  
 all un-faith-ful prove; Still there is One who nev-er will for-sake you,  
 alien lands you roam; O hear his voice, so ten-der-ly en-treat-ing,



Come un-to me, and I will give you rest." Come, weary souls, accept the invi-  
 Still there is rest, a - biding in his love. "Come unto me," tho' earthly hopes be  
 Rise and return unto your Father's home. "Come unto me," in sweetest tones he's



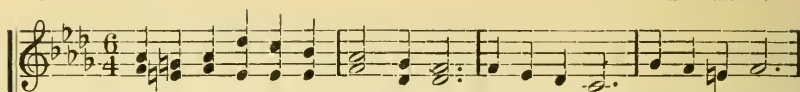
ta - tion, Lay down your burdens at the Saviour's feet; Je - sus will sat - is -  
 blight-ed, And dark the clouds that hover 'round your way; Jesus will give "the  
 plead-ing, His pierced hands he reach-es out to all; Come, burden'd hearts, he's



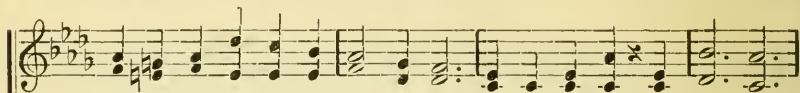
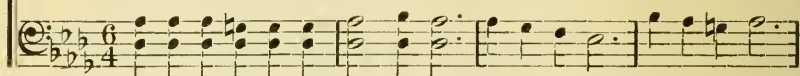
fy your ev-'ry long-ing, Come to him now, and find a welcome sweet.  
 oil of joy for mourning," Turn blackest night in - to the fair-est day.  
 wait-ing to re-ceive you, O that the world would heed his loving call.

IRENE DUFFEE.

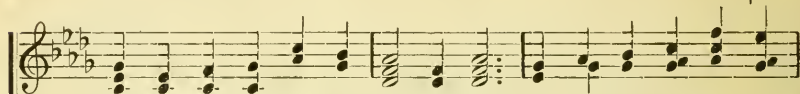
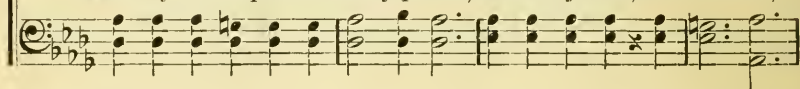
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



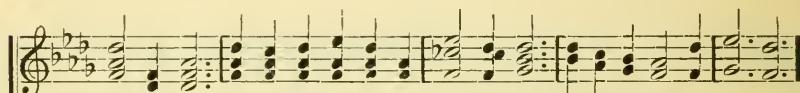
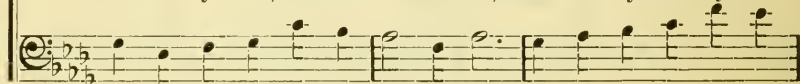
1. Nev - er a-lone in this earth - ly way, Somebody cares,Somebod-y cares,
2. When I am singing a hap - py song,Somebody cares,Somebod-y cares,
3. When I am weary and long for rest, Somebody cares,Somebod-y cares,



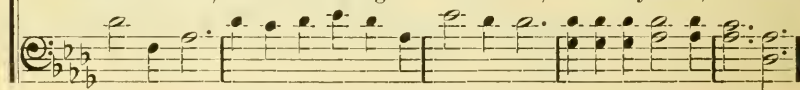
I have a help-er each bus - y day; Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,  
 When I am fighting against the wrong,Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,  
 When by the tempter I'm sorely press'd,Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,



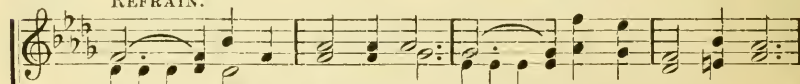
Somebod - y cares when the clouds hang low, Cares when my heart is o'er -  
 Somebod - y cares when I stand a - lone, Cares when the pleasures of  
 Somebod - y cares, and what-e'er be - tide, Walks ev - 'ry hour by the



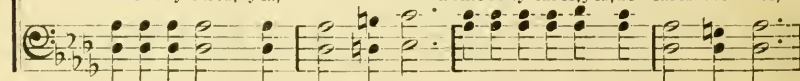
whelm'd with woe, Cares and is marking my path below, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.  
 earth are gone, Cares when my false hopes with wings have flown, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.  
 Christian's side, Love so a-maz-ing will e'er a-bide, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.



## REFRAIN.



Some - bod-y cares for me, Some - bod-y cares for me,  
 Somebody cares, yes, Somebody cares, yes, he cares for me,



## Somebody Cares.—Concluded.

In all my life his kind hand I see, Somebod-y cares,'tis Je - us.

## 27 O Height and Depth of Love.

IRENE DUFFEE.

EPH. 3: 18.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. O height and depth, O length and breadth Of love divine, God's love to me!
2. Nor gold nor sil-ver can ex-press The rich-es of the love of God,
3. O soul, with sin like crimson hue, The love divine will cleanse from sin,

O Gift un-speak-a-ble, God's Son, Who shed his blood on Cal-va-ry!  
No tongue can tell the pre-ciousness Of Je-sus our be-lov-ed Lord.  
And when his glo-ry is re-veal'd You with the Lord may en-ter in.

### CHORUS.

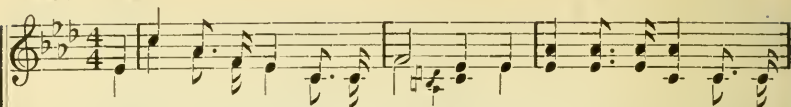
The love di-vine, the boundless grace, The world may see in Je-sus'

face; He took the guilt-y sin-ner's place, The Gift of love di-vine.

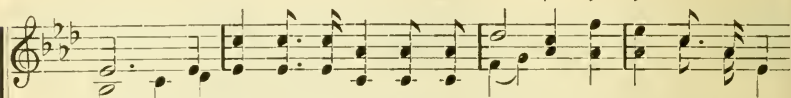
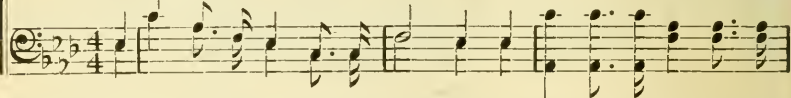
The gift of love di-vine.

MRS. C. H. M.

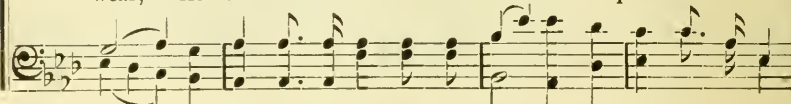
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



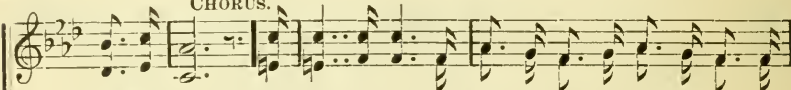
1. Go forth in the con-flict, O Christ-ian, The wrong is array'd 'gainst the
2. The cross in all lands must be plant-ed, Wher-ev-er a sin-ner is
3. Go, wielding the sword of the Spir-it, The breast plate of righteousness



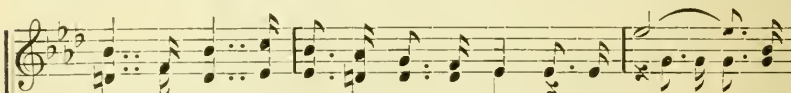
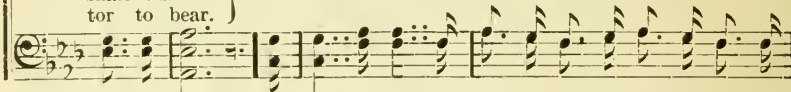
right; The loy-al and true are en-list-ing, De-ter-min'd to win  
found; The name of our Christ be ex-alt-ed Un-til all the world  
wear; At last in the home of the faith-ful The palm of the vic-



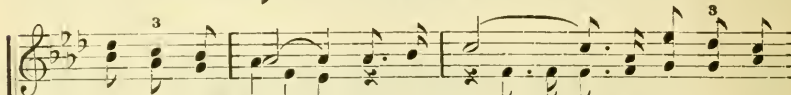
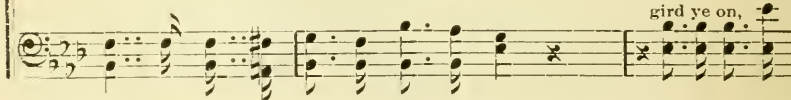
## CHORUS.



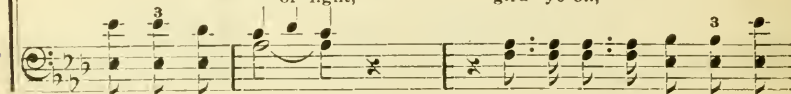
in the fight. } To arms! to arms! the trumpet sound is ringing out, To  
shall re-sound. }  
tor to bear.



arms! to arms! go forth to meet the foe; Gird ye on..... the  
gird ye on,



ar-mor of light, Gird ye on..... the ar-mor of  
of light, gird ye on,





## Gird Ye on the Armor of Light.—Concluded.

light; O a - wake ye, a - rise ye, e - quip ye for the fight,  
of light,

Gird ye on..... the ar - mor of light.....  
Gird ye on, the ar - mor of light.

The musical score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in 2/4 time. It features a melody with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

29

## Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

ST. CATHERINE.

Adapted by J. G. WALTON.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;  
2. Our fathers, chain'd in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;  
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glorious word:  
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!  
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and virtuous life:

Faith of our fathers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

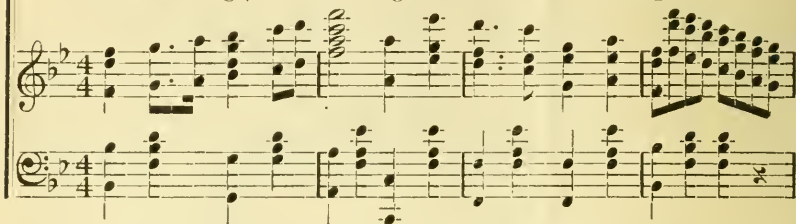
The musical score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time. It features a melody with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score includes three numbered verses of lyrics and a concluding line.

ADA POWELL.

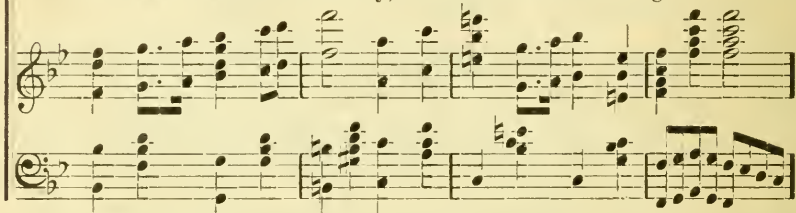
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



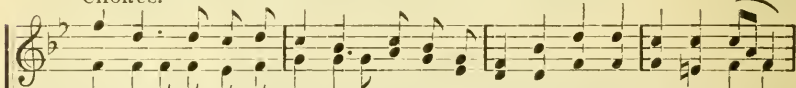
1. Homeward I go re - joic - ing! O love - ly promised land,
2. Homeward to meet the Sav - iour On that e - ter - nal shore;
3. Homeward I go, be - liev - ing That there shall be no night



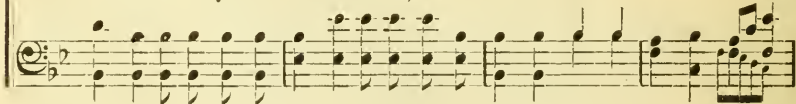
Far in the dis - tance gleam - ing I see thy shin - ing strand.  
 Won - der - ful land of Ca - naan, Where sorrows come no more.  
 In that e - ter - nal cit - y, Where God him - self is light.



## CHORUS.



Homeward to join the ransom'd, Beyond the bor - ders of the crys - tal sea;  
 Homeward bound to join the ransom'd ones, We're



Homeward to joys e - ter - nal, And O how sweet the rest will be!  
 homeward bound to joys, e - ter - nal joys.

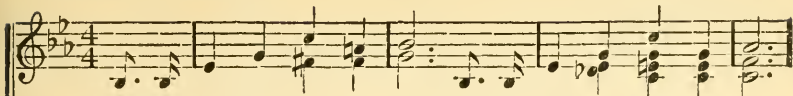


*Solo.*

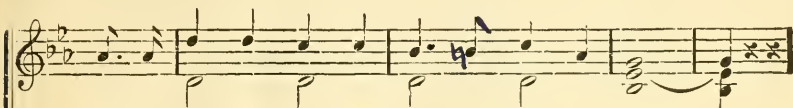
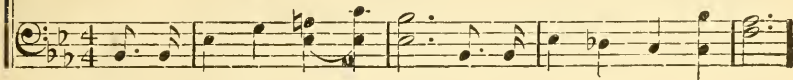
# Will I Empty-Handed Be?

REV. NEAL A. MCAULAY.

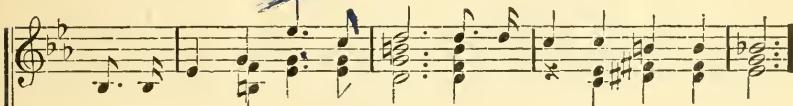
JOHN P. HILLIS.



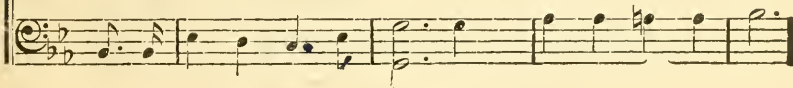
1. Will I emp - ty hand - ed be When be - side the crys - tal sea
2. When the har - vest days are past, Shall I hear him say at last,
3. When the books are o - pen'd wide, And the deeds of all are tried,



I shall stand be - fore the ev - er - last - ing throne?.....  
"Welcome, toil - er, I've pre - pared for thee a place?"....  
May I have a rec - ord whi - ter than the snow.....



Must I have a heart of shame As I an - swer to my name,  
Shall I bring him gold - en sheaves, Ripen'd fruit, not fad - ed leaves,  
When my race on earth is run, May I hear him say, "Well done,



With no works that my Re - deem - er there can own?.....  
When I see the bless - ed Sav - iour face to face?.....  
Take the crown that Love im - mor - tal doth be - stow.".....



## Sufficient Grace.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Tho' God may kindly veil my eyes, The way I may not see,  
 2. The sun-shine and the shade as well I know are his de - sign,  
 3. Suf - fi - cient grace for ev - 'ry one, To save and sanc-ti - fy,

His grace I know,..... wher-e'er I go,..... Will  
On troubled sea,..... my song shall be,..... Of  
A- wake, a - sleep..... his grace will keep,..... At

his grace I know, wher-e'er I go,

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

be e-nough each day for me. } Suf - fi - cient grace..... my  
Je - sus and his grace di - vine. }  
last with him shall glo - ri - fy. } Suf - fi - cient grace

God will give,..... That I for him..... may ev - er  
my God will give, that I for him

live,..... Suf - fi - cient grace..... to save from  
may ev - er live, Suf - fi - cient grace,



# Sufficient Grace.—Concluded.

*rit.*.....

sin,..... And precious blood..... to keep me clean.  
to save from sin, And precious blood.

## 33 Our Hearts Turn to Thee.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

W. A. POST.

*With expression.*

1. When morn-ing's gold doth shine Bright o - ver land and sea,  
2. Dwell in our souls to - day; Make for thy - self a throne,  
3. O Fa - ther, kind and true, Guide us from day to day,

Our hearts with glad thanks-giv - ing Turn un - to thee;  
May we in full sur - ren - der Serve thee a - lone;  
May we thro' storm or sun - shine Walk in thy way;

*mf*

Thy word un - seals the night, Fills earth with heav - en's light,  
Now on thy al - tar fair, Lay we each fond de - sire,  
Help us thy will to know, More like the Christ to grow,

*rall. e dim.* *p*

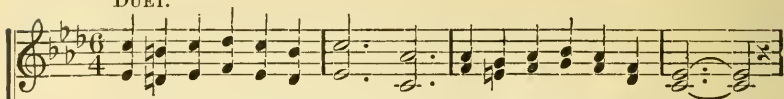
Thou art our all in all, On thee we call.  
O may thy grace di - vine New love in - spire.  
Thine would we ev - er be; We turn to thee.

# 34 Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

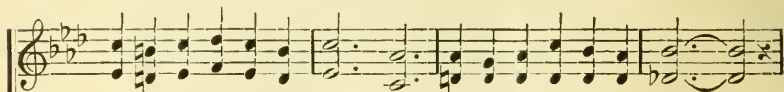
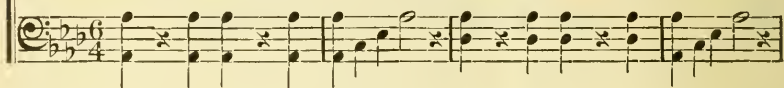
MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.  
DUET.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

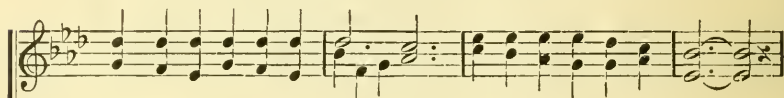
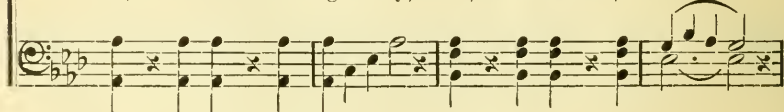
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



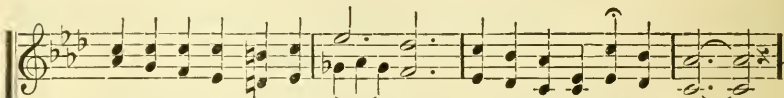
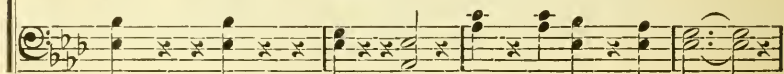
1. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the sheep of his fold;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the lambs of his fold;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the "ninety and nine."
4. Green are the pastures in-vit - ing, Sweet are the waters and "still";



Dear is the love that he gives them, Dearer than silver or gold.  
Some from the pastures are stray-ing, Hungry and helpless and cold.  
Dear are the sheep that have wandered Out in the desert to pine.  
Lord, we will answer thee glad - ly, "Yes, blessed Master, we will!"



Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are his "other" lost sheep;  
See, the good Shepherd is seek - ing, Seeking the lambs that are lost;  
Hark! he is earnest - ly call - ing, Ten-der - ly pleading to - day;  
Make us thy true under - shepherds, Give us a love that is deep;



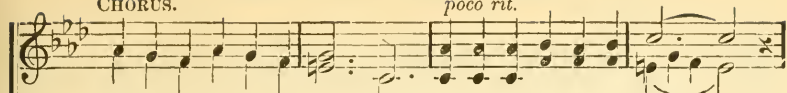
O-ver the mountains he fol - lows, O-ver the waters so deep.  
Bringing them in with re - joic - ing, Saved at such in-fi-nite cost.  
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my shelter a - stray?"  
Send us out in - to the des - ert Seeking thy wandering sheep."



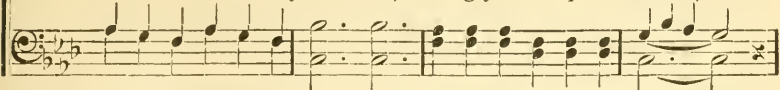
# Dear to the Heart, Etc. Concluded.

CHORUS.

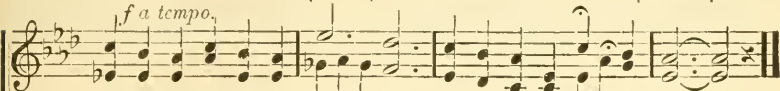
*poco rit.*



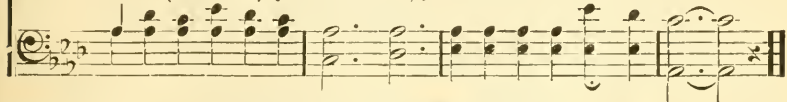
Out in the desert they wan - der, Hungry and helpless and cold;



*f a tempo.*



Off to the rescue { he hast - ens, } Bringing them back to the fold.  
(4th verse.) { we'll hast - en, }



35

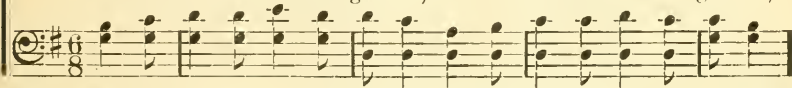
## Follow All the Way.

GEO. W. COLLINS.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I have heard my Saviour call-ing, I have heard my Saviour call-ing,
2. Tho' he leads me thro' the val-ley, Tho' he leads me thro' the val-ley,
3. Tho' he leads me thro' the gar-den, Tho' he leads me thro' the gar-den,



CHO.—Where he leads me I will fol-low, Where he leads me I will fol-low,



I have heard my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low me."  
Tho' he leads me thro' the valley, I'll go with him, with him all the way.  
Tho' he leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

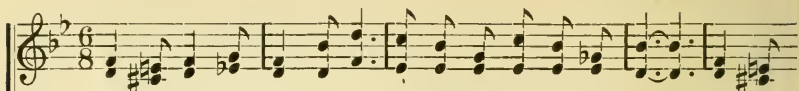


Where he leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

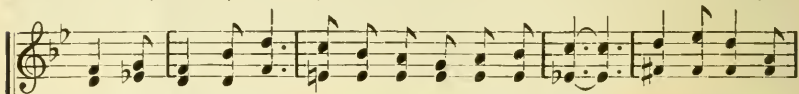
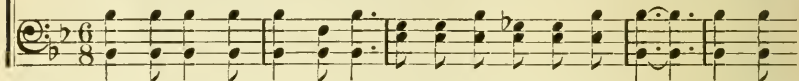
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>4    Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :  <br/>I'll go with him, with him all the way.</p> <p>5    Tho' he leads me to the conflict, :  <br/>I'll go with him, with him all the way.</p> <p>6    Tho' he leads through fiery trials, :  <br/>I'll go with him, with him all the way.</p> | <p>7    I will follow on to know him :  <br/>He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend.</p> <p>8    He will give me grace and glory, :  <br/>He will keep me, keep me all the way.</p> <p>9    O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus :  <br/>And be with him, with him all the way.</p> |
|---|--|

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

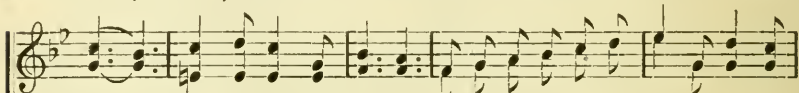
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



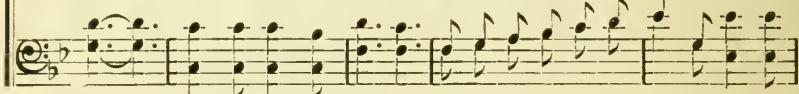
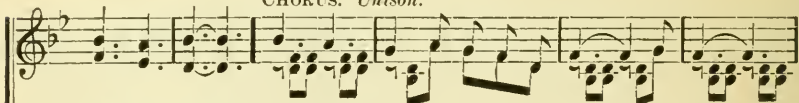
1. Praise the Lord with heart and voice, Joyful-ly serv-ing your King, Come and
2. Praise the dear Re-deem-er's name, Crown him with beauty and light, Just and
3. Praise the Lord with heart and voice, Ev-er a - dor-ing-ly raise Hal-le -



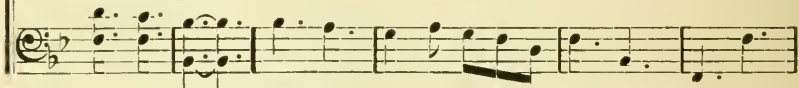
wor-ship at his throne, Lov-ing-ly, grateful - ly sing; Hap-py ev-'ry  
true are all his ways, Won-der-ful, boundless, his might; Glad ho-san-nas  
lu-jahs sweet and strong, Un-to the "Ancient of Days;" Shout with accla -



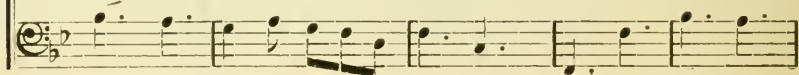
hour, trust-ing in his pow-er, Un-to the Giv-er of our sal-va-tion  
swelling, loud his goodness tell-ing, Fountain of blessing our joy e - ter - nal,  
ma-tion, hail him all cre - a-tion, Worship Je-ho-vah, O come re-joic-ing,

CHORUS. *Unison.*

prais-es bring.  
day and night. } Praise him! sing with melo-dy, Heart and voice,  
sound his praise. }



Praise him ev - er-last-ing-ly, Come, re - joice; Hail him,





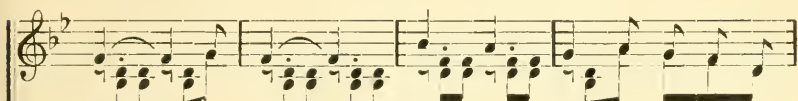
# 37 With Heart and Voice.—Concluded.



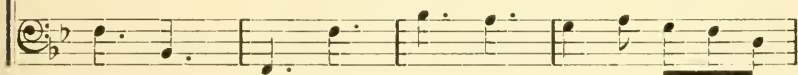
Lord most glo-ri- ous, Might - y      One vic - to - ri - ous, Praise his



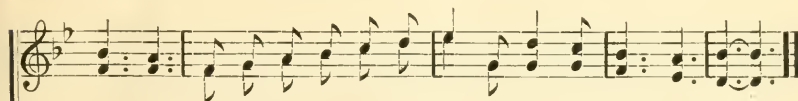
ho - ly      name..... Praise him, heav'nly com-pa - ny,



An - gels      bright,      Crown him      now and ev - er - more



Lord      of      light;      Praise him all      cre - a - tion, God      of our sal -



va - tion, Boundless in maj - es - ty, King e - ter - nal; Praise his      name.

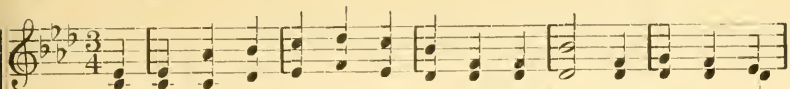




# 39 He's Growing More Precious to Me.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



1. I find him so pre-cious in time of dis-tress, So read-y to
2. I find him so pre-cious when other friends fail, When earthly hopes
3. I find him so pre-cious—his blood makes me whole; The "riv-ers of



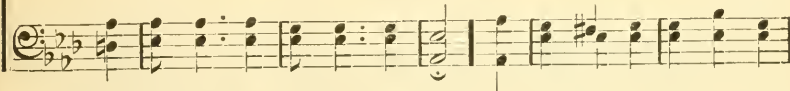
help me, to save and to bless: Com-panionate, ten-der, a true friend is he,  
deceive when troubles as-sail; No one is like Je-sus, nor ev-er can be,  
blessings" are flooding my soul; New beauties in Je-sus, each moment I see,



## CHORUS.



He's grow-ing more pre-cious to me. He's growing more precious to  
more



me, . . . . . He's growing more precious to me, . . . . . Com-pas-sion-ate,  
precious to me, more precious to me,

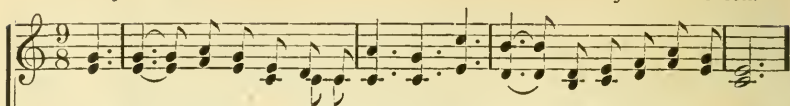


ten-der, a true friend is he, He's growing more precious to me. . . . .  
more precious to me.

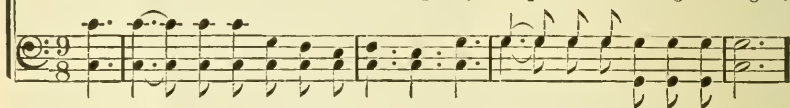


FANNY J. CROSBY.

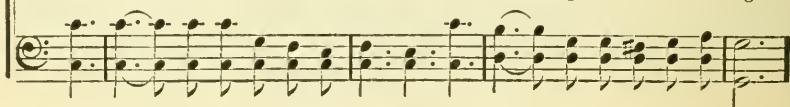
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I know not the hour of his coming, Nor how he will speak to my heart;  
 2. I know not the bliss that awaits me, At rest with my Saviour a-bove;  
 3. Per-haps in the midst of my la-bor, A voice from the Lord I shall hear;  
 4. I know not, but O I am watching, My lamp ev-er burning and bright;



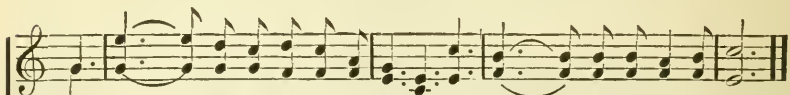
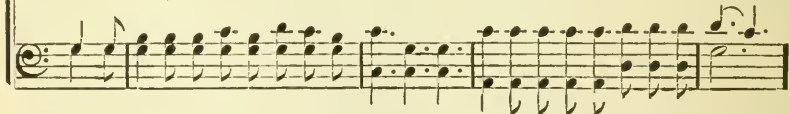
Or wheth-er at morning or mid-day, My spir-it to him will depart.  
 I know not how soon I shall en-ter, And bathe in the ocean of love.  
 Per-haps in the slumber of midnight, Its mes-sage may fall on my ear.  
 I know not if Je-sus will call me At morn-ing, at noon, or at night.



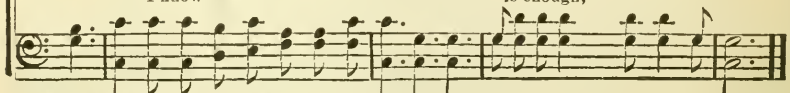
## CHORUS.



But I know I shall wake in the likeness Of him I am longing to see;  
 I know Of him



I know that mine eyes shall behold him, And that is enough for me.  
 I know is enough,

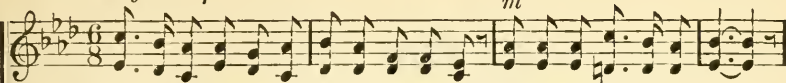




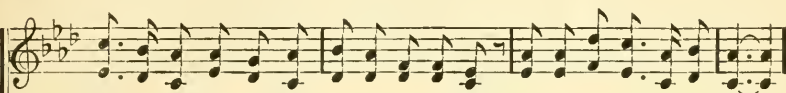
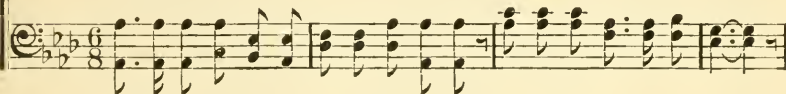
## For You and For Me.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

*Very slow. p**m*

1. Soft - ly and tender-ly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

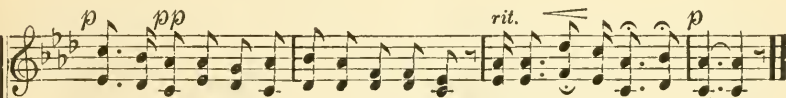
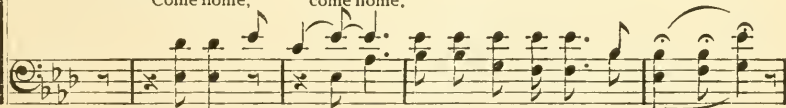


See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
 Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me.  
 Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and par-don, Pardon for you and for me.

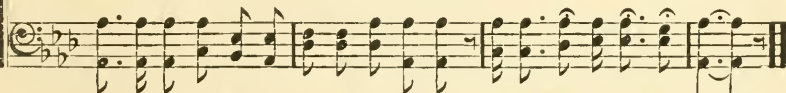
*m* CHORUS.*cres.*

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home;...

Come home, come home.



Earnestly, tender-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!



MRS. C. H. M.

MATT. 23: 37.

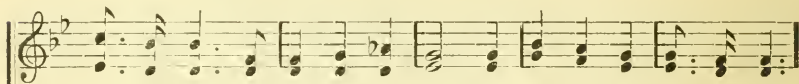
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

*May be used as a duet.*

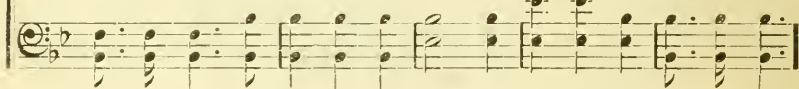
1. "Ye would not come un - to me That ye might have life," Christ
2. This ver - y same Je - sus still, With heart fond and true, Is
3. O yield now, be - lov - ed one, Throw o - pen the door, Lest



mourn'd o'er Je - ru - sa - lem, With wick-ed-ness rife; Re - ject-ing his  
mourn - ing. O broth-er mine, In love o - ver you. He will-eth the  
griev'd he should turn a-way, To come back no more; Man's will he doth



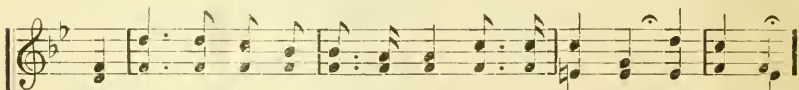
proffered grace, Their Lord they de-nied, And turn'd from his love a - way,  
death of none, But free - ly he gave Him-self as an of - fer - ing  
nev - er break To save him from sin, The choice you must free-ly make



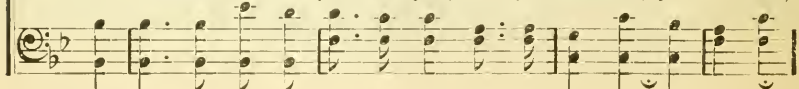
## CHORUS.



And him cru - ci - fied. }  
This whole world to save. } O Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem!  
Sal - va - tion to win. }



How oft would I have gath-ered you, but ye would not, ye would not;



# “Ye Would Not.”—Concluded.

And I glad-ly would have sav-ed you, But I could not, for ye would not.

43

## Until a Little While.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. (“ATÉ LOGO.” BRAZILIAN IDIOM.) THEODORE E. PERKINS.

*Not too fast.*

1. The Lord of light shall give his peace, “Un-til a lit-tle while,”  
 2. The Lord of light shall guardian be, “Un-til a lit-tle while,”  
 3. The Lord of light with might-y arm, “Un-til a lit-tle while,”  
 4. Thro’ va-ried scenes of heav-en’s gate Our pil-grim band shall file

His watch-ful love shall nev-er cease, Nor less-en’d be his smile.  
 Keep watch in love o’er thee and me, Tho’ sunder’d paths be-guile.  
 Shall keep from ev-’ry dire a-larm, And safe-guard life’s long mile.  
 To where the “lov’d and lost” ones wait, “Un-til a lit-tle while.”

CHORUS.

“Un-til a lit-tle while,” “Un-til a lit-tle while,”

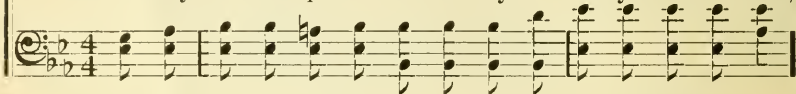
The Lord keep watch in ten-der love, “Un-til a lit-tle while.”

JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

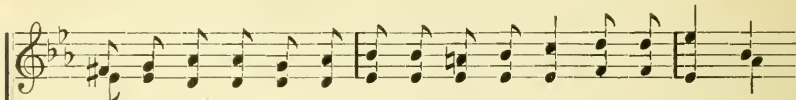
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



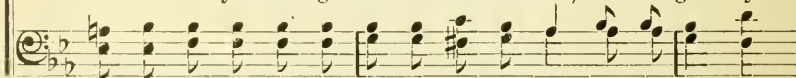
1. In this bus - y earth - ly king - dom there is work for all to do,
2. There are hearts that may be light - en'd by a word of hope and cheer,
3. You may find some qui - et min - is - try a - waits you near at hand,



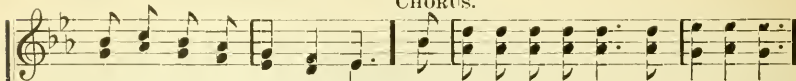
Wheth - er few or ma - ny tal - ents we may own; And the King has  
There are thorns to gath - er where some feet may tread; There are souls that  
Ere the Lord shall give you wid - er fields to claim; But be read - y,



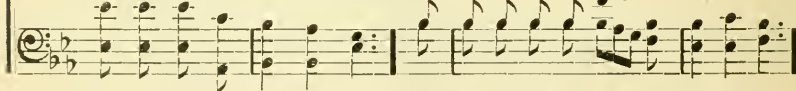
al - ways er - rands for his loy - al ones and true, Who have hearts to  
thirst and hun - ger in the des - ert pla - ces drear For the Liv - ing  
when he bids you to go forth at his command, For the glo - ry



## CHORUS.



love, and hon - or him a - lone.  
Wa - ter, and the Heav'nly Bread.  
and the hon - or of his name. } The errands for the King requireth haste,



Let not the gold - en mo - ments run to waste; But ere the daylight flies,





# Errands for the King.—Concluded.

And shadows dim the skies, Be out up - on some er- rands for the King.

45

## I Love Him.

C. F. O.

S. C. FOSTER. Arr. by A. S. M.

*Poco adagio.*

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm, Now thro' the blood I'm  
2. Once I was far a- way, deep down in sin, Once was a slave to  
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free, Once I was blind, but

sav'd from sin's a-larm; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low, The  
pas-sions fierce within; Once was a- afraid to meet an an- gry God, But  
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in God I live, And

CHORUS.

*mp*

*pp*

precious blood of Jesus washes white as snow.  
now I'm cleans'd from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood. } I love him, I love him,  
tell the world around the peace that he doth give. }

Because he first lov'd me, And purchas'd my salvation On Mount Calva-ry.

# 46 God Will Answer a Mother's Prayer.

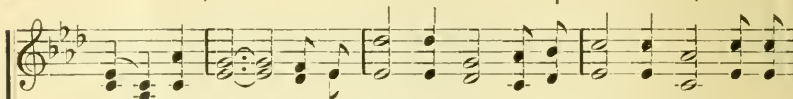
C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

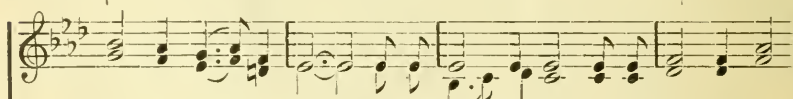
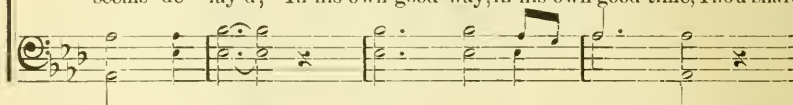
DUET. SOPRANO & ALTO.



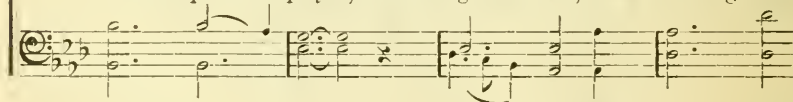
1. Has the time been long, since in ag - o - ny, Un - to God your
2. It is not in vain you have call'd to him, And your faith - ful
3. For his word is true, and his heart is kind, Tho' his an - swer



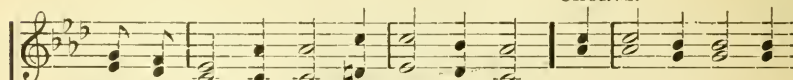
heart first cried For your wand'ring boy, who had stray'd a-far From a  
vig - il kept; He has heard your cry, and has seen your tears, As in  
seems de - lay'd; In his own good way, in his own good time, Thou shalt



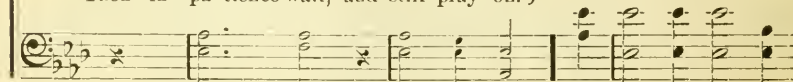
lov - ing moth-er's side? Has your courage fail'd as the years have flown,  
an - guish you have wept. You shall reap in joy, tho' in tears you've sown;  
see his pow'r dis-play'd; For the night will fade, and the morning dawn,



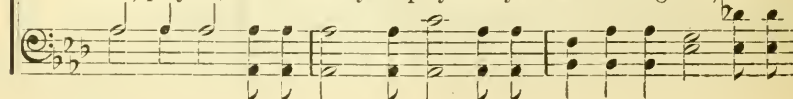
CHORUS.



With your boy un-sav'd? yet still pray on.  
Let your faith hold fast, and still pray on. } Pray on, pray on, fond  
Then in pa-tience wait, and still pray on.



heart, pray on, God will hear your prayer for your wan-der-ing one; Tho' the



# God Will Answer, etc.—Concluded.

years have been long, do not de-spair, God will answer a mother's prayer.

47

## Wondrous Day of Days!

E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Christ is com-ing, hal-le-lu-jah! Com-ing to re-ceive his own;
2. Christ is com-ing, when his ransom'd Rise to meet him in the air;
3. Christ is com-ing; are we read-y? Time is ev-er on the wing;
4. Christ is com-ing! tell the sto-ry; Live to meet him, by and by;

Com-ing with a host of an-gels From the rain-bow-cir-cled throne.  
 Raptur'd friends, a-gain u-nit-ed, Shall the ju-bi-la-tion share.  
 O that he may find us faith-ful, Waiting, watching, for our King!  
 Then, we'll sing the song of glo-ry, All tri-umphant in the sky.

### CHORUS.

Christ is com-ing, hal-le-lu-jah! Let us lift a note of praise;

Hail the day of cor-o-na-tion! Hail the wondrous day of days!

## Forth to the Fields.

R. C. W.

R. C. WARD.

1. Forth to the fields in the name of the Mas-ter, White is the har-  
 2. Forth to the fields, 'tis the sum-mons to ac-tion, Haste, ere the shad-  
 3. Forth to the fields, rich re-wards now a-wait you, Great-er than treas-

vest, but la-b'rer's are few; Go, gath-er sheaves for the  
 ows of ev-'ning draw near; Us-ing the grace he is  
 ures of sil-ver and gold, Glit-ter-ing stars in your

gar-ners e-ter-nal, Strong in his Spir-it, glad serv-ice re-new.  
 will-ing to give you La-bor with cour-age, de-vot-ion and cheer.  
 crown of re-joic-ing, Shin-ing thro' a-ges of glo-ry un-told.

*pp* CHORUS. *mf* *pp* *mf*

Call-ing the reapers, forward, forward, Calling the reapers, onward, onward;  
 Call - - - ing the reapers, Call - - - ing the reapers,

*pp* *cres.* *cres.*

Forth to the harvest hast-en, hast-en, Thrust in the trusty blade, 'Tis Je-sus  
 Forth to the har-vest, Thrust in the blade,



## Forth to the Fields.—Concluded.

*ff*

Calls to the work-ers, calls to the  
 Calls to the workers, hear him, hear him, calls to the work-ers,

*cres. ritardando.* *ff lento.*

work-ers, "Lo, I am with you un-to the end, Go work to-day!"  
 hear him say - ing,

## 49 While Jesus Whispers to You.

WILL E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. { While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner come!  
 { While we are pray-ing for you, Come, (Omit. ....) sin-ner come!

1 2

{ Now is the time to own him, Come, sin-ner, come!  
 { Now is the time to know him, Come, (Omit. ....) sin-ner, come!

1 2

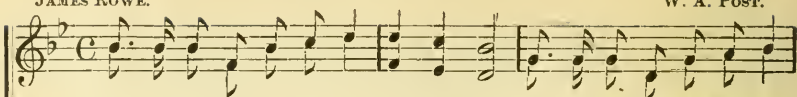
Copyright, 1879, by H. L. Palmer. Used by per.

2 Are you too heavy laden?  
 Come, sinner, come!  
 Jesus will bear your burden,  
 Come, sinner, come!  
 Jesus will not deceive you,  
 Come, sinner, come!  
 Jesus can now redeem you,  
 Come, sinner, come!

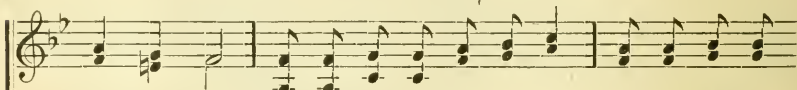
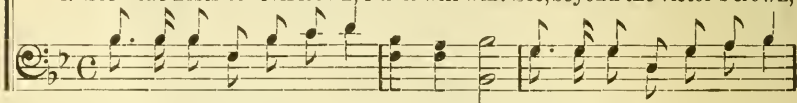
3 O hear his tender pleading,  
 Come, sinner, come!  
 Come and receive the blessing,  
 Come, sinner, come!  
 While Jesus whispers to you,  
 Come, sinner, come!  
 While we are praying for you,  
 Come, sinner, come!

JAMES ROWE.

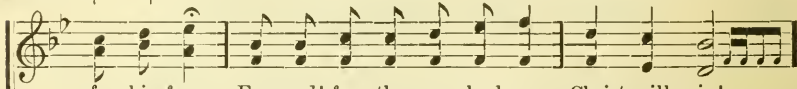
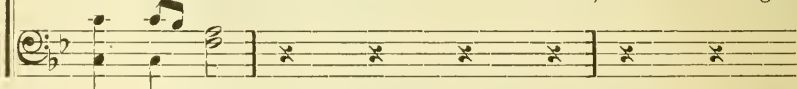
W. A. POST.



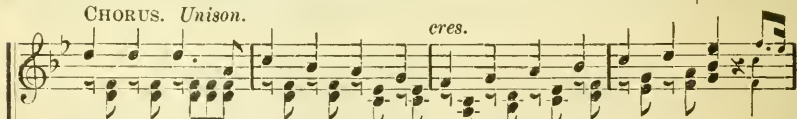
1. Sing the tidings o'er and o'er, Christ will win! Send the news o'er sea and shore,
2. Fast his fol-low-ers increase, Christ will win! Dawns the blessed day of peace,
3. Long-er grow his battle-lines, Christ will win! As the sun his glo-ry shines,
4. See the hosts of evil frown, Christ will win! See, beyond the victor's crown,



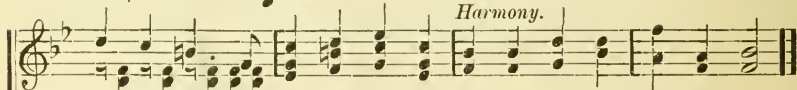
Christ will win! With his hosts he on-ward goes, Mak-ing cap-tives  
 Christ will win! Day by day and hour by hour, Nations feel his  
 Christ will win! In the vales of sin and shame, Souls to live a -  
 Christ will win! Doubt and sin are backward hurl'd, He is bless-ing



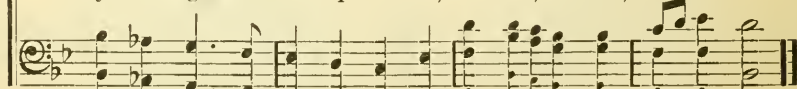
of his foes; Forward! for the way he knows; Christ will win!  
 Sav-ing pow'r; Is he not a might-y tow'r? Christ will win!  
 new be-gin; Praise his ev-er-last-ing name! Christ will win!  
 all the world, Sa-tan's ban-ners will be furl'd; Christ will win!

CHORUS. *Unison.**cres.*

Forward march! the Captain needs you, Forward in the strife with sin;

*Harmony.*

By his might he doth up-hold us; Forward, sol-diers, Christ will win!



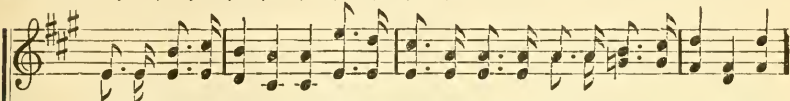
## Sweeping Over the World.

E. D. ELLIOTT.

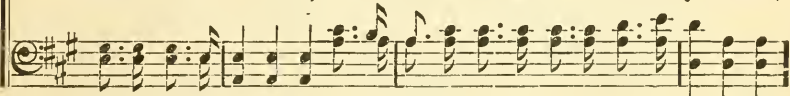
WM. EDDIE MARKS.



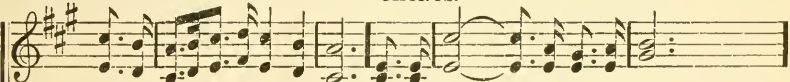
1. Like a "rush-ing might - y wind" a-cross the sea and land Comes the pen-te-cos-tal
2. It is fan-ning ev - er brighter faith's poor smouldering fire, And the peo-ple far and
3. It dis - per-ses clouds of doubt and drives them far a - way, And the nations walk to-
4. Soul re - viv - ing cur-rents speed a - cross the land and sea And the nations sing as



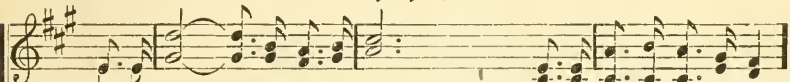
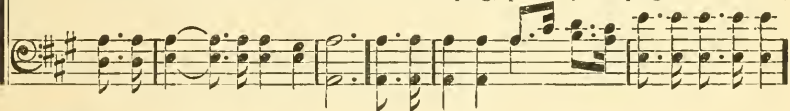
breeze obey-ing God's command, Noth-ing wrong nor sinful can its mighty strength withstand,  
 near to ho - ly lives a - spire, More of love to God the Wa-ther is the heart's de-sire,  
 geth - er in the Light to-day, The redeemed of all the earth march on in strong ar-ray,  
 one the an-them of the free, From the dis-tant is-lands come the sounds of ju - bi - lee,



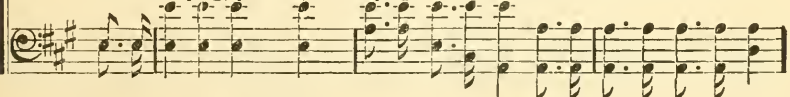
## CHORUS.



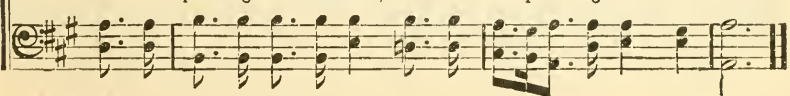
It is sweep - ing o'er the world! It is sweep - ing o'er the world,  
 It is sweeping, quick - ly sweeping o'er the world,



It is sweep - ing o'er the world, With a swift, po - ten-tial force,  
 It is sweeping, quick - ly sweeping o'er the world,



It is speed-ing on its course, It is sweep - ing o'er the world!

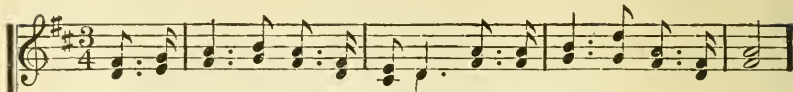


## Not One Forgotten.

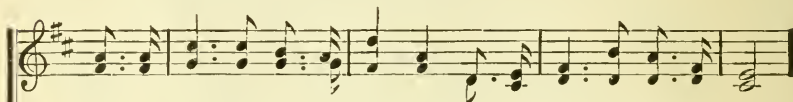
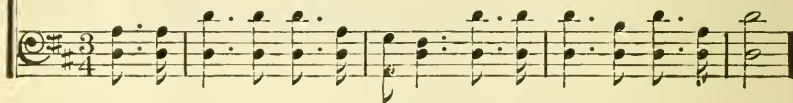
Not one of them is forgotten before God."—LUKE 12: 6.

E. E. HEWITT.

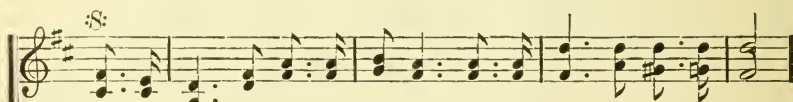
H. L. GILMOUR.



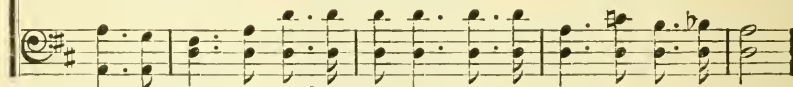
1. There's a word of ten - der beau - ty In the say - ings of our Lord,
2. Though I'm least of all His children, So un - wor - thy of His love,
3. O the wounded hands of Je - sus All the springs of life con - trol,



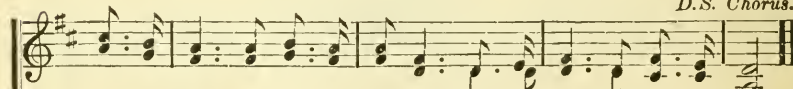
How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Wak - ing grat - itude's sweet chord;  
 Yet, for me, there's kind remembrance In the Fa - ther - heart a - bove;  
 Is there an - y ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?



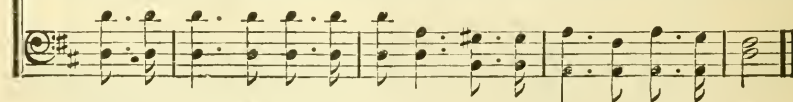
For it tells me that "Our Father," From His throne of roy - al might,  
 He will ev - er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way:  
 Let me, like the lit - tle sparrow, Trust Him where I can - not see,



*Cho.*—In my Fa - ther's bless - ed keep - ing I am hap - py, safe, and free;

*D.S. Chorus.*

Bends to note a fall - ing sparrow, For 'tis pre - cious in His sight.  
 For my Sav - iour gent - ly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they?"  
 In the sun - shine and the shad - ow, Sing - ing "He will care for me."

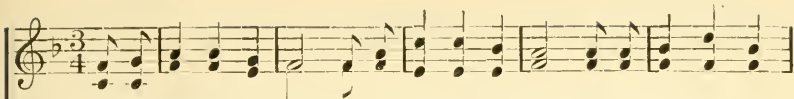


While His eye is on the sparrow I will not for - got - ten be,



Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.



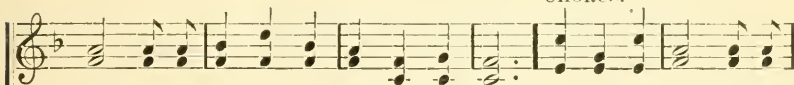
1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glo - ry he
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil he doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The delights of his love, Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by his



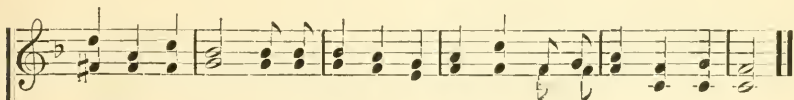
sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a - bides with us  
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a  
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a  
al - tar we lay, For the fa - vor he shows, And the joy he be -  
side in the way; What he says we will do, Where he sends we will



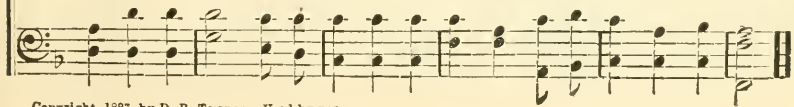
## CHORUS.



still, And with all who will trust and	o - bey.	} Trust and o - bey; for there's
tear Can a - bide while we trust and	o - bey.	
cross, But is blest if we trust and	o - bey.	
stows Are for them who will trust and	o - bey.	
go, Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and	o - bey.	



no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

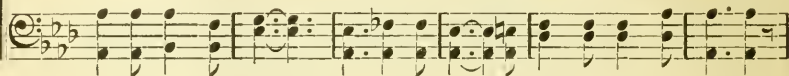




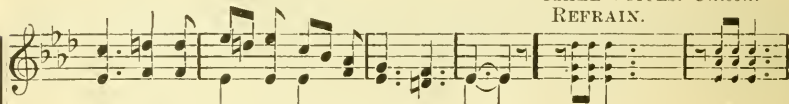
1. Hark! hark! my soul! angel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and drear-y; The day must dawn, and
4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping; Sing us sweet fragments



ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling  
 Je - sus bids you come!" And thro' the dark, its echoes sweet-ly ring-ing,  
 darksome night be past; Faith's journey ends in welcome to the wea-ry,  
 of the songs a-bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,



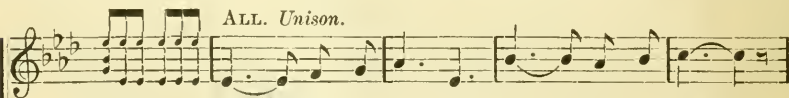
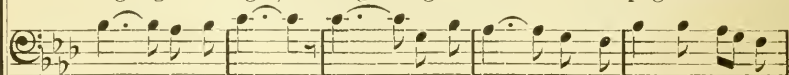
MALE VOICES. *Unison.*  
 REFRAIN.



Of that new life when sin shall be no more!  
 The mu-sic of the gos-pel leads us home.  
 And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last. } An-gels of Je - sus,  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.



ang - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the



night! An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,



# Hark ! Hark ! My Soul !—Concluded.

*Harmony.*

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night!

55

## How I Long to Tell It!

HENRY OSTROM, D. D.

(HILLIS. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 6.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Love, sur - pass - ing high - est thought, How I long to tell it!  
 2. Love, em - brac - ing all man - kind, How I long to tell it!  
 3. Love, that charms the heav'nly throng, How I long to tell it!

Love, by Je - sus' pass - ion taught, How I long to tell it!  
 Love, by rea - son un - de - fin'd, How I long to tell it!  
 Love, that calls in sob and song, How I long to tell it!

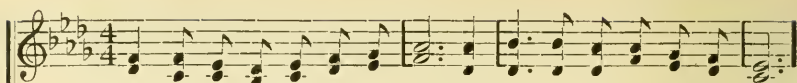
Love, all boundless, death-less, free; Love, that found a Cal - va - ry;  
 Tell it where 'twas yet un - known, Tell it if I must a - lone,  
 Tell it quick - ly, tell it well, Tell it forth where martyrs fell,

*ritardando.*

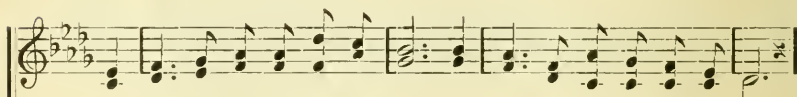
Love, that sought and res - cued me; How I long to tell it!  
 Tell it to a heart of stone; How I long to tell it!  
 Tell it, all that I can tell; How I long to tell it!

E. E. HEWITT.

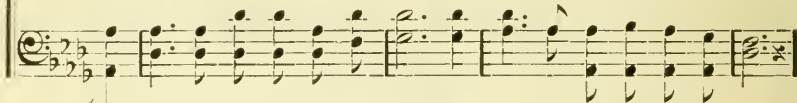
JOHN P. HILLIS.



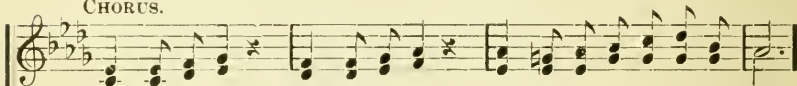
1. Lord, I have wander'd from thy way, But help me with thy sav-ing might;
2. For-give me all my sin, I pray, So grievous in thy ho-ly sight;
3. Now, would I onward walk with thee, In fel-low-ship so pure and bright;
4. Re-ceive me, for I trust in thee, And fold me in thine arms di-vine;



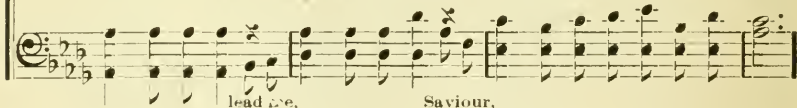
If I have stray'd from thee to-day, May I come home to thee to-night.  
 If I have spurn'd thy love to-day, Make me thy humble child to-night.  
 With love's al-legiance, glad and free, O may I serve thee from to-night.  
 Thro' shade and sunshine, hence to be Thine, on-ly, al-to-geth-er thine.



## CHORUS.



Home to thine arms, home to thy heart, O blessed Lord, thy grace impart!

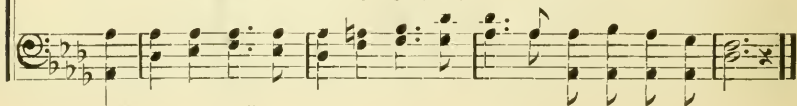


lead me,

Saviour,



From sin's dark path to heav'nly light, May I come home to thee to-night.



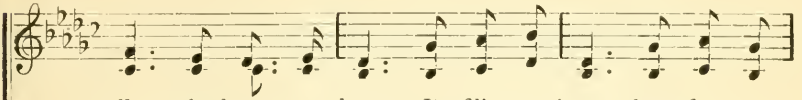
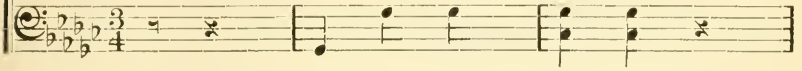


JAMES ROWE.

W. A. POST.



1. Our theme is love— the Sav - iour's love, The theme of
2. His blood has sav'd our sin - ful souls, And now his
3. It guides us when our feet would stray, And takes the



all the hosts a - bove; It fills our hearts from day to  
 pre - cious love con - trols; It keeps us fear - less in the  
 thorns and clouds a - way; 'Twill keep us true, till, tri - als

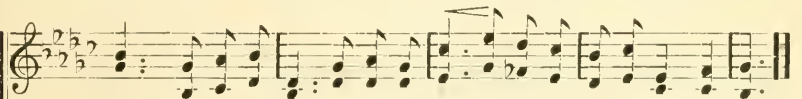


## CHORUS.

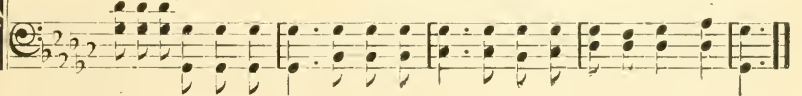
day. And bright-ens all the home-ward way. } Our theme is  
 strife, And sweet-ens ev - 'ry hour of life. } Our theme is  
 o'er, We praise his name on yon - der shore. } Our theme is



love, and this shall be Our theme for all e - ter - ni -  
 love for all e - - ter - ni - ty, This our theme shall



ty; In life, in death, on earth, a - bove, Our song shall be our Saviour's love.  
 ever be;



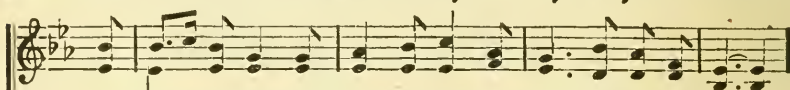
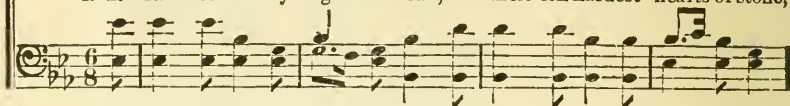
## The Greatest Thing is Love.

C. H. M.

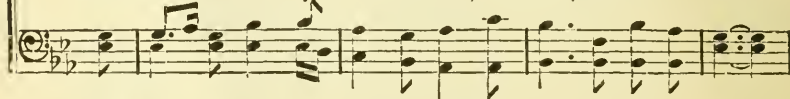
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



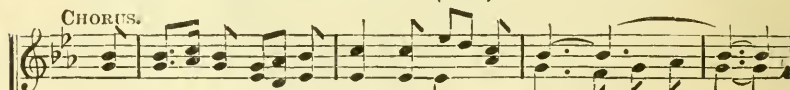
1. O matchless love, how could it be? He took my place and died for me;
2. In ev - 'ry land be-neath the sun, It makes us brothers, ev - 'ry one,
3. It makes all things with joy replete, Makes strong the heart, life's cares to meet,
4. It sti - fles ev - 'ry sigh and moan, It melt-eth hardest hearts of stone,



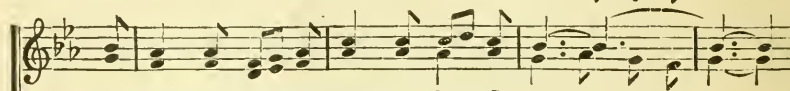
I from the bro - ken law go free, Thro' love, won - der - ful love.  
 Thro' Christ the "well be - lov - ed Son," This love, won - der - ful love.  
 Turns sor - row's bit - ter in - to sweet, This love, won - der - ful love.  
 It break-eth ev - 'ry bar - rier down, This love, won - der - ful love.



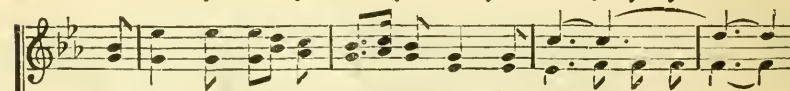
## CHORUS.



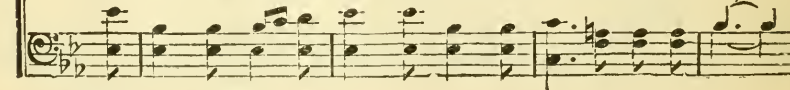
The great - est thing in earth be - low Is love.....  
 won - der - ful love,



The great - est thing the an - gels know Is love.....  
 won - der - ful love,



The great - est grace in God's own heart Is love.....  
 won - der - ful love,



# The Greatest Thing is Love.—Concluded

In earth and sky, all things a-bove, Is love, won-der-ful love.

## 59 Open My Eyes that I May See.

C. H. S.

MRS. CLARA H. SCOTT.

*Quiet Hour Song*

1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voic-es of truth thou sendest clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad-ly the warm truth ev-'ry-where;

Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall unclasp and set me free.  
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev-'ry-thing false will dis-ap-pear.  
O - pen my heart, and let me pre-pare Love with thy children thns to share.

### CHORUS.

Si-lent-ly now I wait for thee, Read-y, my God, thy will to see;

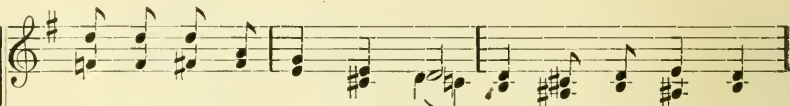
O - pen my eyes, il-lum-ine me, Spir-it di-vine!

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



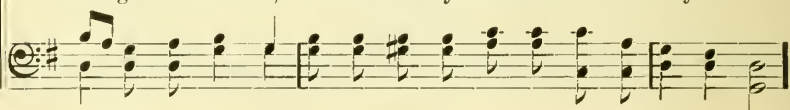
1. Blest rev - e - la - tion, won-drous sal - va - tion, God in love doth
2. Noth - ing can harm me, naught can a - larm me, Fierce-ly tho' the
3. Come all ye bur-dened and heav-y la - den, With-out doubting



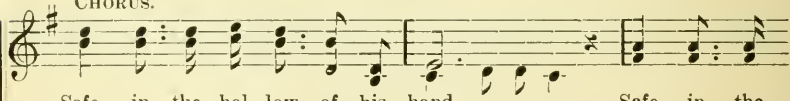
for the lost of earth pro - vide; Sins like a mount - ain,  
 tem-pest rage o'er sea and land; Wak - ing or sleep - ing,  
 all your cares up - on him roll; Gra - cious for - ev - er,



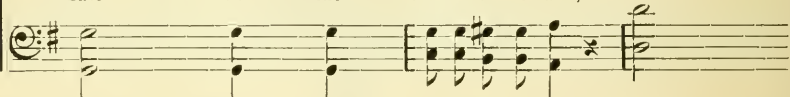
lost in the foun-tain, Calv'ry's stream for-ev - er flows, a cleans-ing tide.  
 safe in his keep-ing, Kept with-in the hol-low of his might-y hand.  
 strong to de - liv - er, Ye shall sure-ly find sweet rest un - to your soul.



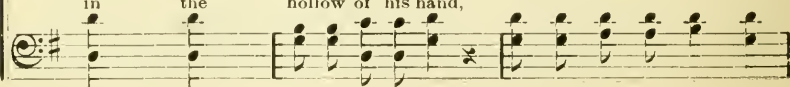
## CHORUS.



Safe in the hol-low of his hand, Safe in the  
 Safe in the hollow of his hand, Safe



hol-low of his hand, . . . . . To his prom-ise cling-ing,  
 in the hollow of his hand,





# In the Hollow of God's Hand.—Concluded.

*p slower.....*

ev - er-more I'm singing; I am safe within the hol - low of God's hand.

61

## God Is My Refuge.

MRS. E. E. WILLIAMS.

PSA. 46: 1

E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.

1. "God is my ref-uge!" No harm can I know; Un- der his wings, sweetly  
2. "God is my ref-uge!" Tho' earth friends may fail; Life's fondest hopes, like a  
3. "God is my ref-uge!" No earth-ly re - treat, E'er could afford such un -

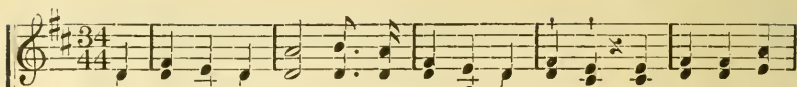
fold - ed, I rest. Safe, tho' a-round me, loud tem-pests may blow,  
dream, fade a - way, Foes may surround me, and seem to pre - vail,  
brok - en re - pose; Here let me hide in this co - vert so sweet,

*ritard.* CHORUS.  
While I re-cline on his dear lov-ing breast. Feeling no ter-ror, what-  
Still, he af-ford-eth me strength as my day. Trusting his promise, I'll  
Till life's last day shall draw down to its close, Then, still I'll sing as I

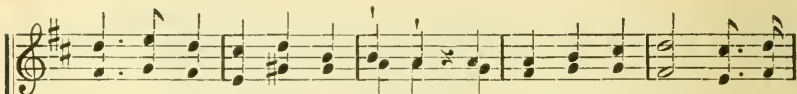
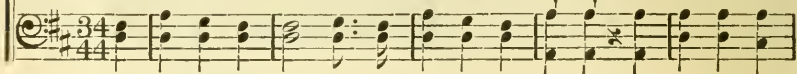
*rit.*  
e'er may be - tide, "God is my ref-uge," In him I a - bide.  
cling to his side, "God is my ref-uge," In him I a - bide.  
cross Jordan's tide, "God is my ref-uge," In him I a - bide.

H. L. TURNER.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



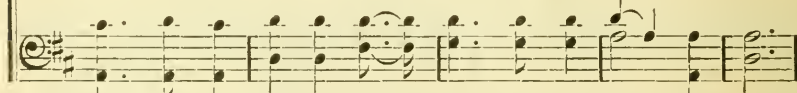
1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight thro'
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twilight, It may be, per-
3. While its hosts cry Ho - san - na, from heav'n descending, With glo - ri-fied
4. O joy! O de-light! should we go without dy-ing, No sick-ness, no



dark - ness and shad-ow is breaking, That Je - sus will come in the  
 chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in - to light in the  
 saints and the an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on his brow, like a -  
 sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our



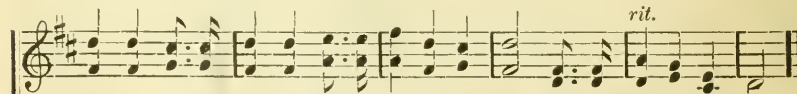
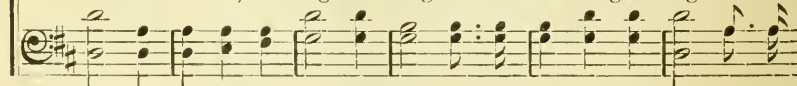
full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."  
 blaze of his glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."  
 ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."  
 Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."



## CHORUS.

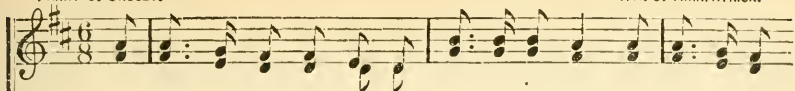


O Lord Je - sus, how long? how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re -

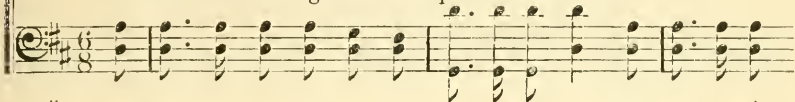


turneth; Hal - le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu-jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu-jah! A - men.

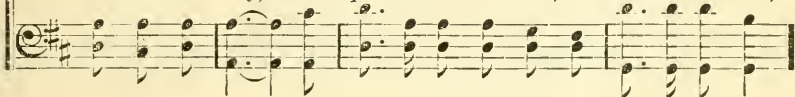




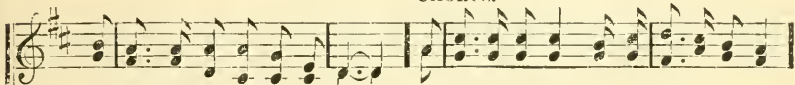
1. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his
4. When cloth'd in his brightness trans - port - ed I rise To meet him in



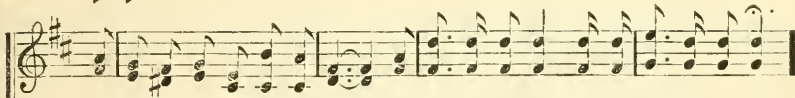
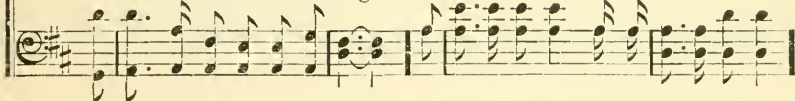
Sav - iour to me; He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,  
 bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved,  
 ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, O, glo - ry to God  
 clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, his won - der - ful love,



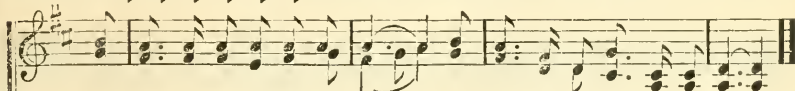
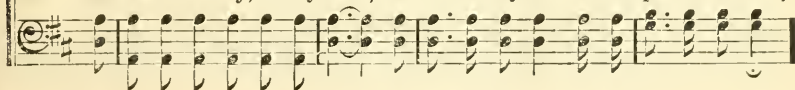
## CHORUS.



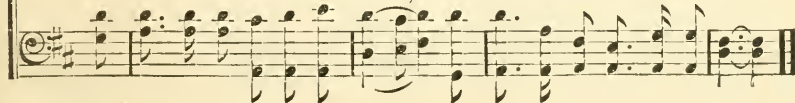
Where riv - ers of pleasure I see.  
 He giveth me strength as my day.  
 For such a Redeemer as mine! } He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,  
 I'll shout with the millions on high.



That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of his love,



And covers me there with his hand, And cov - ers me there with his hand.



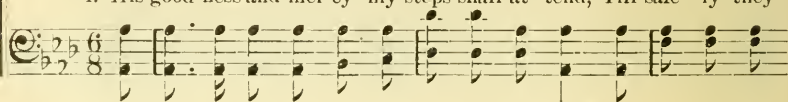
## I Shall Not Want.

E. E. HEWITT.

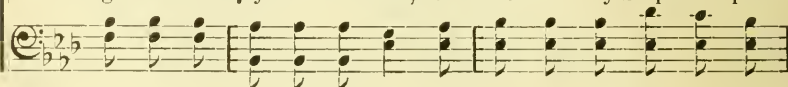
JOHN P. HILLIS.



1. I sing a glad song to my Sav-iour to-day, Be-cause he re-
2. Be-side the still wa-ters, he leads ev-er-more; When wounded and
3. Yea, thro' the dark val-ley, no ill will I fear, Since he will be
4. His good-ness and mer-cy my steps shall at-tend, Till safe-ly they



deem'd me, when wand'ring a-stray; He makes me lie down in green  
wea-ry, my strength he'll re-store; What-ev-er the chang-es that  
with me, to com-fort and cheer; He spreads me a ta-ble, de-  
bring me where joys nev-er end; O there hath my Shep-herd pre-

*ritard.*

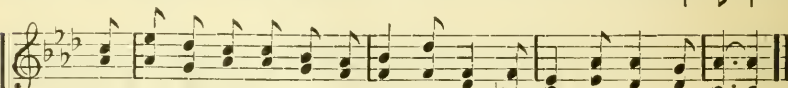
pas-tures so blest, The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want rest.  
swift-ly suc-ceed, I shall not want guidance, my Shepherd will lead..  
fends me from foes; I shall not want bless-ing, my cup o-ver-flows..  
pared me a place; I shall not want glo-ry, I'll look on his face..



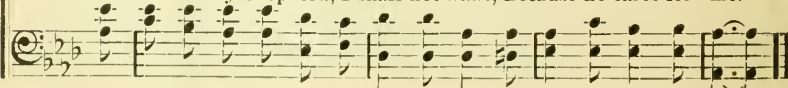
## CHORUS.



The Lord..... is my Shep-herd, I shall..... not want, ...  
The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, Ex-ult, O my soul! So glad, so free;



The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, Because he cares for me.



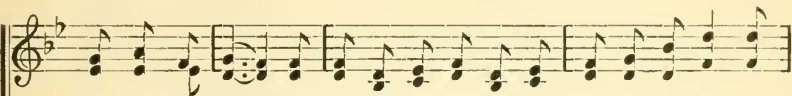


JAMES ROWE.

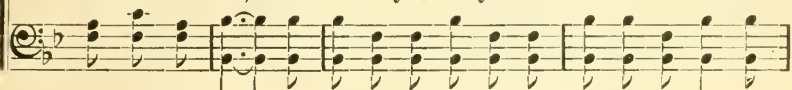
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



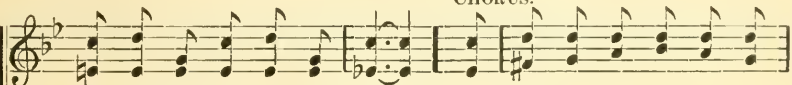
1. I know what my Sav-iour has done for the lost, And what he is
2. His pow-er I feel and his good-ness con-fess, Such love nev-er
3. I'll tell to the world what a won-der-ful King Is Je-sus, my
4. His love all my time and my tal-ents com-mand, So dear is my



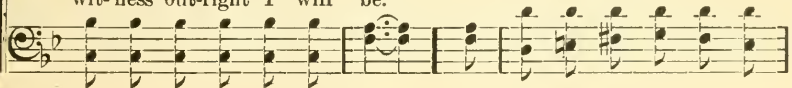
do-ing for me, And so, 'mid the conflict, what-ev-er the cost, A  
 mor-tal could show; If some should oppose, I will love none the less, And  
 Sav-iour di-vine, And what it has cost him sal-va-tion to bring; I'll  
 Sav-iour to me; Tho' foes may as-sail yet for him I will stand A



## CHORUS.



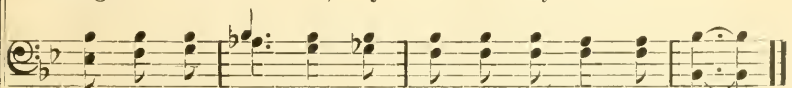
wit-ness for him I will	be.	} I'll tell what I know a-bout
fear-less-ly tell what I	know.	
tell how such mer-cy is	mine.	
wit-ness out-right I will	be.	



Je-sus, A wit-ness for him I will be; I'll trust him for



strength to be faith-ful, My Sav-iour may count on me.



## I'm a Pilgrim.

MRS. MARY S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can  
 2. Of that cit - y, to which I'm go-ing, My Re-deem-er, my Re -  
 3. There the sunbeams are ev - er shin-ing, O my longing heart, my

tar-ry but a night!..... Do not de-tain me, for I am  
 deem-er, is the light;.... There is no sor-row, nor an - y  
 long-ing heart is there;..... Here in this coun-try, so dark and

I can tar-ry but a night! for

CHORUS.  
 go - ing To where the streamlets are ev - er flow-ing.  
 sighing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy-ing. } I'm a  
 dreary, I long have wan-der'd for-lorn and wea-ry. }

to are

pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry

but a night, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.....  
 I can tarry but a night, I can tar-ry but a night..

## One of these Days.

D. K. W., arr.

J. B. HERBERT.



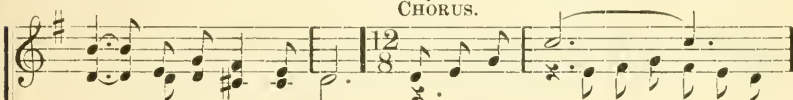
1. One of these days will the heartache leave us, One of these days will the
2. One of these days we shall know the rea-son, Hap-ly, of much that per-
3. One of these days—out of trib-u-la-tion, Un-to the light of his



bur-den fall; Nev-er a-gain shall a hope deceive us, Nev-er a-  
plex-es now; One of these days, in the Lord's good season. Light of his  
sun-bright smile, We shall re-joice in the great sal-va-tion; Well may we

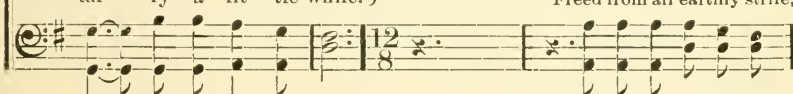


## CHORUS.

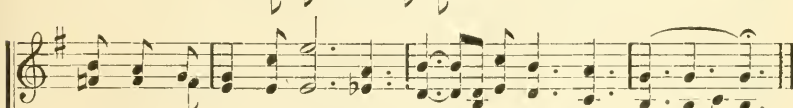
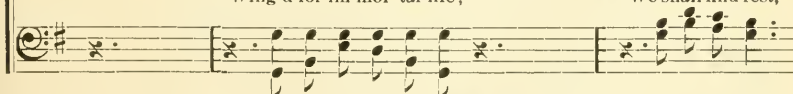


gain sin and death ap-pall. } One of these days,.....  
peace shall a-dorn the brow.  
tar-ry a lit-tle while. }

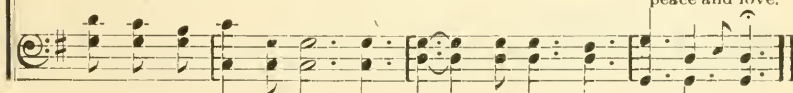
Freed from all earthly strife,



One of these days,..... We shall find rest,.....  
Wing'd for im-mor-tal life; We shall find rest,



We shall find per-fect rest, Where all is peace and love.....  
peace and love.

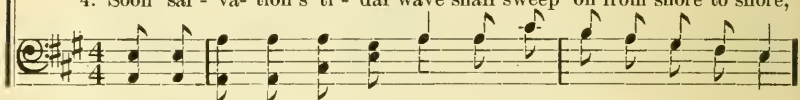


MRS. C. H. M.

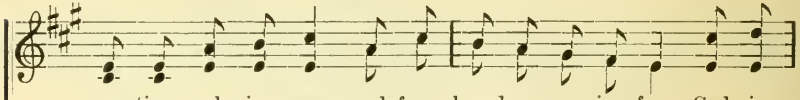
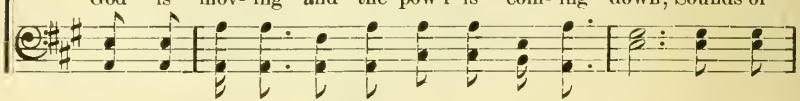
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



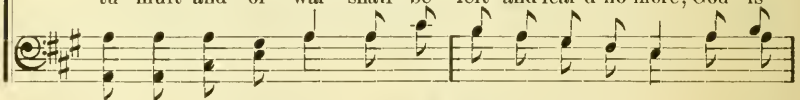
1. Have you heard the joy - ful news from a - cross the roll - ing sea?
2. He has heard the pray'r of faith and the doors are o - pen wide;
3. Soon the tri-umphs of his cross in all lands our eyes shall see,
4. Soon sal - va - tion's ti - dal wave shall sweep on from shore to shore,



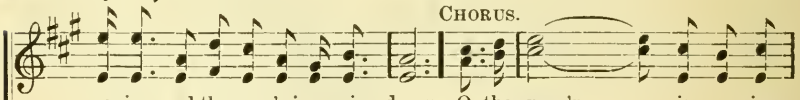
God is mov - ing and the pow'r is com - ing down; Hea - then  
 God is mov - ing and the pow'r is com - ing down; While for -  
 God is mov - ing and the pow'r is com - ing down; Church of  
 God is mov - ing and the pow'r is com - ing down; Sounds of



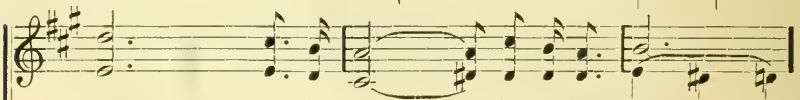
na - tions wak - ing up and from bon - dage go - ing free; God is  
 ev - er on - ward sweeps full sal - va - tion's roll - ing tide; God is  
 God a - wake, pre - pare for the com - ing ju - bi - lee; God is  
 tu - mult and of war shall be felt and fear'd no more; God is



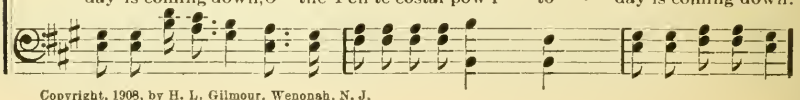
## CHORUS.



moving and the pow'r is coming down. O the pow'r..... is com - ing  
 O the Pen - te - costal pow'r to -



down, O the pow'r..... is coming down;.....  
 day is coming down, O the Pen - te - costal pow'r to - day is coming down.





# The Power Is Coming Down.—Concluded.

In ac - cord-ance with his prom-ise 'tis the Spirit's breath up-on us,

God is mov-ing and the pow'r is com-ing down.....  
com-ing down.

69

## I Pray Thee!

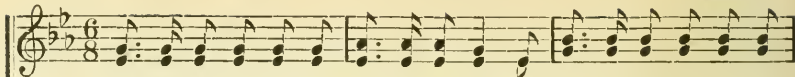
ALMEDA WIGHT DRISCOLL.

LYMAN F. JACKSON.

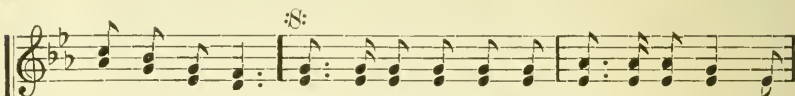
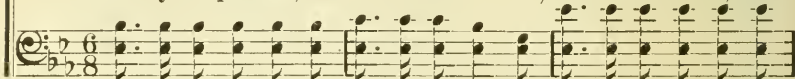
1. I pray thee! I pray thee! O Fa-ther Al-might-y The gift of thy  
 2. I pray thee! I pray thee! O Fa-ther Al-might-y Now list to my  
 3. I pray thee! I pray thee! O Fa-ther Al-might-y To take from me

Spir - it to me now im-part, I long to be ho - ly, and  
 plead-ing, and grant my re-quest, That in each en-deav - or I'll  
 whol - ly all sin - ful de-sire, I come in my weak-ness, for

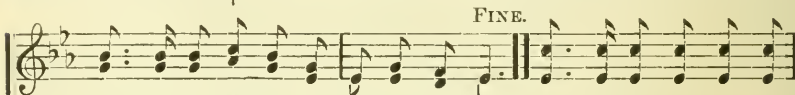
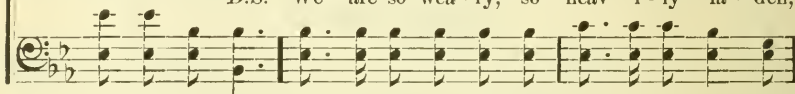
fit for thy serv-ice; O grant he may ev - er a - bide in my heart!  
 hon - or thee ful - ly, In-spired by thy prom-ise to hon - or; I'll rest.  
 strength I en-treat thee; Bap-tize me, O Fa-ther, with thy sa-cred fire!



1. "He was not will-ing that a - ny should perish;" Je - sus enthorn'd in the
2. "He was not will-ing that a - ny should perish;" Cloth'd in our flesh with its
3. Plent - y for pleasure, but lit - tle for Je - sus; Time for the world, with its

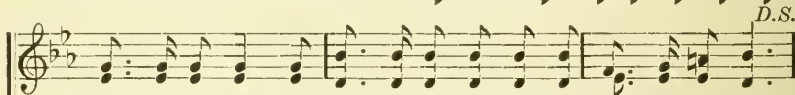
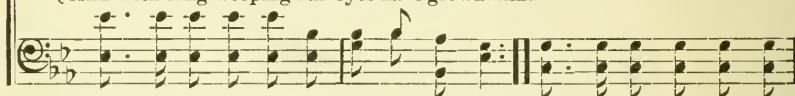


glo - ry a - bove, Saw our poor fal - len world, pit - ied our sor - rows,  
*D.S.*—Je - sus would save, but there's no one to tell them,  
 sor - row and pain, Came he to seek the lost, com - fort the mourn - er,  
*D.S.*—Je - sus is call - ing thee, haste to the reap - ing,  
 trou - bles and toys, No time for Je - sus' work, feed - ing the hun - gry,  
*D.S.*—We are so wea - ry, so heav - i - ly la - den,



FINE.

{ Pour'd out his life for us—won - der - ful love! Per - ish - ing, per - ish - ing!  
 { No one to lift them from sin and des - pair.  
 { Heal the heart, broken by sor - row and shame. Per - ish - ing, per - ish - ing!  
 { Thou shalt have souls, precious souls for thy hire.  
 { Lift - ing lost souls to e - ter - ni - ty's joys. Per - ish - ing, per - ish - ing!  
 { And with long weeping our eyes have grown dim."

*D.S.*

Throng - ing our path - way, Hearts break with burdens too heav - y to bear;  
 Har - vest is pass - ing, Reap - ers are few and the night draweth near;  
 Hark, how they call us: "Bring us your Saviour, O tell us of him!"



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4 "He was not willing that any should perish;"

Am I his follower, and can I live

Longer at ease with a soul going downward,

Lost for the lack of the help I might give?

Perishing, perishing! Thou wast not willing?

Master, forgive, and inspire us anew;

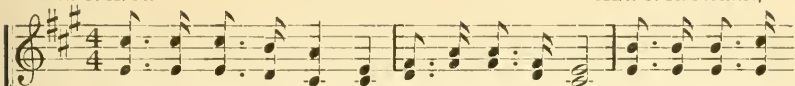
Banish our worldliness, help us to ever

Live with eternity's values in view.

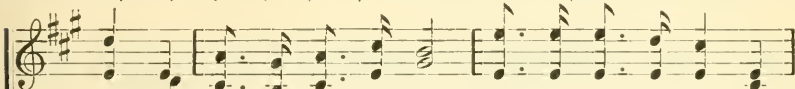
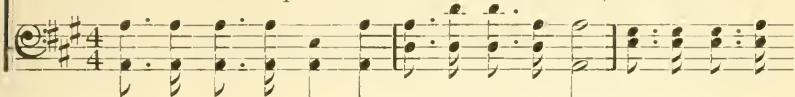
# 71 Would You Be a Blessing?

Mrs. C. H. M.

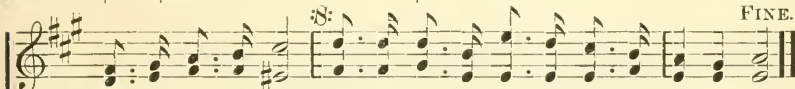
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS,



1. Would you be a bless-ing in this world be-low? Would you scatter
2. He will fill your lips with mes-sa-ges of love, Make your life an
3. He will tell you just the words you ought to say, Help you fill with
4. With a Christ-like spir-it meet this cold world's frown, With a heart of

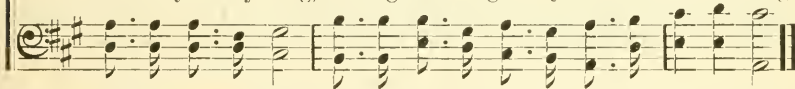


sun-shine ev-'ry-where you go? Christ will in his serv-ice  
 hour-ly ben-e-dic-tion prove; He will help you wipe the  
 kind-ly deeds each pass-ing day; He will make you pa-tient,  
 love break ev-'ry bar-rier down; In-to dark-en'd lives some



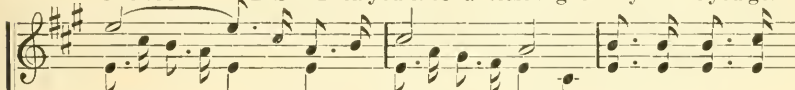
FINE.

strength and grace provide, If you'll on-ly let him in your heart a-bide.  
 tears from weeping eyes, Help you point the way to man-sions in the skies.  
 gen-tle, strong and true, And so much of good you in this world may do.  
 sun-shine you may bring, Giv-ing all the glo-ry un-to Christ our King.

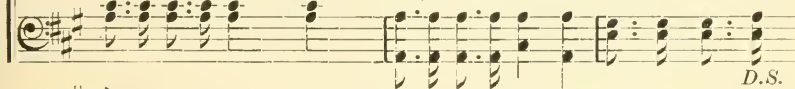


CHORUS.

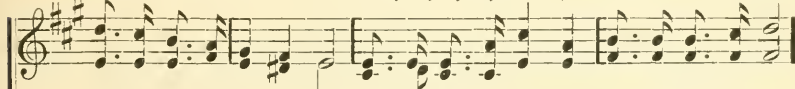
*D.S.*—Then you'll be a bless-ing ev-'ry-where you go.



Would..... you be a bless-ing? Would you be a  
 Would you be a bless-ing? Would you be a blessing?



*D.S.*



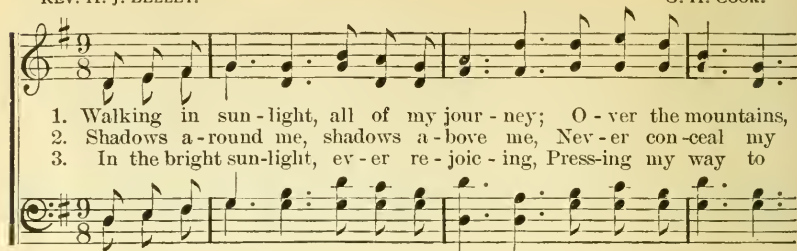
blessing ev'rywhere you go? Take the Saviour with you, his sal-va-tion know,



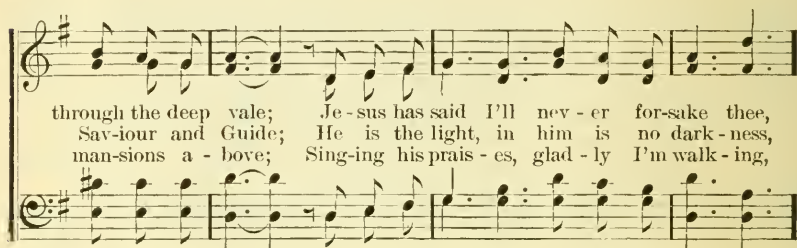
## Heavenly Sunlight.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

G. H. COOK.



1. Walking in sun-light, all of my jour-ney; O-ver the mountains,  
 2. Shadows a-round me, shadows a-bove me, Nev-er con-veal my  
 3. In the bright sun-light, ev-er re-joic-ing, Press-ing my way to



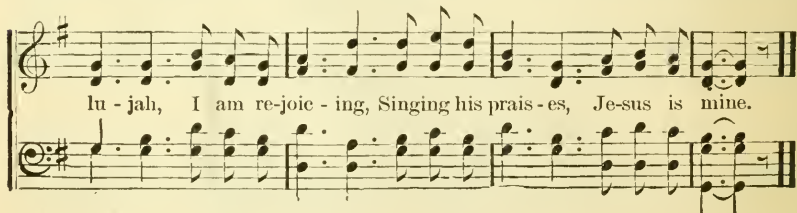
through the deep vale; Je-sus has said I'll nev-er for-sake thee,  
 Sav-iour and Guide; He is the light, in him is no dark-ness,  
 man-sions a-bove; Sing-ing his prais-es, glad-ly I'm walk-ing,



CHORUS.  
 Prom-ise di-vine that nev-er can fail.  
 Ev-er I'm walk-ing close to his side. } Heav-en-ly sun-light,  
 Walk-ing in sun-light, sun-light of love. }

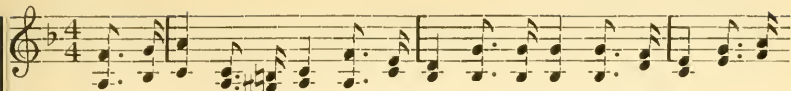


heav-en-ly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glo-ry di-vine: Hal-le

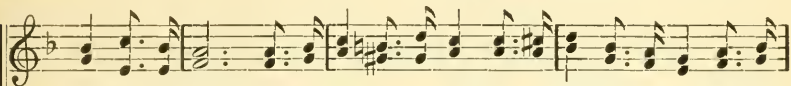
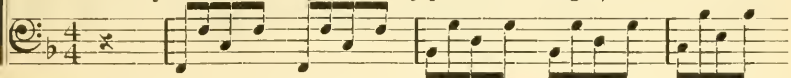


lu-jah, I am re-joic-ing, Singing his prais-es, Je-sus is mine.





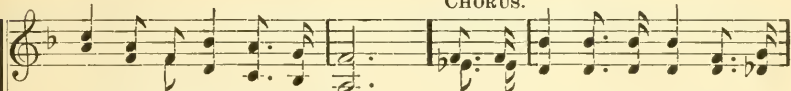
1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on his word, Just to feel I am
2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je-sus for



his ev-'ry day; Just to walk by his side with the Spir-it to guide, Just to  
 Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to his will, just to trust and be still, Just to  
 my dear-est friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to obtain, True and



## CHORUS.



fol - low where he leads the way.  
 lean on his bos-om and rest.  
 faithful he'll be to the end.

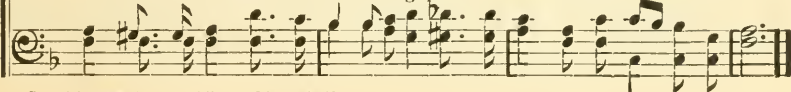
Just to say what he wants me to  
 what he



say, And be still when he whispers to me,..... Just to  
 wants me to say, when he whispers to me;



go where he wants me to go,..... Just to be what he wants me to be.  
 where he wants me to go,



1. For - ward, for - ward! For-ward go, for the  
2. For - ward, for - ward! For-ward go, for the

Lord is with thee, He is thy life, thy light, thy joy,  
morn is breaking, Swiftly the shadows fly away; Forward,  
Forward,

forward! Forward go, for the Lord is with thee. Mighty thy foes to destroy.  
forward! Forward go, for the King in splendor Rises and conquers the day.

## CHORUS.

Her - - alds of the gos - - pel, Mes - - sen-gers of  
Heralds of the gos - pel, heralds of the gospel. Messengers of mer - cy,

mer - - cy, Chil - - dren of the king - dom, High the  
messengers of mer - cy, Children of the king - dom, children of the kingdom,

# Forward!—Concluded.

col - ors of Zi - on show; Fol - - low - ers of Je - - sus,  
Followers of Je - sus, followers of Je - sus,

Ar - - mies of Je - ho - - vah, Church..... of God tri -  
Armies of Je - ho - vah, armies of Je - ho - vah, Church of God triumphant,

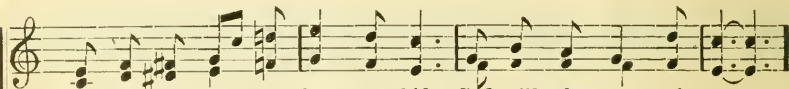
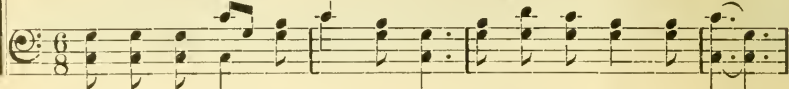
umphant, Rise and forth to the vic - t'ry go. For - ward,  
Church of God triumphant,

for - ward! Forward, ye brave hearts, Forward, ye true hearts, at his

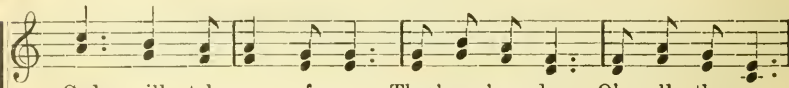
word; For - ward, ye he - roes, Forward, ye conq'rors of the Lord.



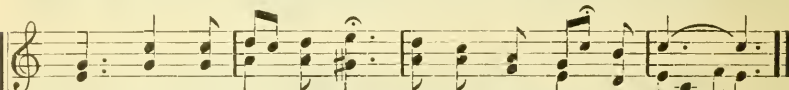
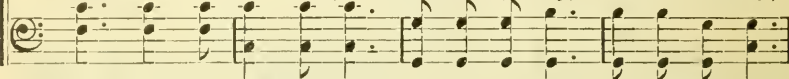
1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need he will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



Be - neath his wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.  
 When dangers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.  
 Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.  
 Lean, wea - ry one, up - on his breast; God will take care of you.



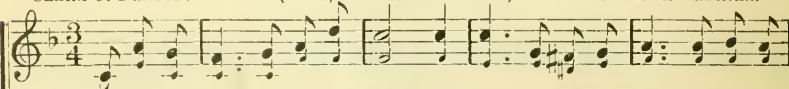
God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;



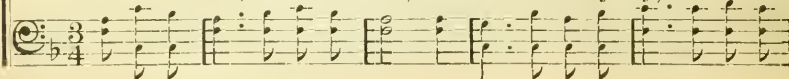
He will take care of you, God will take care of you.  
 take care of you.



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1. Rest in the Lord, impatient heart, With smile his pleasure wait; Rest in the
2. Rest in the Lord, un-ea - sy heart, With calmness wait his will; He knows thy
3. Rest in the Lord, rebellious heart, Com-mit to him thy way; Tho' dark the

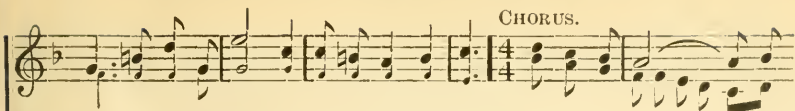


Copyright, 1904-1905, by John P. Hillis.

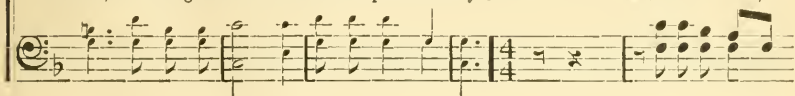


## Rest in the Lord.—Concluded.

### CHORUS.



Lord, He knows full well Thy trials, small and great.  
 wish - es, ev- 'ry one, Then wait, and trust him still. } Rest in the Lord..... rest  
 clouds, in his good time Will come the per - fect day. } Rest in the Lord,



in the Lord,..... Rest in the Lord, and wait for him.

O rest in the Lord, Rest in the Lord,

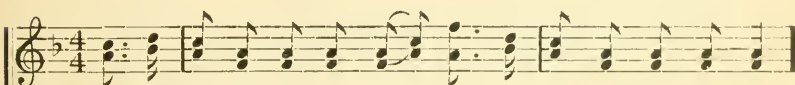


77

## Heaven is not Far Away.

EDWIN OLIVER.

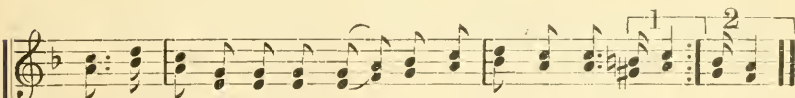
Arr. O. E. M.



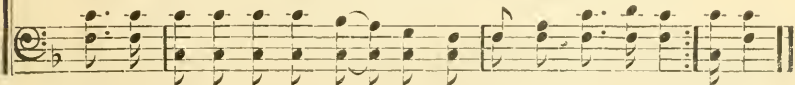
1. When the tears be-dew the eyes, Heav-en is not far a-way;
2. When your sins are all con-fessed, Heav-en is not far a-way;
3. You will then be writ-ten down, Heav-en is not far a-way;
4. Come and find the Sav-iour now, Heav-en is not far a-way;



CHO.—Praise the Lord I now can say, Heav-en is not far a-way;



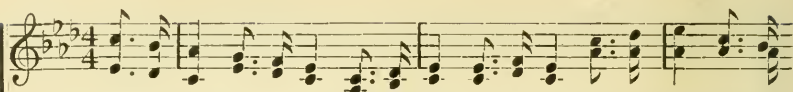
When the heart for cleansing cries, Heav-en is not far a-way.  
 When you find sweet peace and rest, Heav-en is not far a-way.  
 For a mansion and a crown, Heav-en is not far a-way.  
 When you at his foot-stool bow, Heav-en is not far a-way.



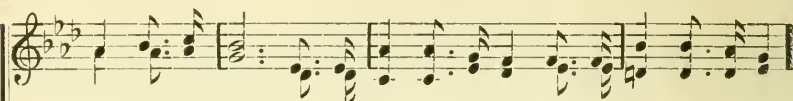
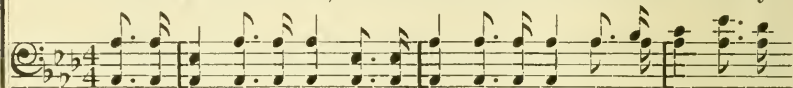
When the soul is right with Je-sus, Heaven is not far..... a-way.

Mrs. C. H. M.

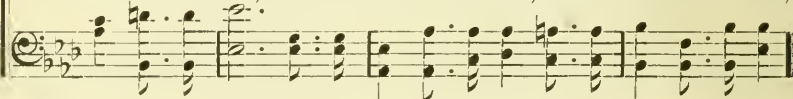
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



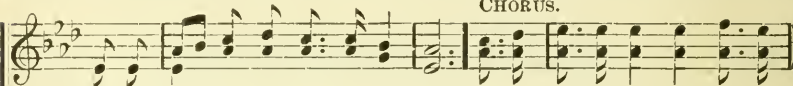
1. Bless the Lord! bless the Lord! all his children below, Grace and strength he will
2. Tho' it may be our lot to be poor and unknown, Of our friends and our
3. When the last foe we meet, and when death's sullen stream From our heav - en - ly



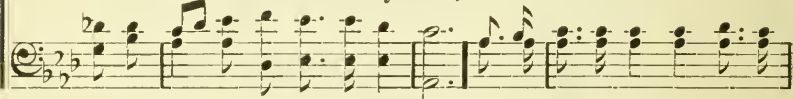
free - ly pro - vide; Tho' like him by the way of the cross we must go,  
kin - dred be - left, In our hearts ev - 'ry day, if we've Je - sus a - lone,  
home shall di - vide, With our Sav - iour and Lord, who once death o - ver - came,



## CHORUS.



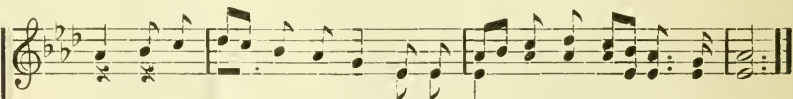
We may live on the vic - to - ry side. }  
We have heav - en and hap - pi - ness left. } On the vic - to - ry side of the  
We are still on the vic - to - ry side. }



cross, On the vic - to - ry side of the cross; Life with comfort re -

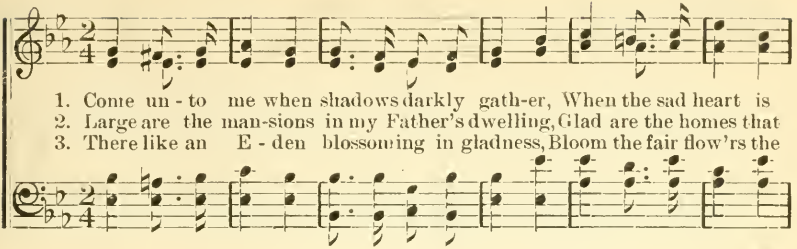


hal - le - lu - jah!

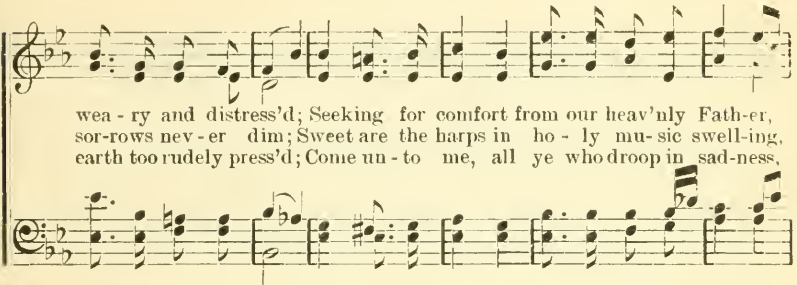


plete, ev - 'ry foe 'neath our feet, On the vic - to - ry side of the cross.



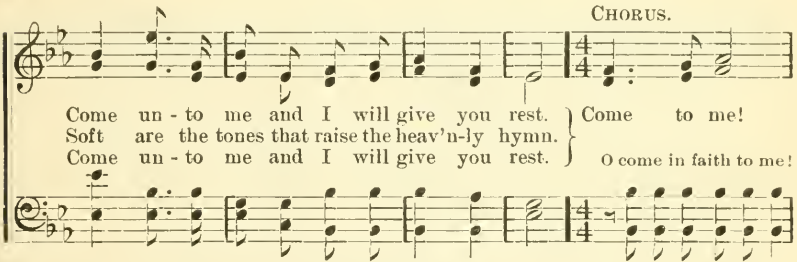


1. Come un - to me when shadows darkly gath - er, When the sad heart is  
 2. Large are the man - sions in my Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that  
 3. There like an E - den blossoming in gladness, Bloom the fair flow'rs the



wea - ry and distress'd; Seeking for comfort from our heav'nly Fath - er,  
 sor - rows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swell - ing,  
 earth too rudely press'd; Come un - to me, all ye who droop in sad - ness,

CHORUS.



Come un - to me and I will give you rest. } Come to me!  
 Soft are the tones that raise the heav'n - ly hymn. }  
 Come un - to me and I will give you rest. } O come in faith to me!



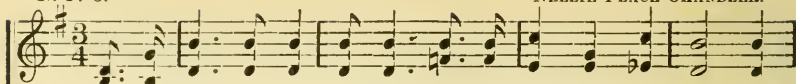
come to me! Come to me and I will give you rest!  
 O come in faith to me! O come to me and I will give you rest, sweet rest;



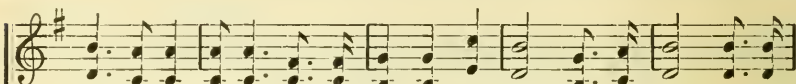
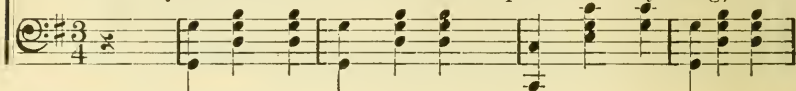
Come to me! come to me! Come to me and I will give you rest, sweet rest.  
 O come in faith to me! O come in faith to me!

N. P. C.

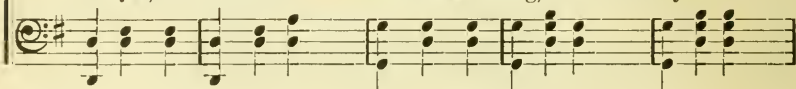
NELLIE PLACE CHANDLER.



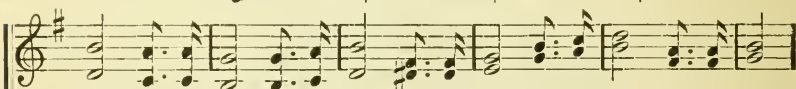
1. I be-held, as if dream-ing in the dark-ness of night, A
2. O that won-der-ful cit-y, with its streets paved with gold! Its
3. Then the mu-sic of heav-en in sweet mel-o-dy rang; "Halle-
4. Then I joined in the cho-rus of praise to my King; Halle-



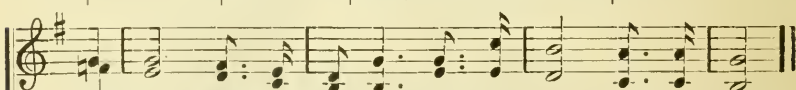
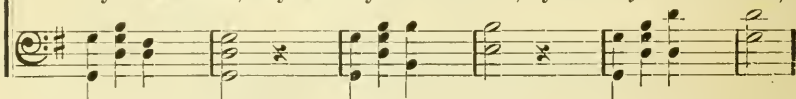
beau-ti-ful cit-y crown'd with glo-ry and light; And a bright, shin-ing  
clear crystal riv-er, pure and fair to be-hold! Where the white-robed re-  
lu-jah to Je-sus" was the song that they sang; And I cried "Lo I  
lu-jah, he saves me! let all the earth sing, For the way now is



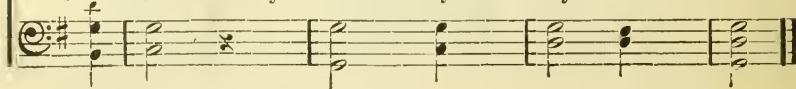
throng, cleans'd from sin and all dross, Who sang "We reach'd heaven by the  
deem'd, and my lov'd ones sang thus: "O come, and be with us, by the  
come, Saviour cleanse me from dross;" "O child, I've redeem'd thee by the  
ea-sy we have gain for all loss; Come to Cal-va-ry's fountain by the



way of the cross," By the way of the cross, By the way of the cross;



Who sang "We reached heav-en, by the way of the cross."  
"O come, and be with us, by the way of the cross."  
"O child, I've re-deem'd thee by the way of the cross."  
Come to Cal-va-ry's fount-ain by the way of the cross."





REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When storms of life are round me beating, When rough the path that I have trod,  
 2. What tho' the clouds have gather'd o'er me? What tho' I've pass'd beneath the rod?  
 3. 'Tis there I find new strength for du-ty, As o'er the sands of time I plod,  
 4. And when I see the moment nearing When I shall sleep beneath the sod,

With-in my clos-et door re-treat-ing, I love to be a-lone with God.  
 God's perfect will there lies be-fore me, When I am thus a-lone with God.  
 I see the King in all his beau-ty, While resting there a-lone with God.  
 When time with me is dis-ap-pear-ing, I want to be a-lone with God.

## CHORUS.

A-lone with God..... the world for-bid-den, A-lone with  
 A-lone with God,

God,..... O blest re-treat! Alone with God,..... and in him  
 A-lone with God, Alone with God,

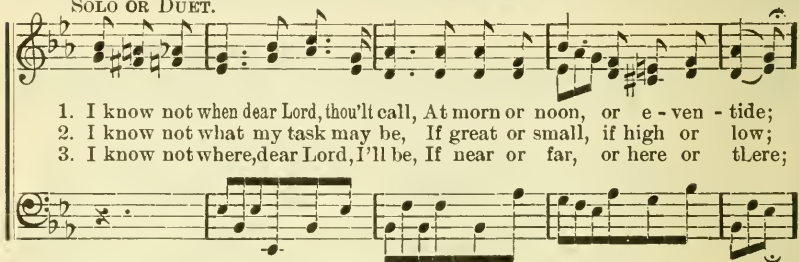
hid-den, To hold with him..... com-mun-ion sweet.  
 To hold with him

G. B. M.

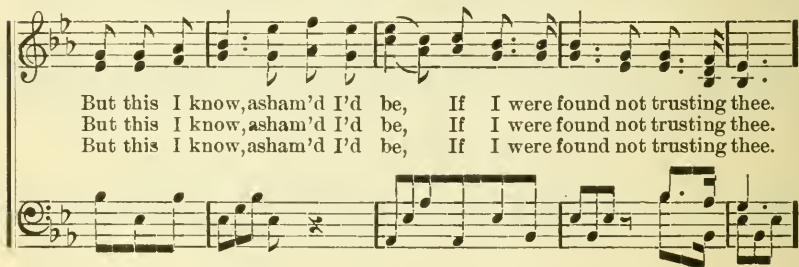
GRACE B. MAXWELL.

*Andantino.*

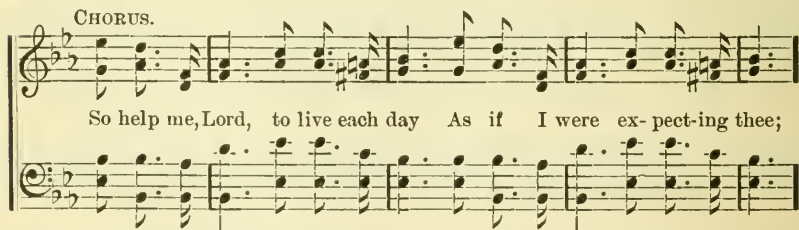
SOLO OR DUET.



1. I know not when dear Lord, thou'lt call, At morn or noon, or e - ven - tide;
2. I know not what my task may be, If great or small, if high or low;
3. I know not where, dear Lord, I'll be, If near or far, or here or there;

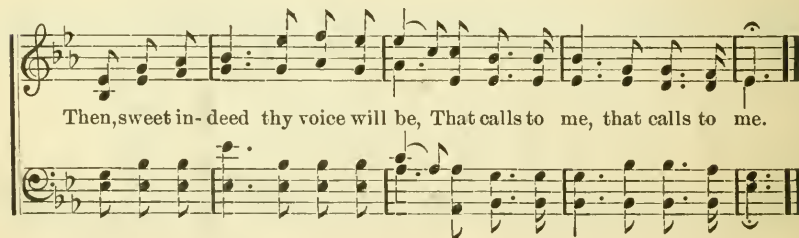


But this I know, asham'd I'd be, If I were found not trusting thee.  
 But this I know, asham'd I'd be, If I were found not trusting thee.  
 But this I know, asham'd I'd be, If I were found not trusting thee.



CHORUS.

So help me, Lord, to live each day As if I were ex-pect-ing thee;



Then, sweet in-deed thy voice will be, That calls to me, that calls to me.

## Give Me Thy Heart.

E. E. HEWITT.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

ANNIE F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a - bove, No gift so precious to  
 2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call-ing in mer-cy a  
 3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spirit di - vine, "All that thou hast, to my

him as our love, Soft - ly he whis-pers wher-ev - er thou art,  
 gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,  
 keep-ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound-ing is mine to im - part,

## CHORUS.

"Grate-ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart."  
 Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart." } "Give me thy heart,  
 Make full sur - ren - der and give me thy heart."

*p*  
 Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher-ev - er thou art; From this dark

*Rit.*  
 world, he would draw thee a-part, Speaking so ten - der - ly, "Give me thy heart."

## The Call of the Cross.

E. E. HEWITT.  
*Unison.*

JEAN HOWARD.

1. The cross, the cross! it calls to one and all; A - rise, a -  
 2. The cross, the cross! the sign of sac - ri - fice; Of love, such  
 3. The cross, the cross! O let us own its pow'r; Press on, press

rise! re - sponse - sive to its call; Ex - alt, ex - alt our  
 love, that paid re - demp - tion's price; Go forth, go forth! to  
 on! through ev - 'ry try - ing hour; Re - joice, re - joice! to

worth - y Lead - er's fame, And bat - tle in his name.  
 win its vic - to - ries, Wher - e'er our King shall please.  
 tell of love di - vine, And "con - quer by this sign."

## CHORUS.

'Tis the call of the cross, call - ing you, call - ing me To the

work of our King, on the land, on the sea; Who will make glad re -



# The Call of the Cross.—Concluded.

*rit.*.....

ply, "Bless-ed Lord, here am I;" Who will serve the King on high?

## 85 Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great Deliv-'rer, come;  
 2. I have no place, no shelter from the night, Come, Great Deliv-'rer, come;  
 3. My path is lone, and wea-ry are my feet, Come, Great Deliv-'rer, come;  
 4. Thou wilt not spurn con-tri-tion's broken sigh, Come, Great Deliv-'rer, come;

My soul bow'd down is longing now for thee, Come, Great Deliv-'rer, come.  
 One look from thee would give me life and light, Come, Great Deliv-'rer, come.  
 Mine eyes look up thy lov-ing smile to meet, Come, Great Deliv-'rer, come.  
 Re - gard my pray'r and hear my hum-ble cry, Come, Great Deliv-'rer, come.

CHORUS.

I've wander'd far away o'er mountains cold, I've wander'd far away from home;

O take me now, and bring me to thy fold, Come, Great Deliv - 'rer, come.

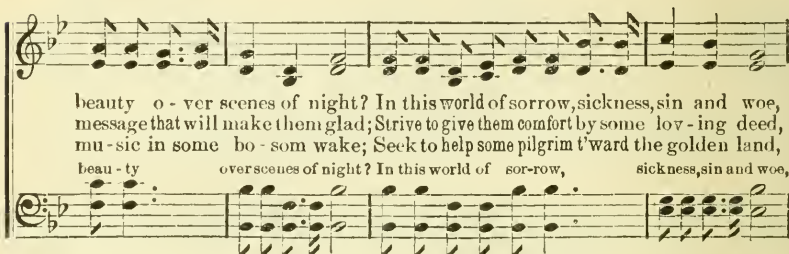
## Be a Blessing.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

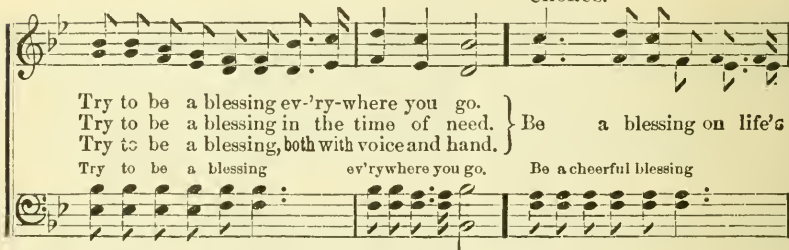


1. Would you be a sun-beam fill'd with heav-en's light, Shedding forth its  
 2. Where the tears are fall-ing and the hearts are sad, Take some gospel  
 3. Just a cup of wa-ter for the Mas-ter's sake Maysweetcherds of  
 1. Would you be a sun-beam fill'd with heaven's light, Shedding forth its

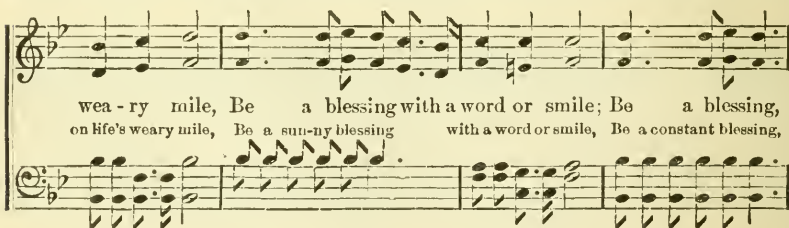


beau-ty o-ver scenes of night? In this world of sorrow, sickness, sin and woe,  
 message that will make them glad; Strive to give them comfort by some lov-ing deed,  
 mu-sic in some bo-som wake; Seek to help some pilgrim t'ward the golden land,  
 beau-ty over scenes of night? In this world of sor-row, sickness, sin and woe,

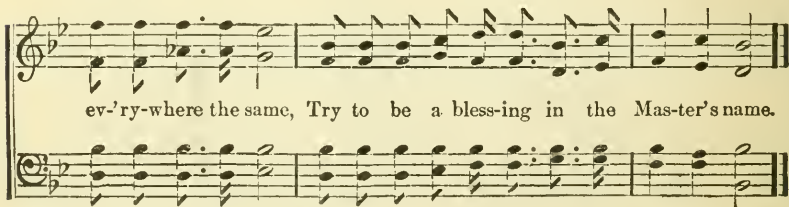
## CHORUS.



Try to be a blessing ev'-ry-where you go.  
 Try to be a blessing in the time of need. } Be a blessing on life's  
 Try to be a blessing, both with voice and hand.  
 Try to be a blessing ev'rywhere you go. Be a cheerful blessing



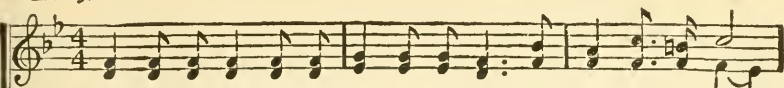
wea-ry mile, Be a blessing with a word or smile; Be a blessing,  
 on life's weary mile, Be a sun-ny blessing with a word or smile, Be a constant blessing,



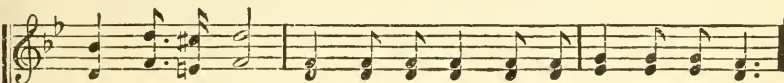
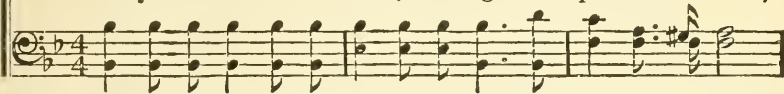
ev'-ry-where the same, Try to be a bless-ing in the Mas-ter's name.

L. E. J.

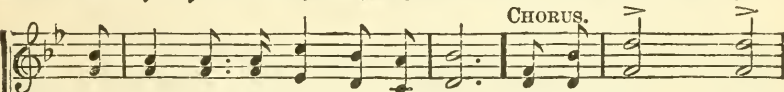
L. E. JONES.



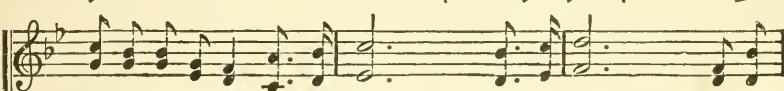
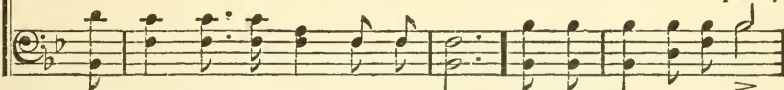
1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's power in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's power in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's power in the blood,
4. Would you do ser - vice for Jesus your King? There's power in the blood,



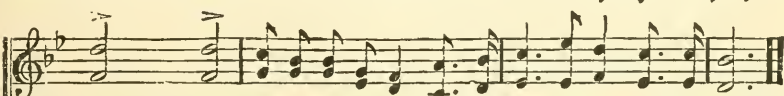
power in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?  
 power in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to cal - va - ry's tide,  
 power in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,  
 power in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, his prais - es to sing?



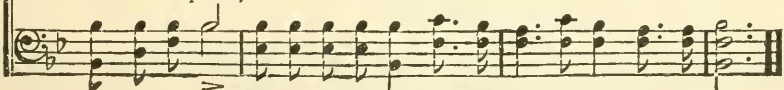
There's won - der - ful power in the blood. There is power, power,  
 There is power,



Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is  
 in the blood of the Lamb,



power, power, Wonder-working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.  
 There is power,



## The Comforter has Come!

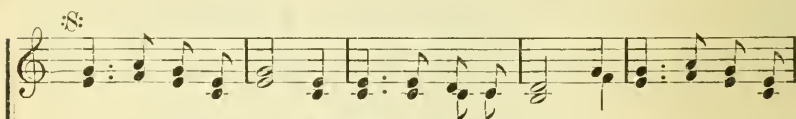
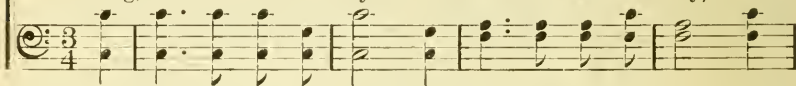
"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John 14: 16.

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



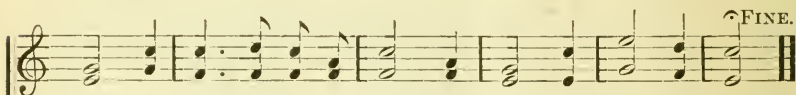
1. O spread the tid-ings round, wher-ev - er man is found, Wher -
2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in his wings, To
4. O bound-less Love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And



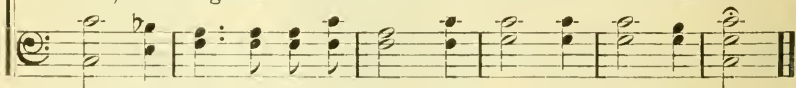
ev - er human hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian  
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en  
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant  
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of  
all the saints a - bove to all be-low re - ply, In strains of end-less



*D.S.*—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the tid-ings



tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!  
hills the day ad-van-ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!  
cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!  
sin, should in his im-age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!  
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!



round, Wher-ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The





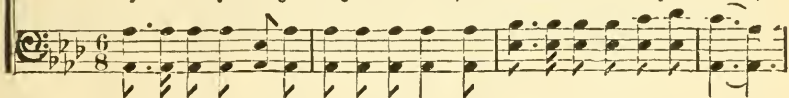
# 89 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

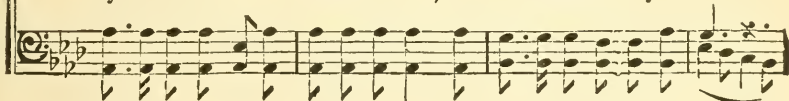
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



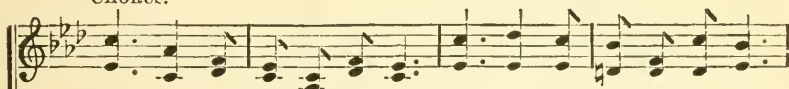
1. If you are tired of the lead of your sin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;



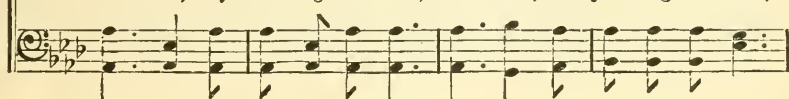
If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
 Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
 If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
 Find what a Friend he will be unto you, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
 If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.



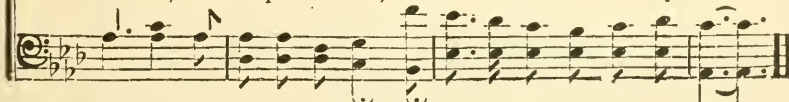
## CHORUS.



Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject him no more;  
 5th v. Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re - ject - ing no more;



Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.  
 Just now, I o - pen the door; And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.



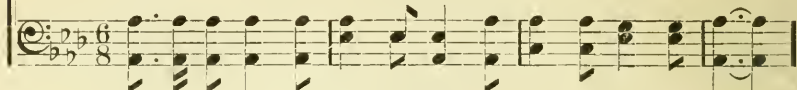
# Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T.

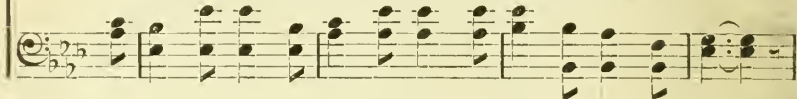
WILL L. THOMPSON.



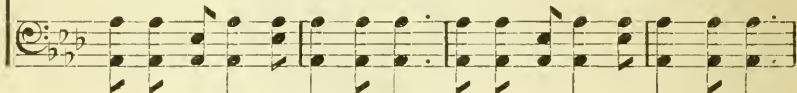
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



He is my strength from day to day, With-out him I would fall.  
I go to him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.  
O, how could I this Friend de - ny, When he's so true to me?  
I trust him now, I'll trust him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.



When I am sad, to him I go; No oth - er one can cheer me so;  
He sends the sunshine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;  
Fol - low-ing him, I know I'm right; He watch-es o'er me day and night;  
Beau-ti - ful life with such a Friend, Beau-ti - ful life that has no end:



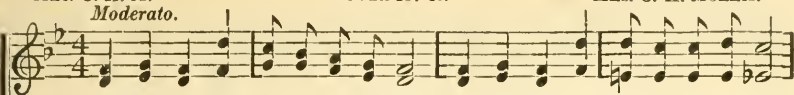
When I am sad, he makes me glad: He's my Friend.  
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain: He's my Friend.  
Fol - low-ing him, by day and night: He's my Friend.  
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy: He's my Friend.



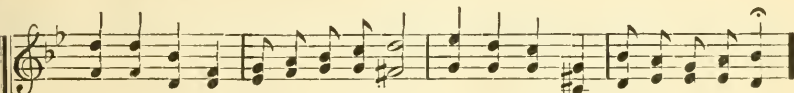
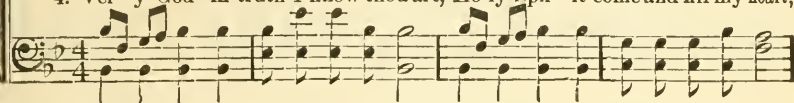
Mrs. O. H. M.

John 14: 16.

- Mrs. O. H. MORRIS.

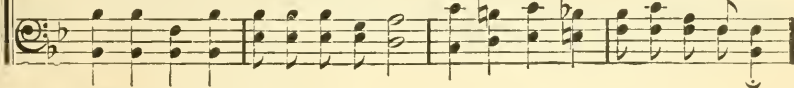
*Moderato.*

1. "I will pray the Father, (Jesus said,) He will send the Spir-it in my stead;
2. He in love and nev-er-failing grace, Makes the heart his chosen dwelling place,
3. For this fulness all my beingcries; On the al - tar is my sac - ri - fice,
4. Ver - y God in truth I know thou art, Ho - ly Spir - it come and fill my heart;

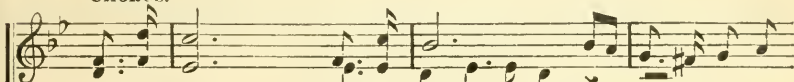


Answered is his condescending pray'r: He has come the promised Comforter.  
Wondrous temples of the Holy Ghost, Cleansed and saved to the ut-termost.

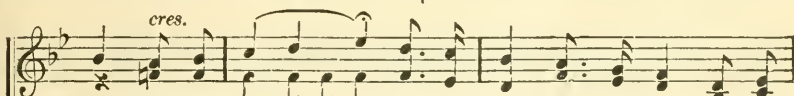
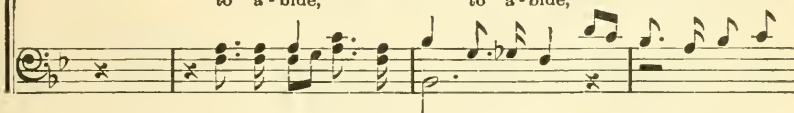
All I am, or have, or hope to be, Thine, O Lord, henceforth, eter-nal-ly.  
Cleanse the temple, idols all dethrone, Reign in pow'r within and reign alone.



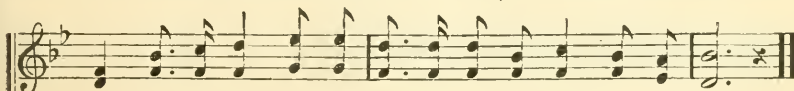
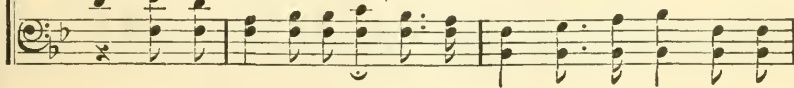
## CHORUS.



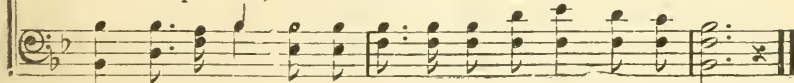
He has come, to a - bide, he has come to a - bide, The Com-fort-er has



come to a - bide;..... Bid him wel-come to-day, ev - 'ry  
to a-bide;



door o - pen wide, For the Com-fort-er has come to a - bide.



JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

JOHN P. HILLIS.

1. On the bleak, lone-ly moorlands of sin, All a-lone in the  
 2. On the bleak, lone-ly moorlands of sin, Not a flow'r lifts its  
 3. O'er the bleak, lone-ly moorlands of sin, There is ring-ing a  
 4. O'er the bleak, lone-ly moorlands of sin, Let us ring out the

storm and the night, Be-hold there the des-o-late wand-'rer  
 head in the air; No mu-sic of birds greets the trav-'ler,—  
 voice far and wide; In love it is call-ing the wand-'rer,—  
 Christ-giv-en call; The mes-sage of peace and of home-love,

## CHORUS.

Who is straying a-far from the right. } Turn a-way,.... from the  
 Naught of fragrance or beauty is there. }  
 And it soundeth the name of a Guide. }  
 The..... word of free par-don to all. } Turn a-way,

moor-lands, Back to the fair plains of peace; There a Guide waits to  
 Turn a-way,

point to a cit-y, Where joy has con-stant in-crease.



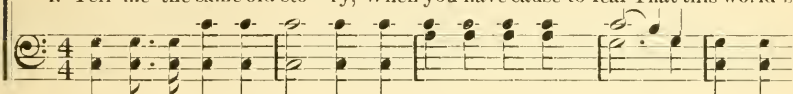
## Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

KATE HANKEY.

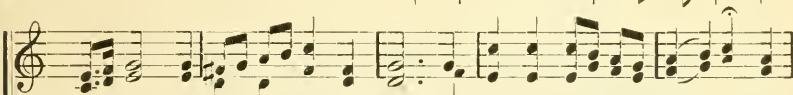
W. H. DOANE.



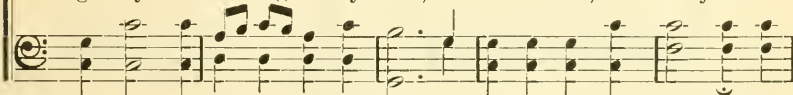
1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in—That won - der -
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earnest tones, and grave; Re - mem - ber,
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's



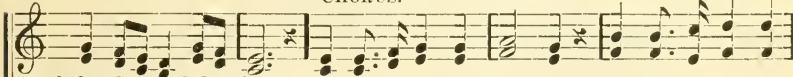
and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry  
ful re - demption, God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry  
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save. Tell me that sto - ry  
emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's



sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And  
oft - en, For I for - get so soon; The "ear - ly dew" of morning, Has  
al - ways, If you would really be, In a - ny time of trou - ble, A  
glo - ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old story: "Christ



## CHORUS.



help - less and de - filed.  
passed a - way at noon.  
con - fort - er to me.  
Jesus makes thee whole."

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old



sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.



1. O broth - er, the mill - ions are dy - ing in sin, They wan - der in  
 2. No more in the wil - der - ness, sad and a - fraid, Thy wea - ry ex -  
 3. Come, en - ter the bat - tle, with full ar - mor on, With vic - t'ry as -

darkness and night; O heed thou God's message, his fullness receive, And  
 ist - ence pro - long; But cross o - ver Jor - dan, thy rich - es pos - sess, And  
 sured o'er the foe; The pow'r of the Spir - it, a - bid - ing with - in, Gives

## CHORUS.

car - ry thy brother the light. } Ac - cept..... him to - day,..... no  
 sigh - ing shall turn into song. }  
 vic - t'ry where - ev - er you go. } Ac - cept him to - day, No lon - ger de - lay, Ac -

lon - - ger de - lay,..... The Com - fort - er glad - ly re - ceive; He  
 cept him to - day, No lon - ger de - lay,

waits..... for thy call,..... Give o - - - ver thy all.....  
 waits for thy call, Give o - ver thy all, He waits for thy call, Give o - ver thy all,

# Accept Him To-Day.—Concluded.

'Tis on - - ly to ask,..... 'Tis on - ly to ask and be - lieve.  
'Tis only to ask,

95

## Showers of Blessing.

JENNIE GARNETT.

Ezekiel 34: 26.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Here in thy name we are gath-ered, Come and re-vive us, O Lord;
2. O that the show-ers of bless-ing Now on our souls may de-send,
3. There shall be show-ers of bless-ing—Promise that nev-er can fail;
4. Show-ers of bless-ing, we need them, Showers of blessing from thee;

“There shall be show-ers of bless-ing” Thou hast declared in thy Word.  
While at the footstool of mer-cy Pleading thy promise we bend!  
Thou wilt re-gard our pe-ti-tion; Sure-ly our faith will pre-vail.  
Show-ers of bless-ing, O grant them; Thine all the glo-ry shall be.

### CHORUS.

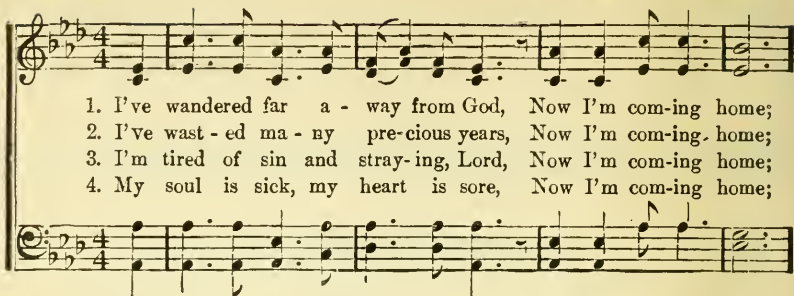
O gra-cious-ly hear us, Gra-cious-ly hear us we pray:  
gra-cious-ly hear us,

Pour from thy windows upon us Showers of blessing to - day.  
Lord, pour up-on us

## Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

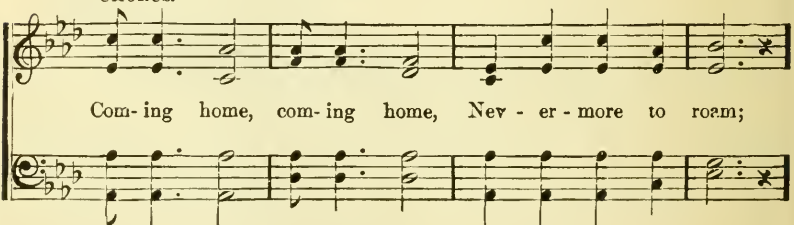


1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;



The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 My strength renew, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

## CHORUS.



Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;



O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

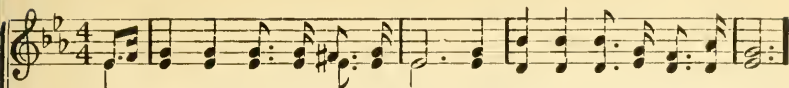
§ My only hope, my only plea,  
 Now I'm coming home;  
 That Jesus died, and died for me,  
 Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,  
 Now I'm coming home;  
 O wash me whiter than the snow,  
 Lord, I'm coming home.

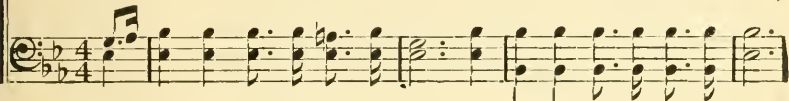


ELIZABETH REED.

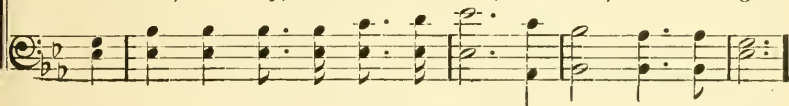
J. CALVIN BUSHBY.



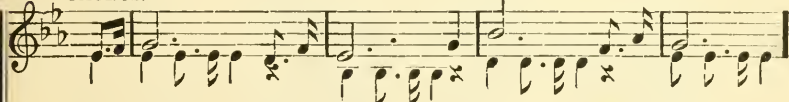
1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our God in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus his love re-quite!
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who will to him their souls unite;



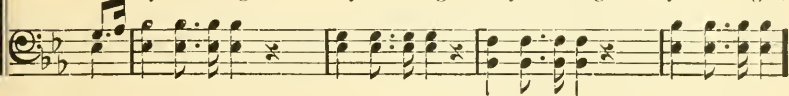
Poor sin-ner, hard-en not thy heart, Be saved, O to-night.  
 This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to-night.  
 Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to-night.  
 Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to-night.



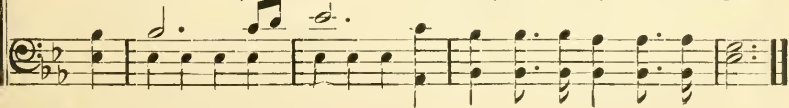
## CHORUS.



O why not to-night? O why not to-night?  
 O why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?



Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?  
 Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?



## THE PARDON OF SIN.

1. "Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin."

—Heb. 9 : 22.

2. "Whosoever believeth in Christ shall receive remission of sins."—Acts 10 : 43.

3. "Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea."

—Micah 7 : 19.

4. "Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity."—Psalm 32 : 2.

5. "Repent ye therefore and be converted that your sins may be blotted out."—Acts 3 : 19.

6. "Thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back."—Isa. 38 : 17.

7. "Nathan said unto David, 'The Lord also hath put away thy sin.'"—II Sam. 12 : 13.

8. "As far as the East is from the West so far hath he removed our transgressions from us."

—Psa. 103 : 12.

9. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."—Rom. 8 : 1.

10. "The Son of Man hath power upon earth to forgive sins."

Matt 9 : 6.

## THANKSGIVING.

"O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" "Bless the Lord all ye his hosts, ye ministers of his that do his pleasure!" "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!" "In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God!" "In everything give thanks!" "We are bound to give thanks always!" "Praise the Lord, call upon his name, declare his doings among the people!"

"Bless the Lord, O my soul!" "O Lord, I will praise thee!" "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth!" "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory!" "Thou art my God, and I will praise thee" "O God, my exceeding joy!" Psa. 107, 8;

Psa. 103, 21; Psa. 150, 6; Phil. 4, 6; I Thes. 5, 18; II Thes. 2, 13; Isa. 12, 4; Psa. 103, 1; Isa. 12, 1; Matt. 11, 25; I Cor. 15, 57; Psa. 118, 28; Psa. 43, 4.

## MOTTO

"WHAT IS THE LOVING THING TO DO?"

God is Love, - - I John 4-8

Love never faileth, - I Cor. 13-8.

Speaking the truth in Love,  
Eph. 4-15.

Love worketh no ill to his neighbor, - - Rom. 13-10.

Love one another as I have loved you, - - John 15-12.

## SOME PRECIOUS SELECTIONS FROM GOD'S WORD.

Genesis 22; Joshua 1.

Psalms 1; 23; 27; 42; 51; 91; 100; 103.

Proverbs 3; Isaiah 12; 40; 53; 55.

Jeremiah 1; Ezekiel 18.

Matthew 5; 6; 7; 25.

Luke 15; John 3; 14; 15; 16; 17.

Acts 2; Romans 12; 14.

I Corinthians 13; II Corinthians 8.

Ephesians 3; 5; Hebrews 11; James 3.

I Peter 1; I John 3; Revelation 22.

## A TEXT EACH DAY. WHY?

Because

1. It will increase the knowledge of the Bible.
2. It will provide a READY weapon in temptation.
3. It will be to the character what tuning is to a piano.
4. It will cultivate the memory.
5. It will expel evil thoughts.
6. It will prevent waste of thought-power or wandering thoughts.

Commit a text of Scripture to memory each morning as regularly as you eat your breakfast, and it will wonderfully help you to commit your way unto God.

THE GREAT INVITATION

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.—For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not also with him freely give us all things? Come, for all things are now ready.—He that will, let him take the water of life freely." Matt. 11 : 28; Isa. 1 : 18; John 3 : 16; Rom. 8 : 32; Luke 14 : 17; Rev. 22 : 17.

*From Henry Ostrom's Book "Greatness."*

BE A CHRISTIAN.

Your knowledge is sufficient. A young man was imprisoned for crime in New York, who carried a piece of paper in his wallet on which the following good sayings were written: "Honesty is the best policy." "Keep good company or none." "Drink leads to ruin." "Honor thy father and thy mother." "Civility costs nothing." "Do not mock at sacred things." Ah, he knew enough, had he just done it. And you know enough about your soul's need and your Saviour's promise to save you. Besides, he says that if you will do his will you shall know very definitely. It is yours to DO IT. Bushels of wheat left in bags at the head of the field would not yield a gallon of harvest. It must be sown. There is a great supper but—eat. There is a blessed home but—enter. Jesus calls you—follow. Do it. Just do it.

You are good enough. He came into the world to save sinners. The sick, the poor, the disconsolate, the dying, the dead in sin heard his quickening voice as he walked abroad to save. O, God has a passion for sinners. He would accept the most barren sin-

ner that ever suffered in disgrace and make of him a pillar in his kingdom. You are a sinner—ONE SINNER. A certain French guide book tells the tourist that a little town has a population of 1,000 and ONE. How like the Gospel is such accuracy. ONE lost sheep is sought. Luke's gospel was originally written to ONE. Jesus preached to ONE and he says that ONE soul outweighs the world. O, trust him. Say of your sinful life, as Sam Jones did, at the coffin of his father, "I'll quit, I'll quit!"

You have feeling enough. You do not get warm by praying for sweat, just act vigorously and the perspiration will appear. Jesus says, come, look, believe, live. Do this and he will attend to the feeling. Have you done it? Then all the streams of tender feeling will pour into your soul until there shall flow out rivers of joy. Let Jesus save you. Do it; do it.

Do it now. Minutes make hours, hours make days and days make eternity. Every minute is indeed, a finger-tip of the glove we must wear forever.

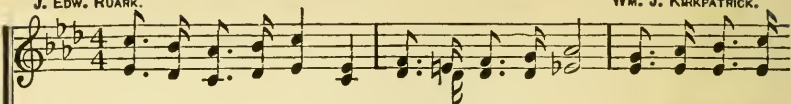
Do it fully. Turn over all the books as a bankrupt to a receiver. Give God the liberty of all the house. Keep not the heavenly parent living in the porch or the attic. Have you a gentle desire? Pet it, feed it, let it grow, let it come to fruition, let it be pressed into wine—let it all occur under Jesus' command, who spake and the water became wine in a trice. Do not wait to express opinions, but just come to Jesus. Will the neglecter ever do it? Does he incline more toward it as the days go by? Not generally. There are rare moments of yielding; but they are few.

BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

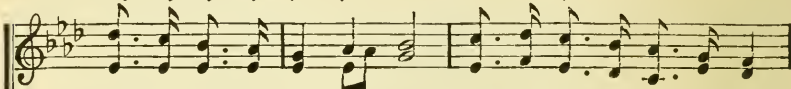
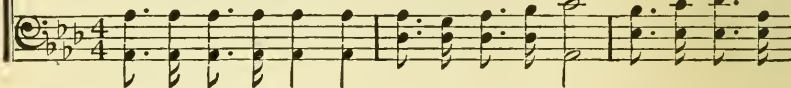
Old Testament; Letters in	
word "Old"	- - - 3
Letters in word "Testament"	9
Books in Old Testament	- 39
Books in New Testament	- 27
Total Books in Bible	- - 66

J. EDW. RUARK.

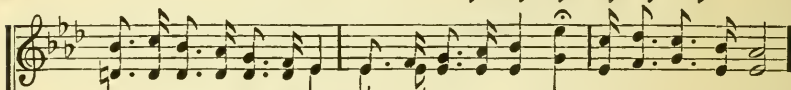
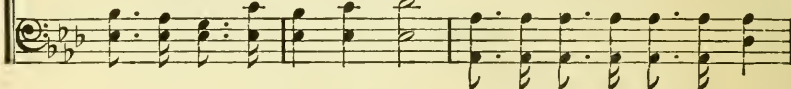
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



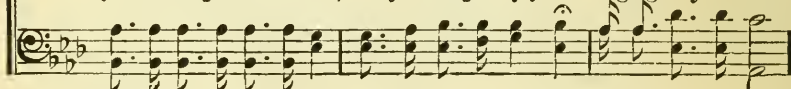
1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you journey home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own his right to



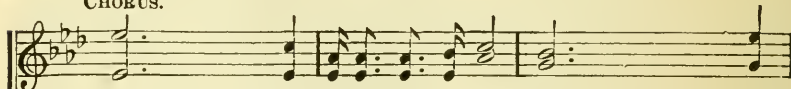
from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way,  
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kind-ness al-ways say,  
he will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye,  
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win



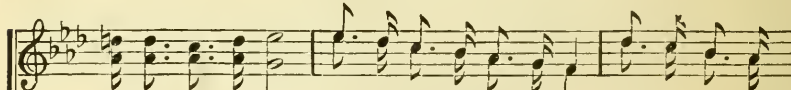
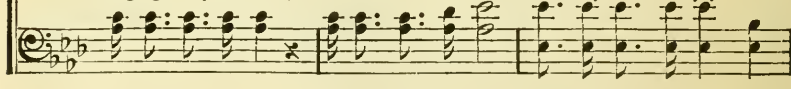
Live for Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.  
Deeds of mercy do each day, Then he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.  
He is with you ever nigh, And he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.  
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joybells ringing in your heart.



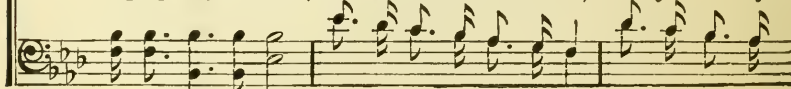
## CHORUS.



Joy - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - bells  
Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy bells

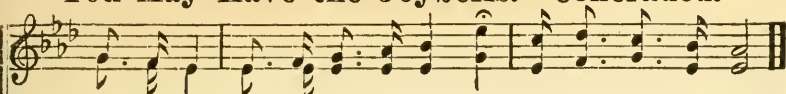


ringing in your heart; Take the Saviour here below, With you ev-'ry -

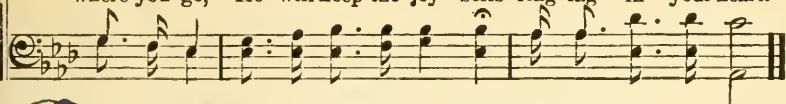




# You May Have the Joybells.—Concluded.



where you go, He will keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart."



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## Who Follows in His Train?

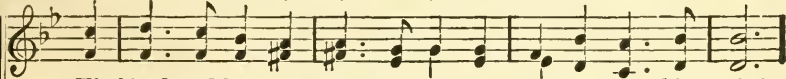
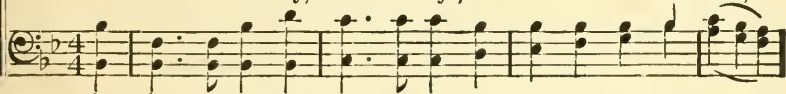
REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

(REV. 14: 4.)

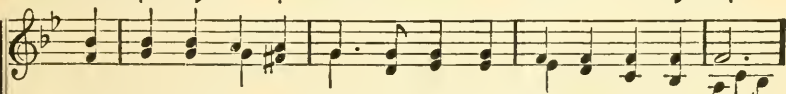
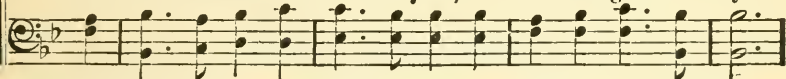
HENRY S. CUTLER.



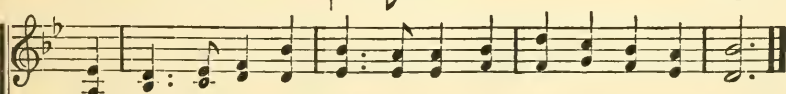
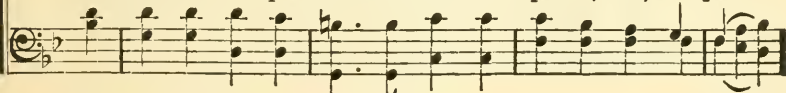
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3. A glo - rious band, the chos - en few On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A no - ble ar - my, — men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid;



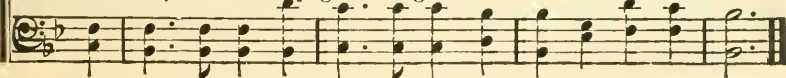
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in his train?  
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on him to save;  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame:  
A - round the Saviour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain;  
Like him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,  
They met the ty - rant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry rain;  
They climbed the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain:



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, — He fol - lows in his train.  
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?  
They bowed their necks the death to feel; Who fol - lows in their train?  
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train.

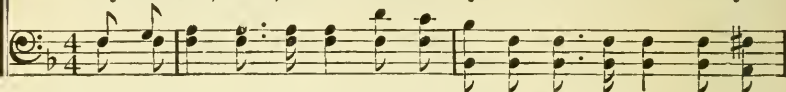


MRS. C. H. M.

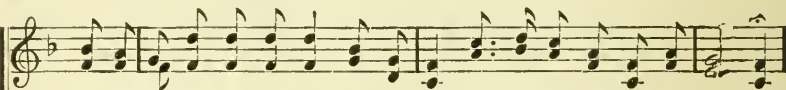
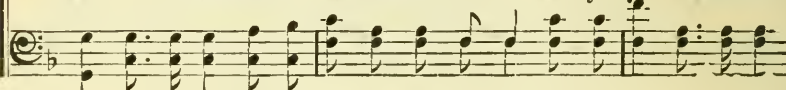
MRS. C. H. MORELS.



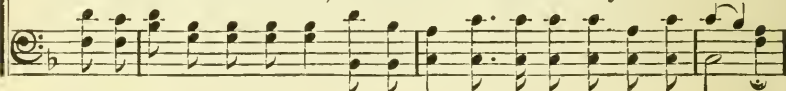
1. I've en-list-ed for life in the ar-my of the Lord, Tho' the
2. With the ban-ner of love and of ho-li-ness unfurled, Full sal-
3. Is your name, friend, enrolled with the loy-al ones and true? Will you



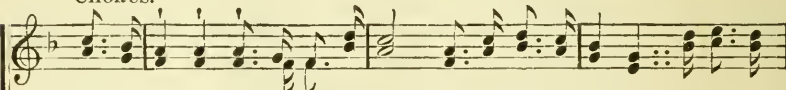
fight may be long and the struggle fierce and hard; With the ar-mor of God  
va-tion proclaim to a sin-ful, dying world; Tho' the darts thick and fast  
dare now to stand with the Saviour's faithful few? Will you join with me now



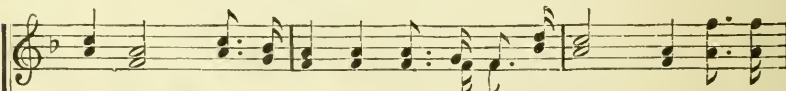
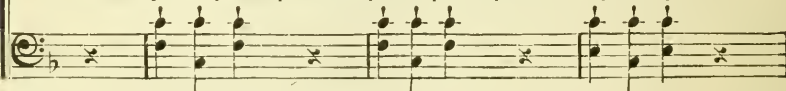
and the Spirit's trust-y sword At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.  
from the en-e-my be hurled, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.  
and the cov-e-nant re-new, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.



## CHORUS.



Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the army, The triumph shouting, the foe we're  
Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!



rout-ing; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar-my, March-ing  
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!



## At the Battle's Front.—Concluded.



on to vic - to - ry,..... I'm in this ar - my, this glorious  
hal - le - lu - jah! tramp! tramp! tramp!

ar - my, And the God of bat - tles will de - fend me, I'm in this  
tramp! tramp! tramp!

ar - my, this glorious ar-my, At the front of the battle you will find me.  
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

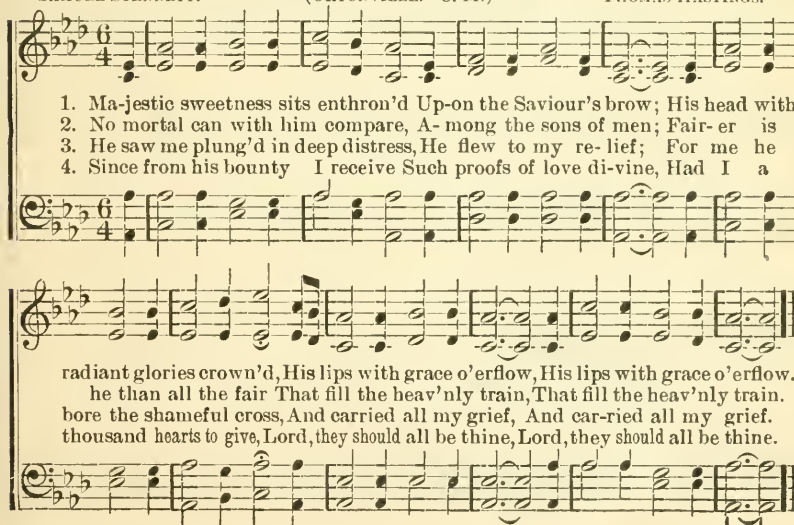
103

## Majestic Sweetness.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

(ORTONVILLE. O. M.)

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Ma-jestic sweetness sits enthron'd Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with  
2. No mortal can with him compare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is  
3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, He flew to my re- lief; For me he  
4. Since from his bounty I receive Such proofs of love di-vine, Had I a

radiant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.  
he than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.  
bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.  
thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be thine, Lord, they should all be thine.

1. Forward, ev - er for - ward! ral - ly, one and all; Hear the Master's "Onward!"  
 2. Forward, ev - er for - ward! trusting love divine, Pass the hap - py watchword  
 3. Forward, ev - er for - ward! dai - ly let us rise, Je - sus lead - ing on - ward

like a bu - gle call; Mak - ing paths of du - ty blos - som in - to  
 all a - long the line; Joy - ful hearts pos - sess - ing, blest, and made a  
 near - er to the skies; Lift - ing up a broth - er, cheer - ing one an -

beau - ty, From the blush of morn - ing to the eve - ning fall.  
 bless - ing, Show - ing oth - er pilgrims where the sun - beams shine.  
 oth - er, Step by step ad - vanc - ing tow'rd the star - ry prize.

## CHORUS.

Forward, ev - er for - ward! Lift - ing oth - ers as we climb; Forward, ev - er

for - ward! While the bells of glory chime. Je - sus goes be - fore us,  
 Je - sus, goes be - fore us,



# Forward, Ever Forward!—Concluded.

In supreme command; With his banner o'er us, We shall take the land.  
In su - preme command; With his banner o'er us

## 105 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his Word;  
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;  
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;  
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust thee, Pre - cious Je - sus, Saviour, Friend;

Just to rest up - on his prom - ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."  
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.  
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.  
And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

### CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him; How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er.

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust him more.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev- 'ry life that  
 2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-  
 3. Dark - est sorrow will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest  
 4. We may have unfad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship

voe can sadden, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,  
 joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,  
 bur - den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw  
 true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.  
 And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo - ri - fied, When love shines in.  
 Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.  
 And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

## CHORUS.

When love shines in, . . . . When love shines in, How the heart is  
 When love shines in, . . . .

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,  
 tuned to singing, When love shines in; . . . When love shines in, . . . When  
 When love shines in; . . . When love shines in, . . .

## When Love Shines In.—Concluded.

love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.  
when love shines in.

When love shines in,

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## I Shall Be Like Him.

W. A. S.

REV. A. SPENCER, D. D.

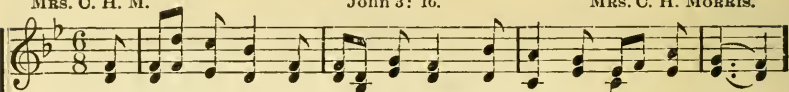
1. When I shall reach the more excellent glory, And all my tri-als are past,  
2. We shall not wait till the glorious dawning Breaks on the vision so fair,  
3. More and more like him, repeat the blest story, O-ver and o-ver a - gain,

I shall be like him, O won-der-ful sto-ry! I shall be like him at last.  
Now we may welcome the heavenly morning, Now we his image may bear.  
Changed by his spirit from glory to glo-ry, I shall be sat-is-fied then.

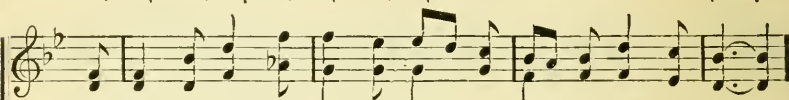
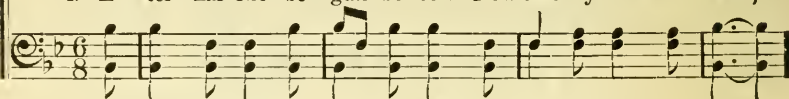
CHORUS.

I shall be like him, I shall be like him, And in his beauty shall shine,

I shall be like him, Wondrously like him, Je-sus, my Saviour di-vine.



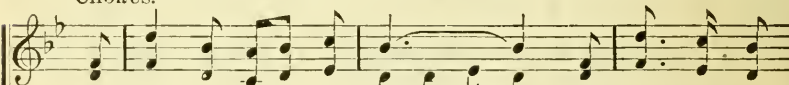
1. For God so loved this sin - ful world, His Son he free - ly gave,
2. I was a way - ward, wand'ring child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "who - so - ev - er" of the Lord, I trust - ed was for me;
4. E - ter - nal life be - gun be - low Now fills my heart and soul;



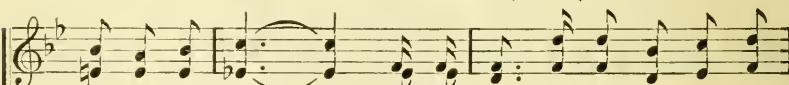
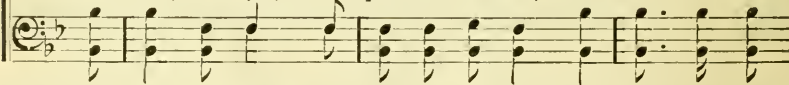
That who - so - ev - er would be - lieve, E - ter - nal life shall have.  
 Un - til this bless - ed prom - ise fell Like mu - sic on my ear.  
 I took him at his gra - cious word, From sin he set me free.  
 I'll sing his praise for - ev - er - more, Whose blood has made me whole.



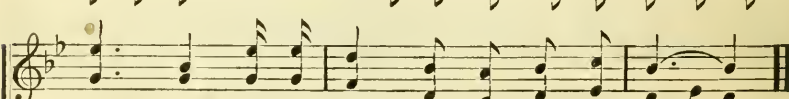
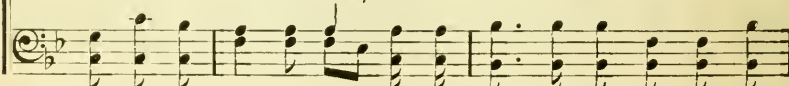
## CHORUS.



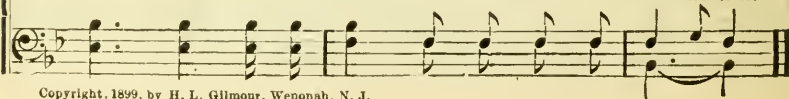
'Tis true, O yes, 'tis true,..... God's won - der - ful  
 'Tis true, O yes, the prom - ise is true,



prom - ise is true,..... For I've trust - ed, and test - ed, and  
 'tis true,



tried it, And I know God's prom - ise is true.....  
 'tis true.





1. O let us re-joice in the work of the Lord, The serv-ice of  
 2. The mountains are kindling, and soon the bright glow Will car-ry the  
 3. The darkness may lin-ger, the night may seem long, But Christ shall be  
 4. The moon as the glit-ter-ing sun-light will shine, The sun sev-en-

Jesus brings blessed reward: The shadows shall flee from love's conquering day,  
 joy to the valleys below; The King presseth onward, his wheels will not stay,  
 Victor, right triumph o'er wrong; We'll tell the glad story, his bidding o-bey,  
 fold in his glo-ry di-vine; The sky's growing radiant with hope's blushing ray,

CHORUS.

The light of the gospel is winning its way. Winning its way, winning its

way, Glo-ri-ous dawn of a bet-ter day; Win-ning its

way, winning its way, The light of the gos-pel is winning its way.

## Can I Forget?

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Can I for-get, can I for-get The place where Je - sus  
 2. His lone-ly watch can I for-get, When in his ag - o -  
 3. Can I for-get? no, while I breathe His good - ness I'll pro -

died, Where on the cross of Cal - va - ry My Lord was cru - ci -  
 ny There fell great drops of blood - y sweat In dark Geth - sem - a -  
 claim; Sal - va - tion for a ruin - ed race Thro' Je - sus' pre - cious

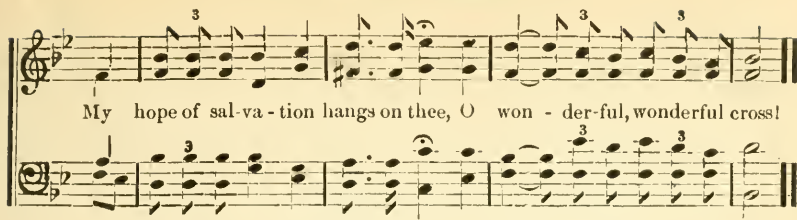
fied? Can I for - get his dy - ing groans, His ag - o - niz - ing  
 ne? Be - tray'd and scourg'd, to slaughter led, To can - celsin's great  
 name. When I, a sin - ner, saved by grace Be - fore His throne shall

pray'r? O, soul of mine, it was my sins Which help'd to nail him there.  
 debt; O bas - est of in - grat - i - tude, If ev - er I for - get.  
 be, I'll praise him and re - men - ber still The cross of Cal - va - ry.

## CHORUS.

O wonderful cross of Cal - va - ry! Wonderful cross of Cal - va - ry!

## Can I Forget?—Concluded.

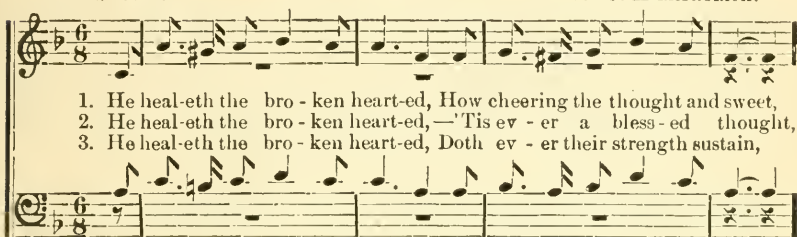


My hope of sal - va - tion hangs on thee, O won - der - ful, wonderful cross!

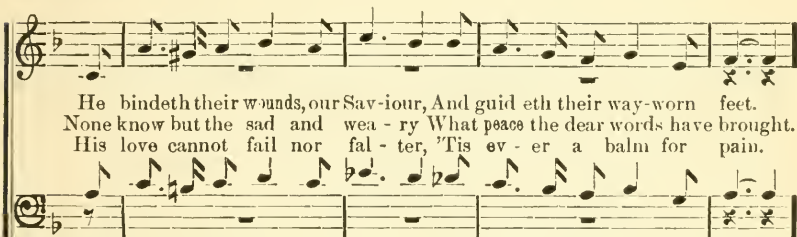
## 111 He Healeth the Broken Hearted.

IDA L. REED.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

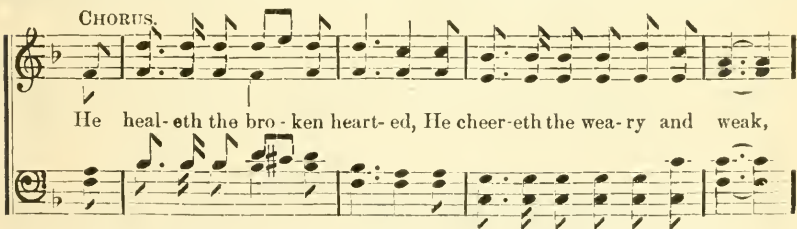


1. He heal-eth the bro - ken heart-ed, How cheering the thought and sweet,  
 2. He heal-eth the bro - ken heart-ed,—'Tis ev - er a bless - ed thought,  
 3. He heal-eth the bro - ken heart-ed, Doth ev - er their strength sustain,

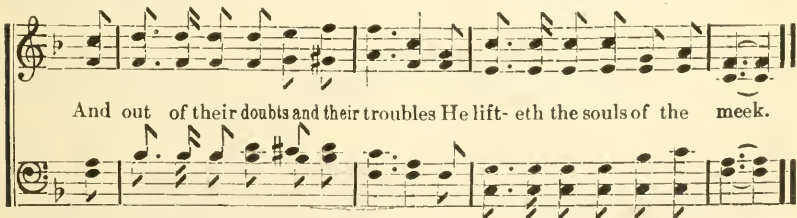


He bindeth their wounds, our Sav - iour, And guid eth their way-worn feet.  
 None know but the sad and wea - ry What peace the dear words have brought.  
 His love cannot fail nor fal - ter, 'Tis ev - er a balm for pain.

CHORUS.



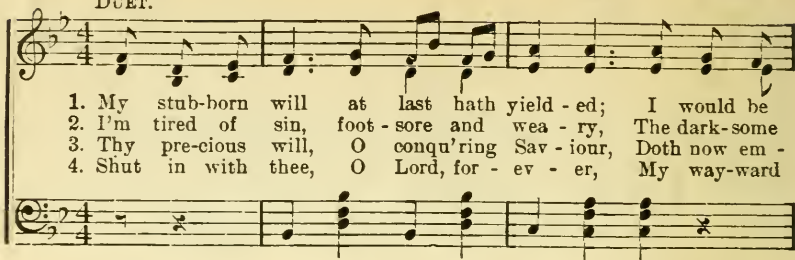
He heal-eth the bro - ken heart-ed, He cheer-eth the wea - ry and weak,



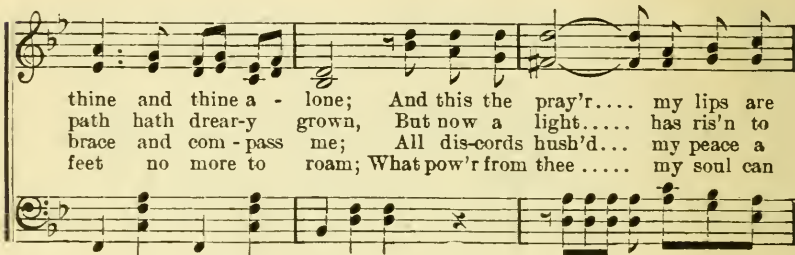
And out of their doubts and their troubles He lift-eth the souls of the meek.

MRS. C. H. M.  
DUET.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

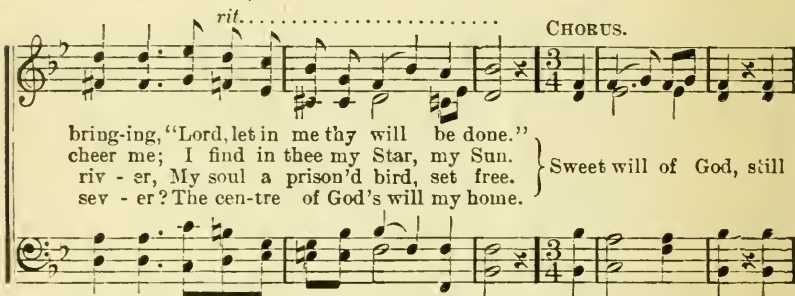


1. My stub-born will at last hath yield-ed; I would be  
2. I'm tired of sin, foot-sore and wea-ry, The dark-some  
3. Thy pre-cious will, O conqu'ring Sav-iour, Doth now em-  
4. Shut in with thee, O Lord, for-ev-er, My way-ward

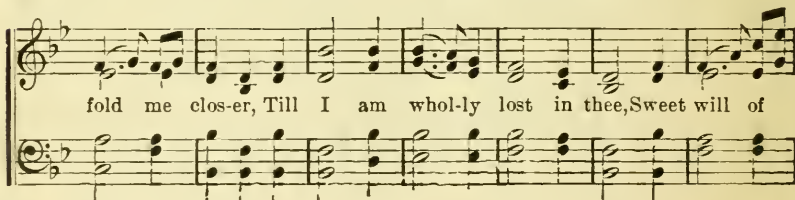


thine and thine a-lone; And this the pray'r.... my lips are  
path hath drear-y grown, But now a light.... has ris'n to  
brace and com-pass me; All dis-cords hush'd.... my peace a  
feet no more to roam; What pow'r from thee..... my soul can

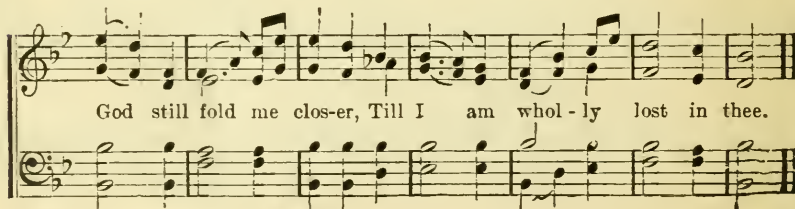
*rit.*..... CHORUS.



bring-ing, "Lord, let in me thy will be done."  
cheer me; I find in thee my Star, my Sun.  
riv-er, My soul a prison'd bird, set free. } Sweet will of God, still  
sev-er? The cen-tre of God's will my home.



fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in thee, Sweet will of

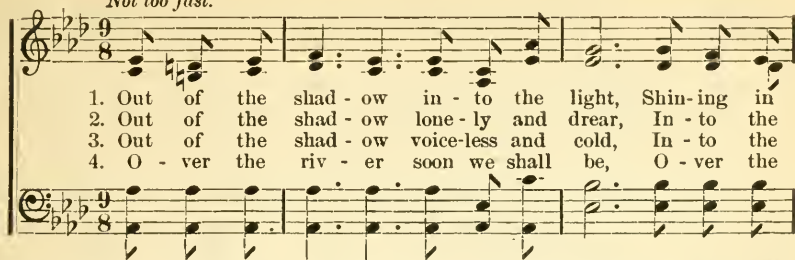


God still fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in thee.

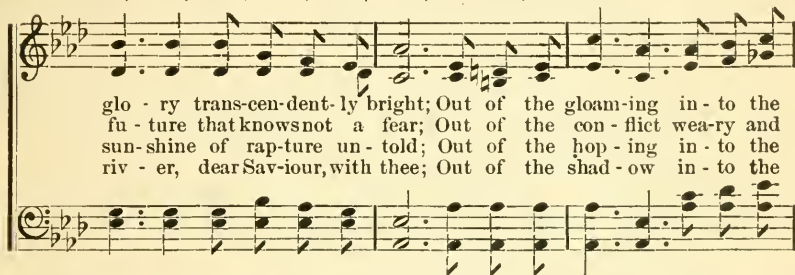


FANNY J. CROSBY.

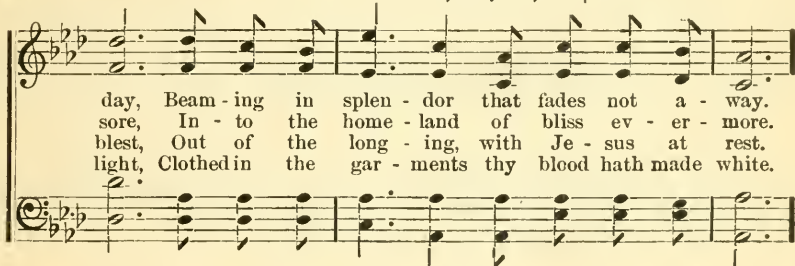
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Not too fast.*


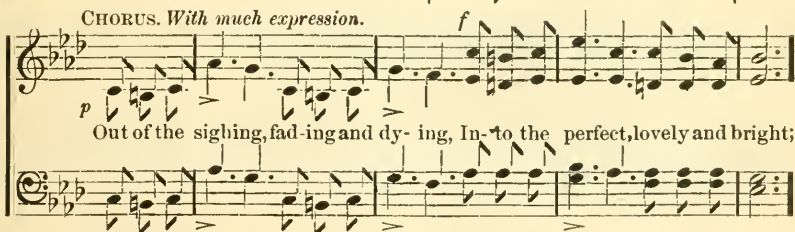
1. Out of the shad - ow in - to the light, Shin - ing in  
 2. Out of the shad - ow lone - ly and drear, In - to the  
 3. Out of the shad - ow voice - less and cold, In - to the  
 4. O - ver the riv - er soon we shall be, O - ver the



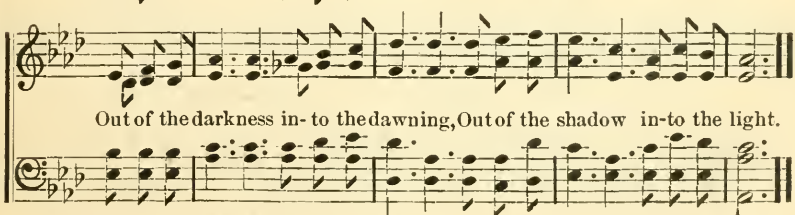
glo - ry trans - cen - dent - ly bright; Out of the gloam - ing in - to the  
 fu - ture that knows not a fear; Out of the con - flict wea - ry and  
 sun - shine of rap - ture un - told; Out of the hop - ing in - to the  
 riv - er, dear Sav - iour, with thee; Out of the shad - ow in - to the



day, Beam - ing in splen - dor that fades not a - way.  
 sore, In - to the home - land of bliss ev - er - more.  
 blest, Out of the long - ing, with Je - sus at rest.  
 light, Clothed in the gar - ments thy blood hath made white.

CHORUS. *With much expression.*


Out of the sighing, fad - ing and dy - ing, In - to the perfect, lovely and bright;

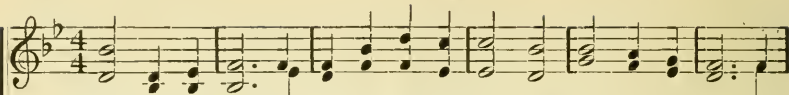


Out of the darkness in - to the dawning, Out of the shadow in - to the light.

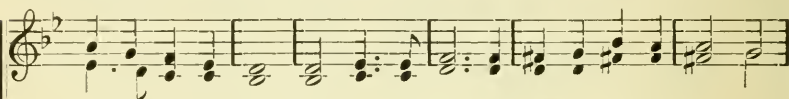
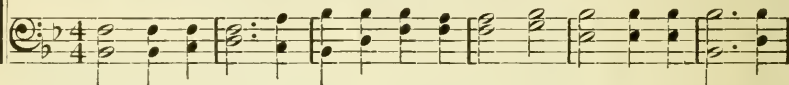
MARY A. THOMSON.

(TIDINGS. P. M.)

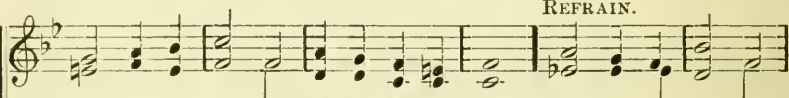
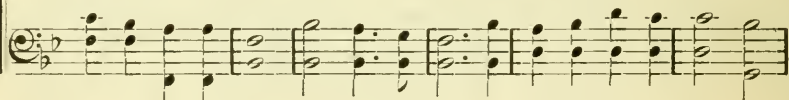
JAMES WALCH.



1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful-fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be- hold how man - y thousands still are ly - ing Bound in the darksome
3. 'Tis thine to save from per - il of per-di - tion The souls for whom the
4. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry people, tongue, and na-tion That God, in whom they
5. Give of thy sons to bear the message glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to

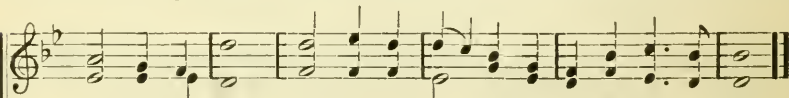


world that God is Light; That he who made all nations is not will - ing  
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Saviour's dy - ing,  
Lord his life laid down; Be-ware lest, sloth-ful to ful-fill thy mis-sion,  
live and move, is love: Tell how he stoop'd to save his lost cre - a - tion,  
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r vic - to - rious;

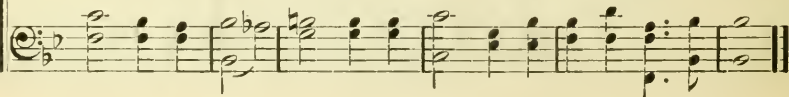


## REFRAIN.

One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night.	} Pub-lish glad tid - ings;
Or of the life he died for them to win.	
Thou lose one jew-el that should deck his crown.	
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.	
And all thou spendest Je-sus will re - pay.	



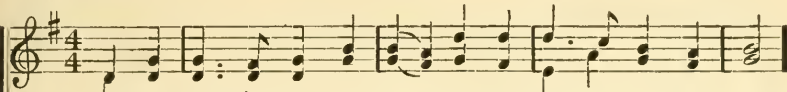
Tid-ings of peace; Tid-ings of Je - sus, Redemption and re - lease.



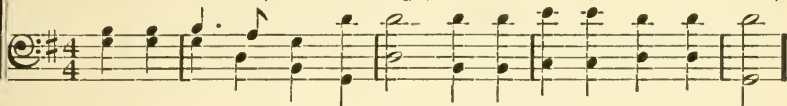
## Christ is Coming.

HENRY OSTROM, D. D.

(HERALD ANGELS 7s. D.) F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



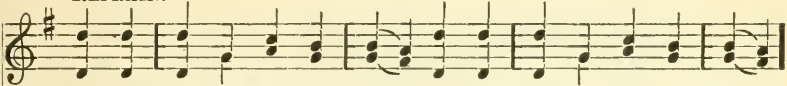
1. Heirs of vic - to - ry are we Thro' the Christ of Cal - va - ry;
2. He who came will come a - gain, Raise your hopes, O sons of men;
3. His ap - pear - ing draw - eth nigh, Cease your doubting, hush the sigh;
4. Lo! he com - eth, and shall reign, We have not be - lieved in vain;



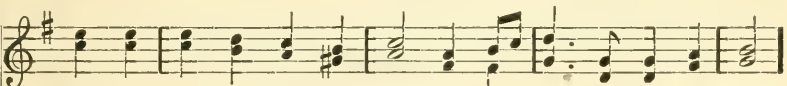
Storms may beat and foes as - sail, But his king - dom can - not fail.  
 We his kingdom's dawn have seen, What tho' clouds may in - ter - vene.  
 Our in - her - it - ance is sure, Christ hath made his word se - cure.  
 In our hearts who speaks re - lease Brings from heav'n his reign of peace.



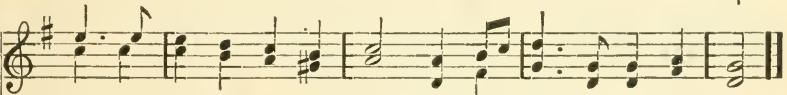
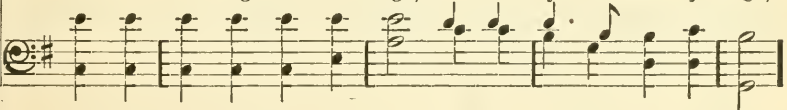
## REFRAIN.



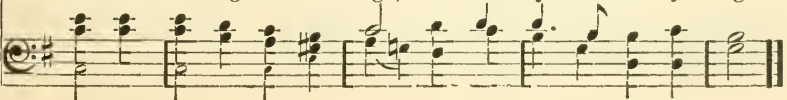
Christ is com - ing, shout your praise, Lo! the dawn of bet - ter days;



Christ is com - ing from on high, Vic - to - ry is ver - y nigh,



Christ is com - ing from on high, Vic - to - ry is ver - y nigh.



G. A. G.

REV. GEO. A. GRISWOLD.

*p Moderately fast.*

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! thou homeland of the blest! I  
2. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! up - on thy peace - ful shore Temp -  
3. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! within thy por - tals high My

fain would be a shar - er in thy joy - ful rest; And tho' unmurm'ring,  
ta - tions cease and tri - als come to vex no more; While smarting here in  
friends are passing one by one as years roll by; And lone - ly I shall

here I stay till Christ shall bid me come, Yet thou, O. sa - cred cit - y,  
heart and flesh beneath cor - rec - tions rod, I know a rest re - maineth  
be on earth and long - ings will im - pel My spir - it to w'rd's the place where -

art my soul's true home. I cov - et not thy splendors, thy halls of dazzling  
for the sons of God. I suf - fer here with Je - sus, but soon the fier - y  
in my loved ones dwell. Those absent ones re - turn not, but I to them shall

grace, But O! to dwell with Je - sus and see him face to face.  
test Will end, and I shall en - ter in - to his per - fect rest.  
go, And find them crown'd with glory and pure as drift - ed snow.



# Homeland of the Blest.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *faster.*

I shall behold thee, cit-y of my King, And to his pierc-ed feet my trophies

bring, There with the blood-wash'd myriads I shall sing, "Glo-ry for ev - er to Je - sus."

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## My Fatherland.

L. T. RIGHTSELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My fa-therland, my heaven, The home for which I long, Tho' ab-sent and an  
2. My fa-therland, my heaven, Thy living streams are pure, Thy trees are ev - er  
3. My fa-therland, my heaven, I shall not cease to long For thee in all thy

CHORUS.

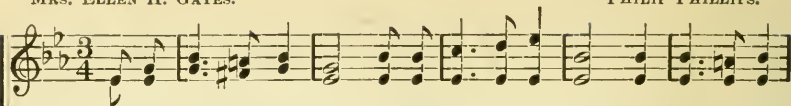
a - lien, My love for thee how strong! } My fa-therland, my fatherland, I  
blooming, Thy walls they shall en-dure. }  
beau - ty, My love for thee how strong! }

ritard. ....

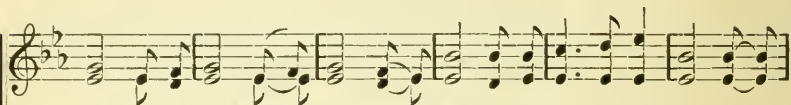
lift mine eyes and see My home, my friends, my fatherland, When shall I en - ter thee ?

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

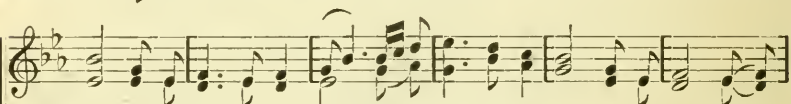
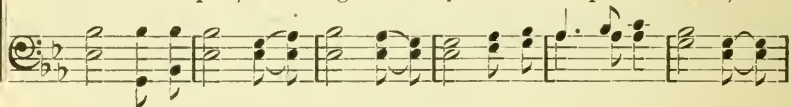
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



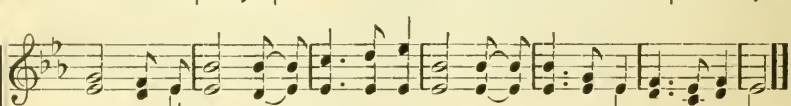
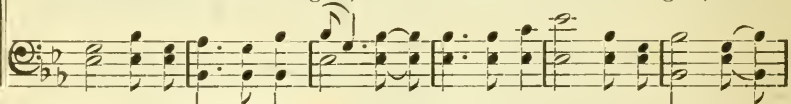
1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way
2. O that home of the soul, in my vis-ions and dreams, Its bright jasper
3. That unchange-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of
4. O how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all



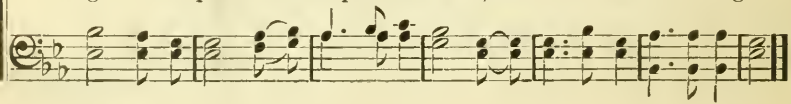
home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the  
walls I can see, Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-  
Naz-a-reth stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is he, And he  
sor-row and pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To



years of e-ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no  
tween the fair cit-y and me, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me, Till I  
holdeth our crowns in his hands, And he holdeth our crowns in his hands, The  
meet one an-oth-er a-gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain, With



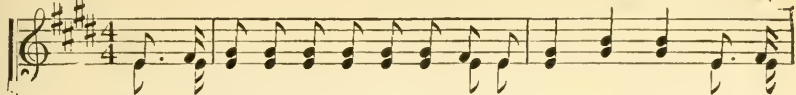
storms ev-er beat on the glittering strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.  
fan-cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me.  
King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is he, And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.  
songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain.



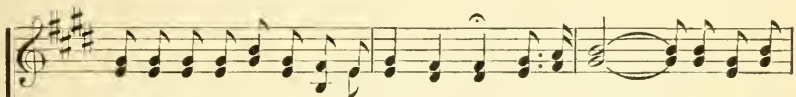
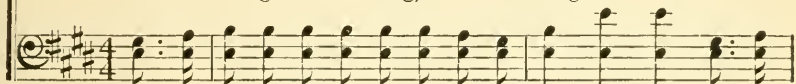
## When the Bridegroom Comes.

E. R. LATTI. Alt.

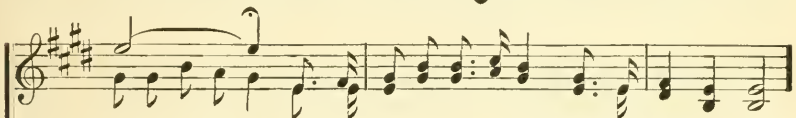
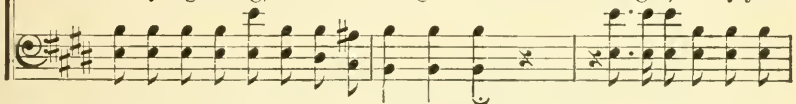
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



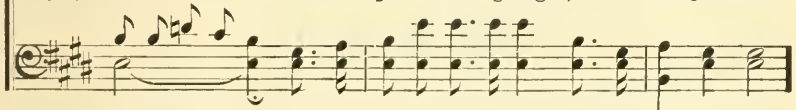
1. Will our lamps be filled and ready, When the Bridegroom comes? And our
2. Shall we hear a welcome sounding, When the Bridegroom comes? And a
3. Don't de-lay our prep-a-ration Till the Bridegroom comes; Lest there
4. It may be a time of sorrow, When the Bridegroom comes; If our
5. O there'll be a glorious meeting, When the Bridegroom comes! And a



lights be clear and steady, When the Bridegroom comes? In the night, that solemn  
 shout of joy resounding, When the Bridegroom comes? In the night, that solemn  
 be a separation, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that solemn  
 oil we hope to borrow, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that solemn  
 hallelujah greeting, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that joyful



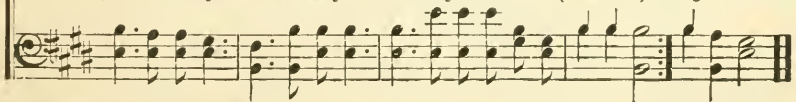
night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?  
 night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?  
 night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?  
 night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?  
 night, (that joy-ful night,) With our lamps all burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes.



## CHORUS.



{ O be ready! O be ready! O be ready when the Bridegroom comes!  
 { O be ready! O be ready! O be ready when the (Omit...) Bridegroom comes!



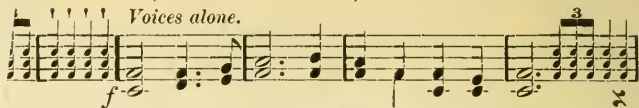
## God of Our Fathers.

Mr

TS.

(NATIONAL HYMN. 10s.) GEORGE WILLIAM WARREN.

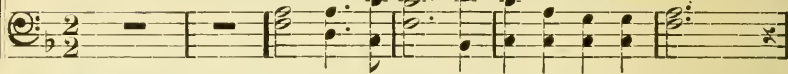
Voices alone.



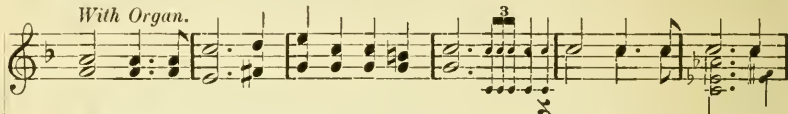
1. God of our fa-thers, whose almighty hand  
 2. Thy love di-vine hath led us in the past;  
 3. From wars a-larms, from deadly pest-i-lence,  
 4. Re-fresh thy peo-ple on their toilsome way,

ts

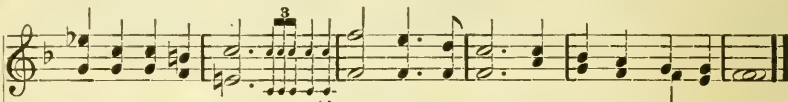
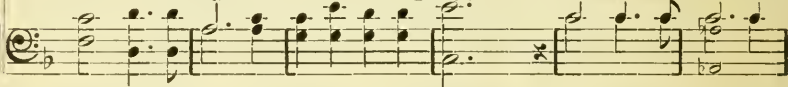
verse)



With Organ.

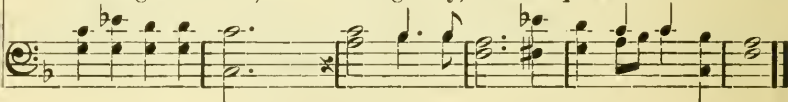


Leads forth in beau-ty all the starry band Of shin-ing worlds in  
 In this free land by thee our lot is east; Be thou our Rul-er,  
 Be thy strong arm our ev-er sure de-fence; Thy true re-lig-ion  
 Lead us from night to never-end-ing day; Fill all our lives with



splendor thro' the skies,  
 Guardian, Guide and Stay,  
 in our hearts in-crease,  
 love and grace di-vine,

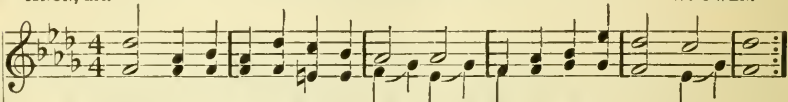
Our grate-ful songs be-fore thy throne a-rise.  
 Thy word our law, thy paths our chosen way.  
 Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.  
 And glo-ry, laud and praise be ev-er thine.



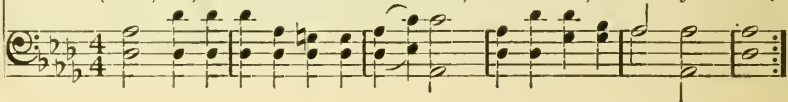
## What Did He Do.

ANON, alt.

W. OWEN.



1. { O list-en to our wondrous sto-ry: Once we dwelt among the lost, }  
 { Yet Je-sus came from heav'n's glo-ry Sav-ing us at aw-ful cost. }  
 2. { No angel could our place have tak-en, High-est of the high tho' he; }  
 { Nailed to the cross despised, for-saken, Was one of the God-head three! }  
 3. { Will you surrender to this Sav-iour? Now be-fore him humbly bow? }  
 { You, too, shall come to know his favor, He will save, and save you now! }





# What Did He Do.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Who saved us from e-ter-nal loss? What did He do?  
Who but God's Son up-on the cross! He

Where is he now? In heav-en in-ter-ced-ing!  
died for you! Be-lieve it thou, In heav-en in-ter-ced-ing!

## 122 I Love Jesus, He's My Saviour.

HENRY F. LYTE.

(GREENVILLE 88. 79.)

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

FINE.

- { Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and follow thee; }  
{ Na - ked, poor, despised, for-sak-en, Thou from hence, my all shalt be. }
- { Per-ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known; }  
{ Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, God and heav'n are still my own! }
- { Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too; }  
{ Hu-man hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like man, untrue; }
- { And, while thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might, }  
{ Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show thy face, and all is bright. }
- { Go, then, earth-ly fame and treas-ure! Come, dis-as-ter, scorn and pain! }  
{ In thy serv-ice, pain is pleas-ure; With thy fa-vor, loss is gain. }

D.C.—I love Je - sus, he's my Sav-iour; Je - sus smiles and loves me too.

CHORUS.

D.C.

I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do!

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

*Unison.*

1. Go tell to souls benight-ed, of the Lord who came, Speak his name—  
 2. In lands beyond the roll-ing of the o - cean foam, Wan-d'ers roam—  
 3. Go bear the joy-ful mes-sage ev - 'ry-where you may, Work and pray—

love pro-claim; Go tell the gos-pel sto-ry, that the lost may know,  
 bring them home; O lead them to the Sav-iour and his pard'ning love—  
 day by day; Lift burdens from the wea-ry, cheer the griev-ing heart—

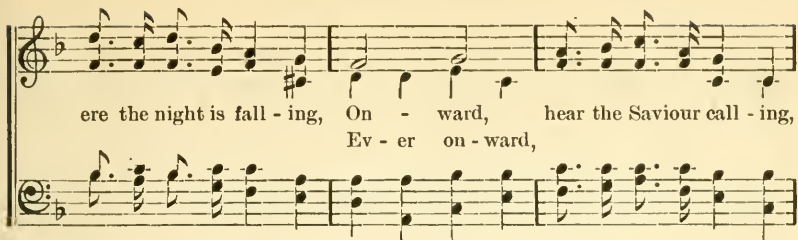
Bring sal - va - tion near. O bid them come re-pent-ing, bid them  
 He will give them rest, And they who long have wandered soon will  
 Walk where Je - sus trod. O be a beam of sunshine that re -

come to - day, Help them say, "I o - bey." Bear the bless-ed mes-sage,  
 learn to see How to be tru-ly free, Liv-ing for the king-dom  
 fleets his light, Pure and bright, in the night, Help-ing ma-ny sin-ners

*Rit. ad lib.* ..... CHORUS. *Harmony.*

has-ten now to go, Go with love sin - cere. } Press on - ward  
 of the land a - bove, Safe and glad and blest. } ev - er on - ward  
 choose the "better part" In the love of God.

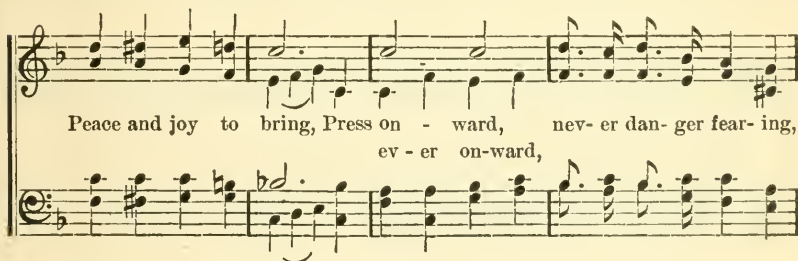
## Bear the Message.—Concluded.



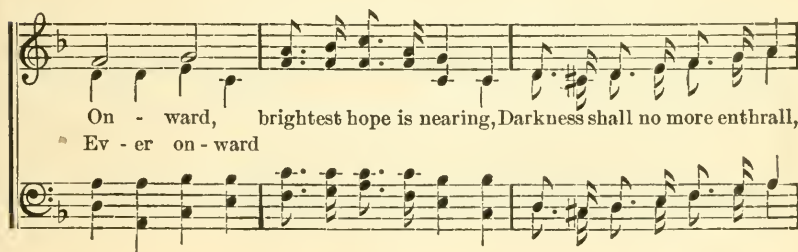
ere the night is fall - ing, On - ward, hear the Saviour call - ing,  
Ev - er on - ward,



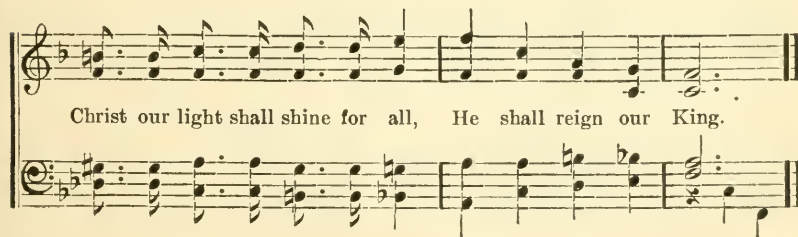
Hear him gent - ly, sweet - ly say, "I will be with thee al - way,"



Peace and joy to bring, Press on - ward, nev - er dan - ger fear - ing,  
ev - er on - ward,



On - ward, brightest hope is nearing, Darkness shall no more enthrall,  
Ev - er on - ward



Christ our light shall shine for all, He shall reign our King.

## Glory and Honor.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

CHAS. GOUNOD.

FULL CHORUS. *Maestoso.*

Glo - ry and hon - or to God our heav'nly Fa - ther, Praise and a -

dore him who reigns in might and majesty. Tell of his goodness, proclaim his

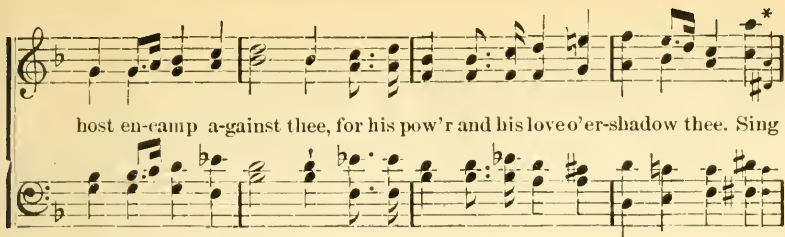
name to ev-'ry land 'Till all the nations shall own him King forev-er more.

Sing and give praise to the Lord the King of kings, For he is good, he is  
O sing, give praise, is good,

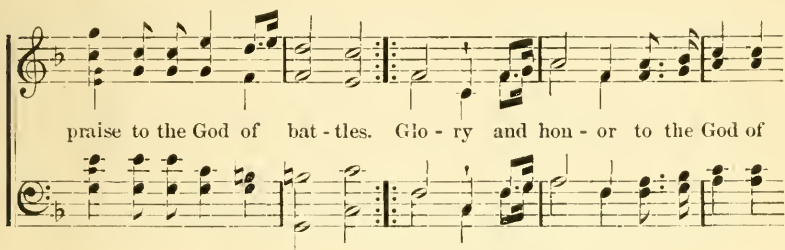
good, and his mercy ev - er - last - ing. Sing to the Lord, tho' a  
is good, O sing, O sing,



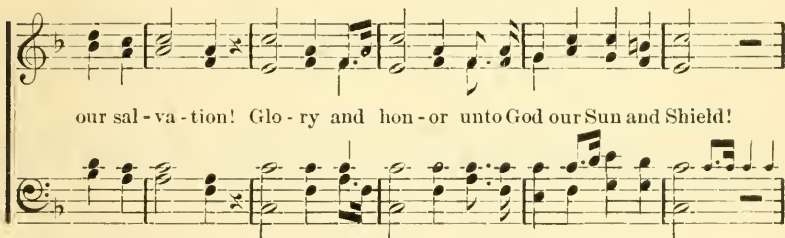
# Glory and Honor.—Concluded.



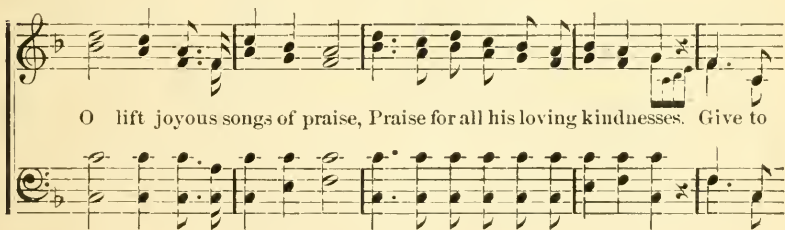
host en-camp a-against thee, for his pow'r and his love o'er-shadow thee. Sing



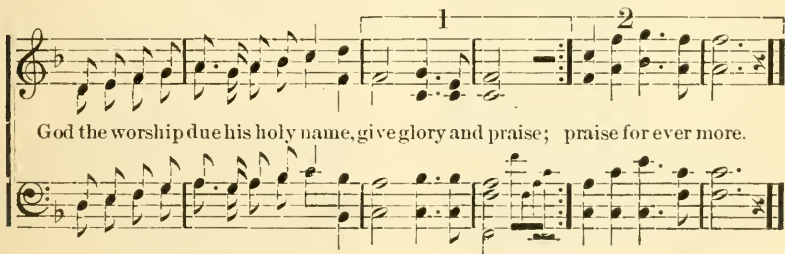
praise to the God of bat-tles. Glo-ry and hon-or to the God of



our sal-va-tion! Glo-ry and hon-or unto God our Sun and Shield!

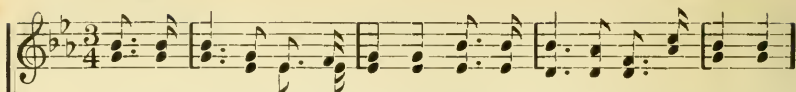


O lift joyous songs of praise, Praise for all his loving kindness. Give to

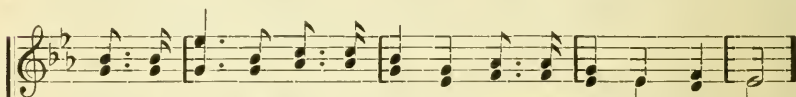
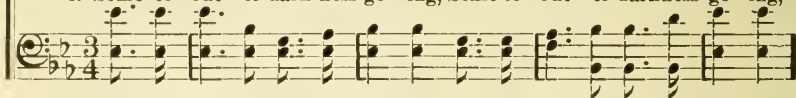


God the worship due his holy name, give glory and praise; praise for ever more.

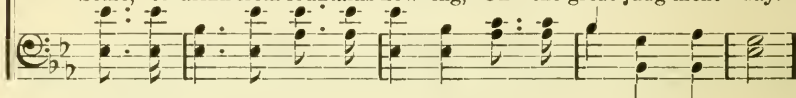
\* Use small notes if desirable.



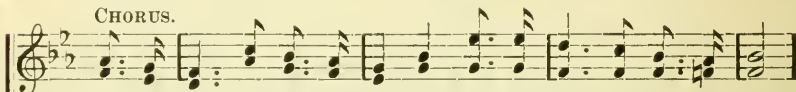
1. Soon the trumpet sound ap-pall-ing, Soon the trumpet sound ap-pall-ing
2. We shall see the Judge descending, We shall see the Judge descending
3. You'll be glad to have sal-va-tion, You'll be glad to have sal-va-tion
4. Some to out-er dark-ness go-ing, Some to out-er darkness go-ing,



Shall up-on our ears be fall-ing, On the great judg-ment day.  
 With the an-gel hosts at-tend-ing On the great judg-ment day.  
 At the fi-nal sep-a-ra-tion On the great judg-ment day.  
 Some, to drink from fountains flow-ing, On the great judg-ment day.



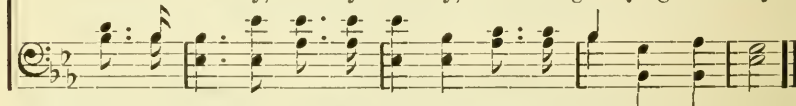
## CHORUS.



Are you read-y, are you read-y, O my broth-er can we say?



We are read-y, full-y read-y, For the great judg-ment day.



Copyright, 1908, by H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J.

- 5 There'll be weeping, there'll be wailing,  
 There'll be weeping, there'll be wailing;  
 Tears and cries—all unavailing,  
 On the great judgment day.—CHO.

- 6 There'll be shouting, there'll be singing,  
 There'll be shouting, there'll be singing,  
 When the King his own comes bringing  
 On the great judgment day.—CHO.

- 7 For the Bridegroom's glad returning,  
 For the Bridegroom's glad returning,  
 Will our lamps be trimmed and burning  
 On the great judgment day?—CHO.

- 8 Heed to-day the exhortation,  
 Heed to-day the exhortation,  
 Now's the time for preparation  
 For the great judgment day.—CHO.

# 126 Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. BLISS.

(Matt. 5: 16.)

P. P. BLISS. By per.

1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mer-cy From his light-house ev-er - more,  
2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the an - gry billows roar;  
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail - or tempest - tost,

But to us he gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.  
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.  
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the darkness may be lost.

*D.S.*—Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res - cue, you may save.

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

# 127

# Art Thou Weary?

JOHN M. NEALE.

HENRY W. PAKER.

1. Art thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou sore distrest? "Come to me," saith  
2. Hath he marks to lead me to him, If he be my guide?—"In his feet and  
3. If I find him, if I fol-low, What his guerdon here?—"Many a sor-row,

One, "and coming, Be at rest!"  
hands are wound-prints, And his side."  
man - y a labor, Man - y a tear."

4 If I still hold closely to him,  
What hath he at last?  
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan passed."

5 If I ask him to receive me,  
Will he say me nay?  
"Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away."

E. E. HEWITT.

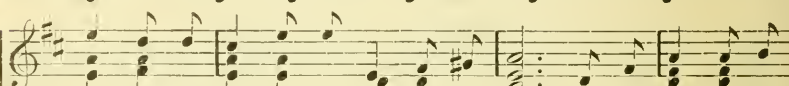
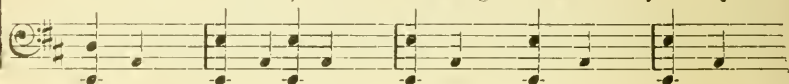
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

*Unison.*

1. Praise the Lord with a song of re-joic-ing, While all na-ture her
2. Praise the Lord with a car-ol of glad-ness, For his grace is our
3. Praise the Lord for the hopes that we treas-ure, For the love that no



glad-ness is voic-ing; Ev-'ry flow'r of the field, ev-'ry bird of the  
com-fort in sad-ness, And his hand leads us on in a serv-ice of  
mor-tal can measure; Let us tell the good news as we jour-ney a-



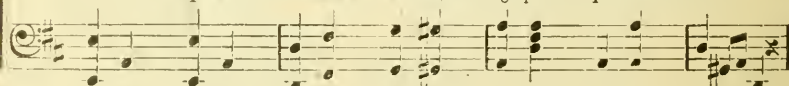
air, Tells the sto-ry of God's lov-ing care; He who clothes all the  
joy, When for him ev-'ry pow'r we em-ploy; Let our ban-ners be  
long, With a word, with a smile, or a song; Let the sun-beams a-



meadows with beauty, Guides his children in pathways of du-ty; O we  
joy-ful-ly streaming, While the light of his mer-cy is beaming; Let us  
round us be glow-ing. Help and cheer to our neighbor be-stowing; Let us



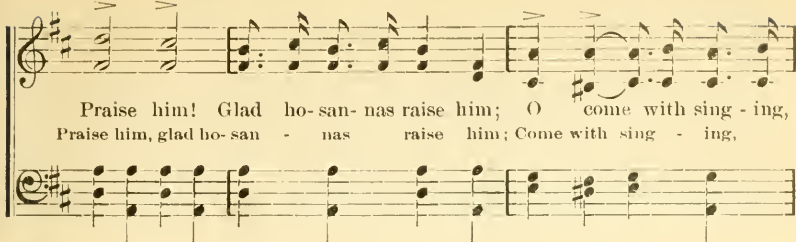
praise his dear name for his wonderful love, And the blessings he sends from above.  
trust him to save, and to keep, day by day. As we march in the bright shining way,  
walk in the steps that our Master once trod, Leading up to the palace of God.



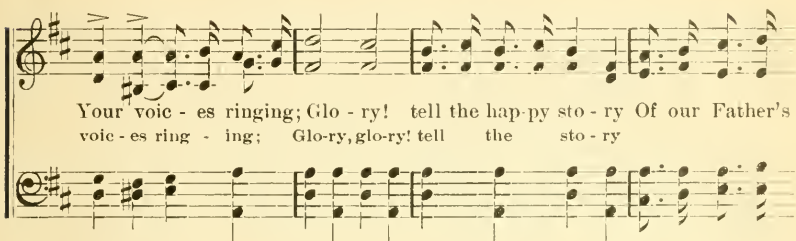


# A Song of Rejoicing.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*



Praise him! Glad ho-san-nas raise him; O come with sing-ing,  
Praise him, glad ho-san - nas raise him; Come with sing - ing,



Your voice - es ringing; Glo - ry! tell the hap-py sto - ry Of our Father's  
voice - es ring - ing; Glo-ry, glo-ry! tell the sto - ry



love, wonderful love; O praise him, all ye peo-ple, praise him!  
wonderful love, O praise him, all ye peo - ple, praise him!



With songs re-sound-ing, Tell grace a-bound-ing; Glo - ry!  
Songs re-sound - ing, Grace a-bound - ing; Glo-ry, glo-ry!

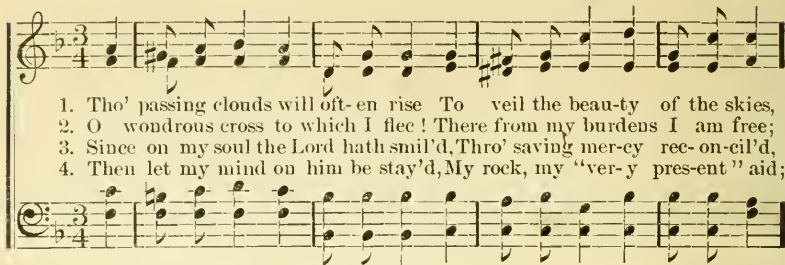


tell a-gain the sto - ry Of our Father's love, wonderful love.  
wonderful love.

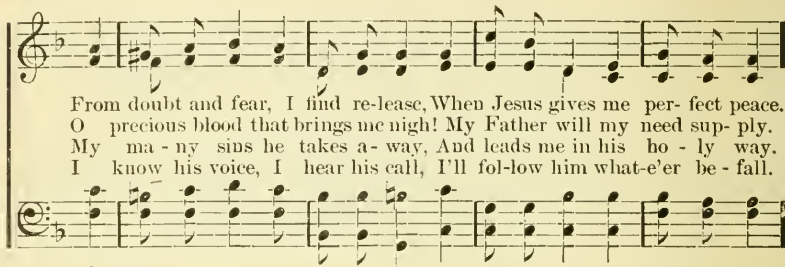
E. E. HEWITT.

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CLARISSA H. SPENCER.

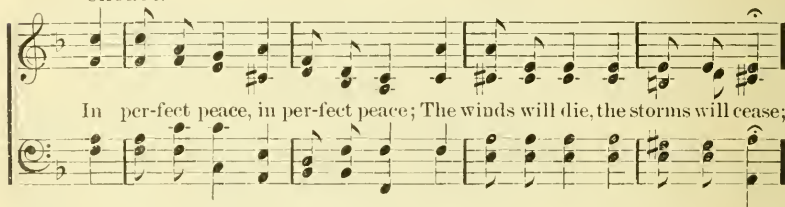


1. Tho' passing clouds will oft-en rise To veil the beau-ty of the skies,
2. O wondrous cross to which I flec! There from my burdens I am free;
3. Since on my soul the Lord hath smil'd, Thro' saving mer-cy rec-on-cil'd,
4. Then let my mind on him be stay'd, My rock, my "ver-y pres-ent" aid;

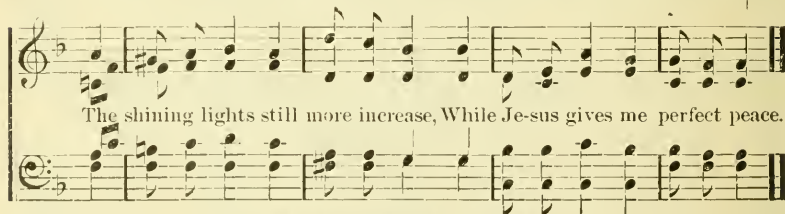


From doubt and fear, I find re-lease, When Jesus gives me per-fect peace.  
O pre-cious blood that brings me nigh! My Father will my need sup-ply.  
My ma-n-y sins he takes a-way, And leads me in his ho-ly way.  
I know his voice, I hear his call, I'll fol-low him what-e'er be-fall.

## CHORUS.



In per-fect peace, in per-fect peace; The winds will die, the storms will cease;



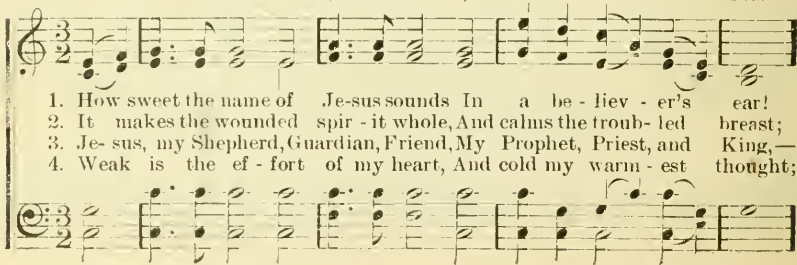
The shining lights still more increase, While Je-sus gives me perfect peace.

## How Sweet the Name.

JOHN NEWTON.

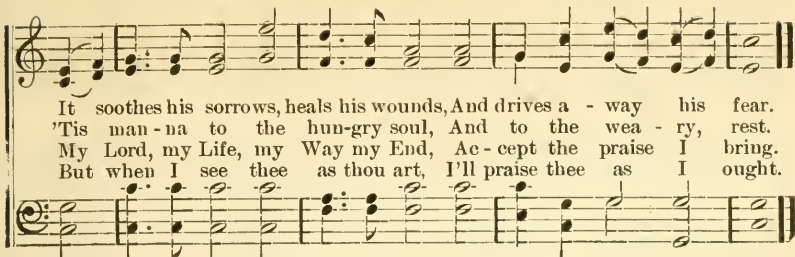
(HEBER. C. M.)

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear!
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troub-led breast;
3. Je-sus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King,—
4. Weak is the ef-fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est thought;

## How Sweet the Name.—Concluded.



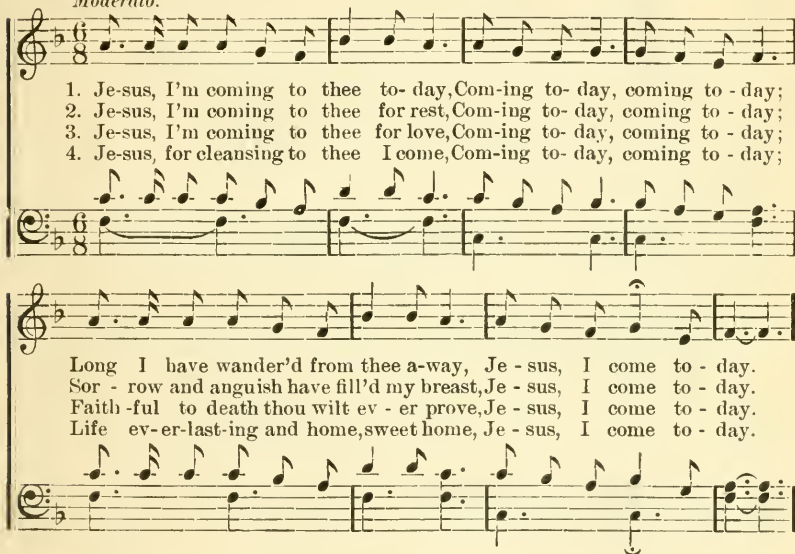
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.  
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.  
 But when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought.

## 131 Jesus, I Come To-Day.

A. W. L.

REV. A. W. SPOONER.

*Moderato.*



1. Je - sus, I'm coming to thee to - day, Com - ing to - day, coming to - day;  
 2. Je - sus, I'm coming to thee for rest, Com - ing to - day, coming to - day;  
 3. Je - sus, I'm coming to thee for love, Com - ing to - day, coming to - day;  
 4. Je - sus, for cleansing to thee I come, Com - ing to - day, coming to - day;

Long I have wander'd from thee a-way, Je - sus, I come to - day.  
 Sor - row and anguish have fill'd my breast, Je - sus, I come to - day.  
 Faith - ful to death thou wilt ev - er prove, Je - sus, I come to - day.  
 Life ev - er - last - ing and home, sweet home, Je - sus, I come to - day.

CHORUS.



In - to the arms of love I fall—Je - sus, I come, Je - sus I come;

Thou art my Sav-iour, my "all in all," Je - sus, I come to - day.

# No. 132. Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!

PSALM 146.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah ! From the heavens praise his name;
2. Let them prais-es give Je - ho - vah, They were made at his command;
3. All ye fruit-ful trees and ce - dars, All ye hills and mountains high,

Praise Je - ho - vah in the high - est, All his an - gels praise pro-claim.  
Them for - ev - er he es - tab - lished, His de - crees shall ev - er stand.  
Creeping things and beasts and cat - tle, Birds that in the heav - ens fly.

All his hosts to - geth - er praise him, Sun, and moon, and stars on high;  
From the earth, O praise Je - ho - vah, All ye floods, ye dra - gons all;  
Kings of earth and all ye peo - ple, Princes great, earth's judges all;

Praise him, O ye heav'n of heav - ens, And ye floods a - bove the sky.  
Fire, and hail, and snow, and va - pors, Stormy winds that hear him call.  
Praise his name, young men and maid - ens, A - ged men, and chil - dren small.

## CHORUS.

Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, For his name a - lone is high,  
Let them praises



# Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!—Concluded.

And his glo - ry is ex - alt - ed, And his glo - ry is ex - alt - ed,  
 And his glo - ry And his glo - ry

*pp* *p*

*f*

And his glo - - ry is ex - alt - ed Far a - bove the earth and sky.  
 And his glo - ry

133

## When Mother Prayed.

C. F. O.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When mother pray'd! O precious hour When God would come in mighty pow'r!  
 2. When mother pray'd! ah, then I knew With - in my soul that God was true;  
 3. And tho' the years may come and go, This heart of mine can nev - er know  
 4. Tho' oth - er scenes may be for-got, While life shall last this one can-not;

*S:* *FINE.*

O mem'ry sweet! O hallowed place Where God did shine in mother's face.  
 I could no lon - ger doubt his love, But yielded all,—born from a-bove.  
 A sweeter time than that blest hour When Je-sus came in saving power.  
 When mother pray'd! O peace divine! My mother's God to-day is mine.

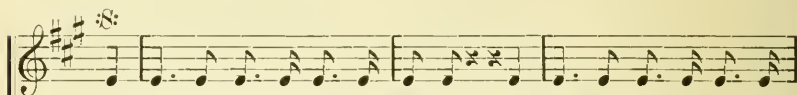
*D.S.*—Her heart and mind on Christ were stay'd, And God was there when mother pray'd.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

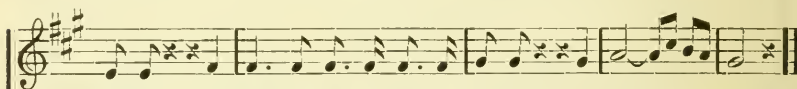
When mother pray'd, she found sweet rest! When mother pray'd, her soul was blest!

HORATIUS BONAR.

JOHN ZUNDEL.



- |  |                                |
|--|--------------------------------|
| 1. Be- yond the smiling and the weeping,   | Be- yond the wak- ing and the  |
| 2. Be- yond the blooming and the fad- ing, | Be- yond the shin- ing and the |
| 3. Be- yond the parting and the meeting,   | Be- yond the farewell and the  |



- |            |                                     |                  |
|------------|-------------------------------------|------------------|
| sleeping,  | Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  | I shall be soon. |
| shad- ing, | Beyond the hoping and the dreading, | I shall be soon. |
| greeting,  | Beyond the pulse's fe- ver beating, | I shall be soon. |



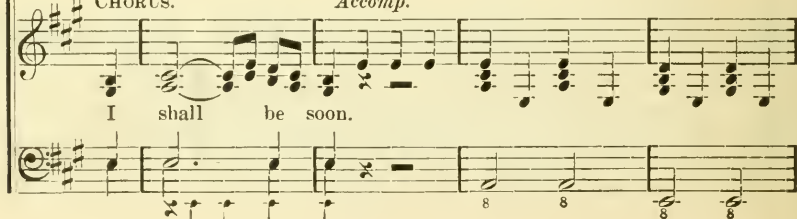
SOLO.



Love, rest, and Home,

CHORUS.

Accomp.



# Beyond the Smiling.—Concluded.

sweet..... Home. CHORUS.  
 Love, rest, and Home,.....  
 8 8 8 8

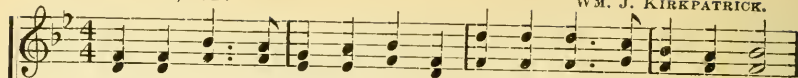
SOLO.  
 Lord, tar - ry not,  
 Accomp. CHORUS.  
 sweet..... Home. Lord, tar - ry  
 p f

SOLO. FINE.  
 Lord, tar - ry not,..... but come, but come.  
 not, Lord, tar - ry not, but come, but come.  
 f ff

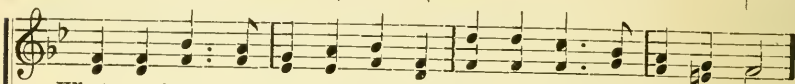
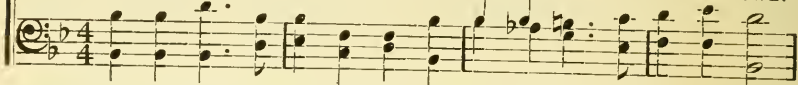
D.S.  
 p

HENRY OSTROM, D. D.

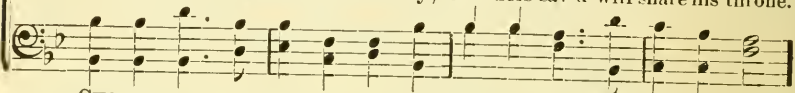
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



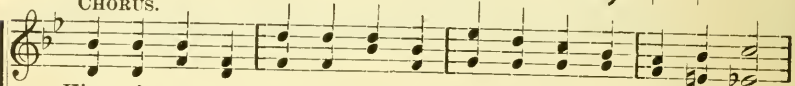
1. Who is this? the King of glo - ry! At whose call we con - gre - gate;
2. Who are these bow'd down with sorrow, These by sin and hab - it slain?
3. What our pledge, and what our mission? 'Tis his life, his truth, his way!
4. Who is this? the King of glo - ry! Lo, he comes to claim his own!



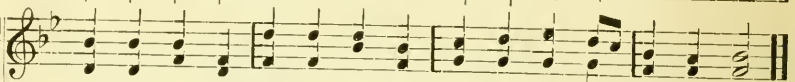
What our theme? "The old, old sto - ry!" And its worth we cel - e - brate.  
 They are ours, and, by the mor - row, They shall sing a vic - tor's gain.  
 Cal - va - ry and man's con - tri - tion Meet to bring e - ter - nal day.  
 Je - sus saves! be this our sto - ry; Sin - ners sav'd will share his throne.



## CHORUS.



King of glo - ry! old, old sto - ry! 'Tis the call to serv - ice great;



Old, old sto - ry! King of glo - ry! At his call we con - gre - gate.

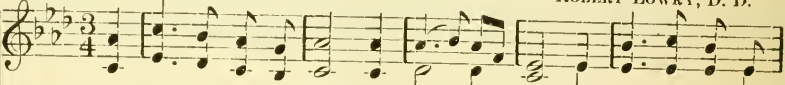


Copyright, 1909, by Wm J. Kirkpatrick.

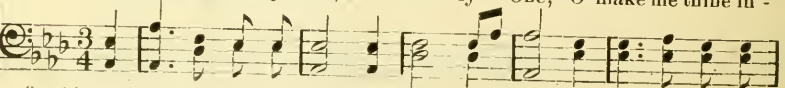
## I Need Thee Every Hour.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.



1. I need thee ev - ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need thee ev - ry hour; Stay thou near by; Temptations lose their
3. I need thee ev - ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a
4. I need thee ev - ry hour; Teach me thy will; And thy rich promis -
5. I need thee ev - ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me thine in -

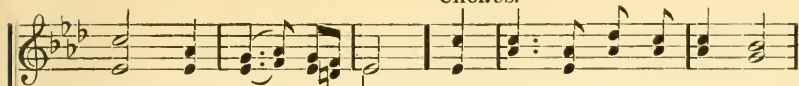


Copyright, 1900, by Mary Runyon Lowry. Renewal. Used by per.



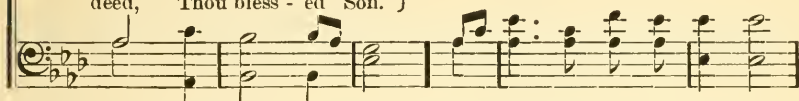
# I Need Thee Every Hour.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



thine Can peace af - ford.  
pow'r When thou art nigh.  
bide, Or life is vain.  
es In me ful - fill.  
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

I need thee, O I need thee;



Ev - 'ry hour I need thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to thee.

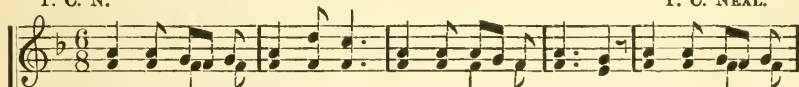


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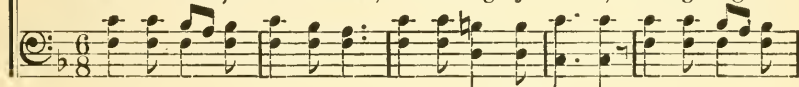
## Never Mind.

T. C. N.

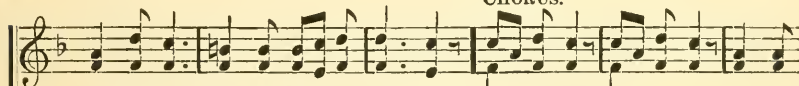
T. C. NEAL.



1. As we journey to our home, Oft the way seems dreary; But, tho' cares and
2. Sa-tan will, we know, as-sail, He will sure-ly try us; But he nev-er
3. We will trust, what-e'er befall, In the mighty Saviour; Heeding naught but

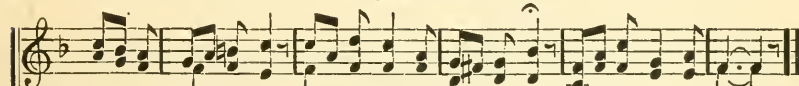
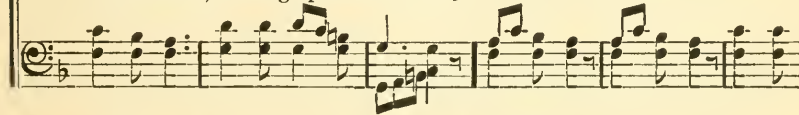


CHORUS.

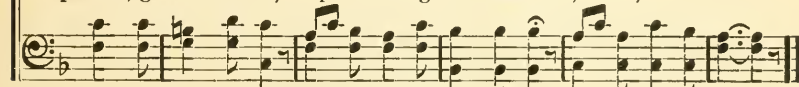


tri-als come, This our song so cheer - y:  
can prevail, While our Sav-iour's by us.  
his sweet call, Looking upward ev - er.

Never mind, nev-er mind, Just be

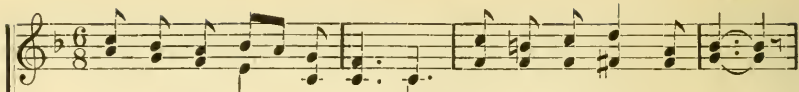


patient, good and kind; Help and strength in Jesus find, Never, nev-er mind.

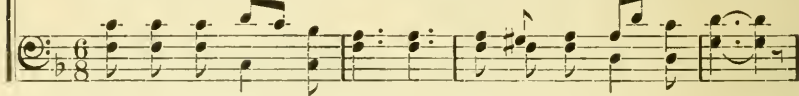


# Message of Mercy.

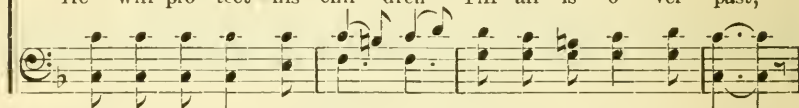
THORO HARRIS.



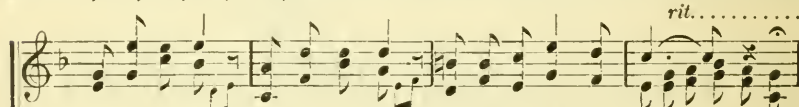
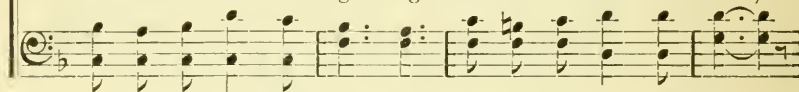
1. Come to the ark of ref - uge, Come to the place of rest;  
 2. Come to the heart that loves thee, Come to the soul's true home,  
 3. Christ is the soul's sure ref - uge: When breaks the world's fierce blast



Safe in this qui - et har - bor, Naught can thy peace mo - lest;  
 Come while the Lord in - vites thee, Come while there yet is room;  
 He will pro - tect his chil - dren Till all is o - ver - past;

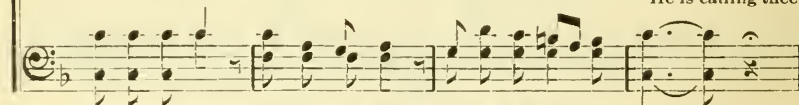


Come with thy guilt to Je - sus, Wea - ry and sore dis - trest;  
 Tell him thy ev - 'ry sor - row, Naught from this friend with - hold;  
 When storms without are rag - ing Rest and be not a - fraid;



List to his plea, "Come un - to me, And I will give you rest.".....  
 He'll hear thy pray'r, Thy burden bear: Trust in his love un - told.....  
 Look to the Lord, Hope in his word, Trust, and be un - dis - may'd.

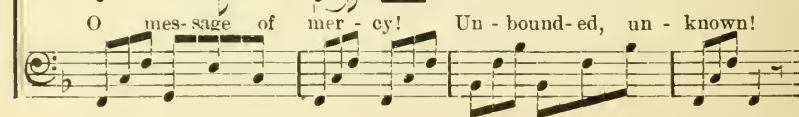
*rit.*.....  
 He is calling thee,



CHORUS. Unison. (Alto part may be sung, or played by cornet.)



O mes - sage of mer - cy! Un - bound - ed, un - known!



## Message of Mercy.—Concluded.

*rall.*

He died to re - deem thee; O make him now thine own!

*a tempo.*

By faith in his mer - cy, By trust in his grace;

With saints in his king - dom, He'll give thy soul a place.

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## Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

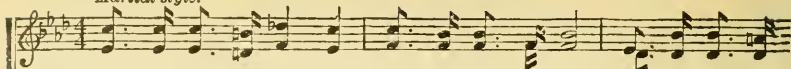
1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,  
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;  
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of thee;  
 4. Thro' the long night watch - es, May thine an - gels spread  
 5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise

Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.  
 With thy tend - 'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.  
 Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep, blue sea.  
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.  
 Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In thy ho - ly eyes.

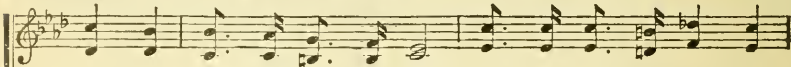
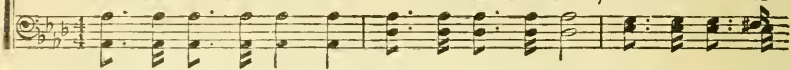
Ev'ning steal a - cross the sky.

MRS. E. E. WILLIAMS.

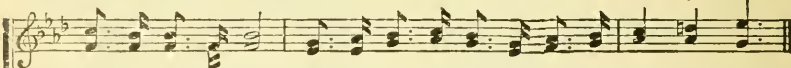
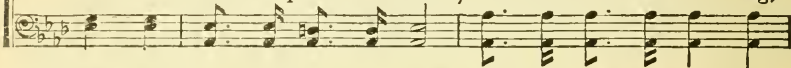
M. PAULINE GILMOUR.

*Martial style.*

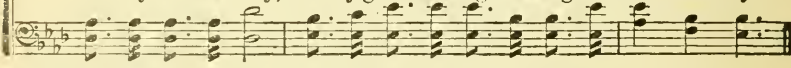
1. Vol - unteers are want-ed! hear the stir - ring call, O be swift to
2. Vol - unteers are want-ed! val - iant men and true, In the ranks, my
3. Vol - unteers are want-ed! for on land and sea Sa-tan's starving
4. Vol - unteers are want-ed! on the bat - tle-plain Soldiers brave are
5. Vol - unteers are want-ed! let the ranks be filled, Soon the din of



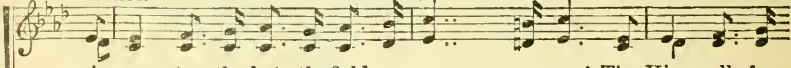
an - swer, com - rades one and all; Gird - ing on your ar - mor,  
 broth - er, there is room for you; Christ is the Com - mand - er,  
 bond - men clam - or to be free; Hast - en to their res - cue,  
 fall - ing, ne'er to fight a - gain; Who will take their plac - es  
 bat - tle will in peace be stilled; See! the clouds are lift - ing,



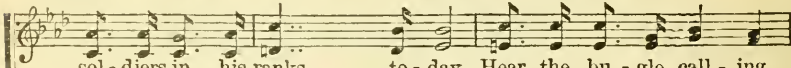
haste to march a-way, For the Lord is calling, "to the front to - day!"  
 let us all o - bey When he gives the or - der, "to the front to - day!"  
 if you still delay Blood-bought souls must perish, to the front to - day!  
 in the dead - ly fray? Who will march with Jesus to the front to - day?  
 soon they'll clear away, Glo - ry gilds the heights along the front to - day.



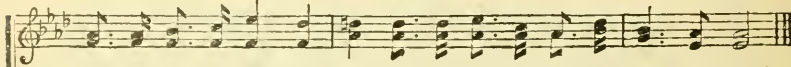
CHORUS.



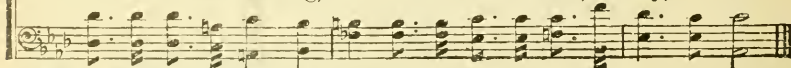
A - way to the bat - tle-field, a - way, a-way! The King calls for  
 A - way, a - way to the bat - tle-field, a-way,



sol - diers in his ranks to - day, Hear the bu - gle call - ing,  
 sol - diers in his ranks to - day.



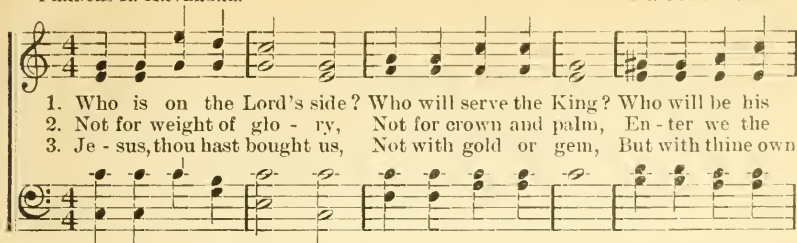
in - to line be fall - ing, Forth to the bat - tle-field, a - way, a - way!



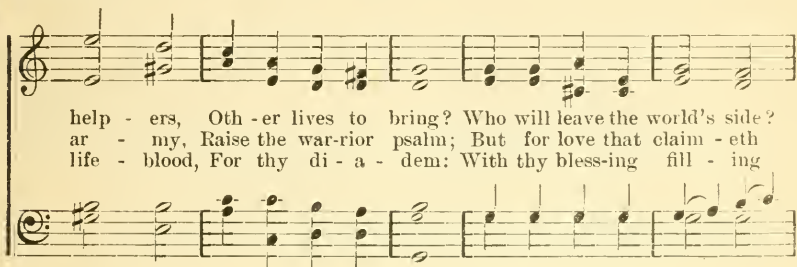


FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

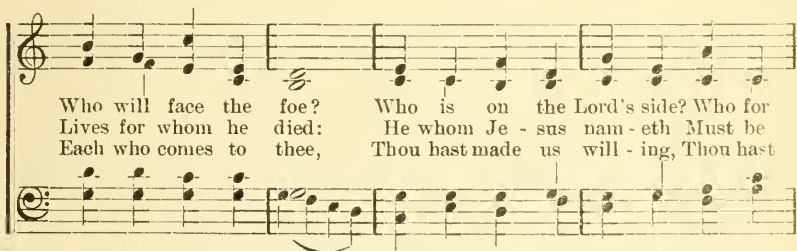
SIR JOHN GOSS.



1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his  
 2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the  
 3. Je - sus, thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with thine own



help - ers, Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?  
 ar - my, Raise the war - rior psalm; But for love that claim - eth  
 life - blood, For thy di - a - dem: With thy bless - ing fill - ing



Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for  
 Lives for whom he died: He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be  
 Each who comes to thee, Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast



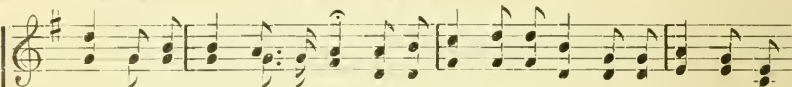
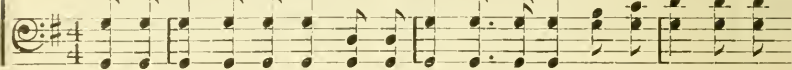
him will go? By thy call of mer - cy, By thy grace di -  
 on his side. By thy love con - strain - ing, By thy grace di -  
 made us free. By thy grand re - demp - tion, By thy grace di -



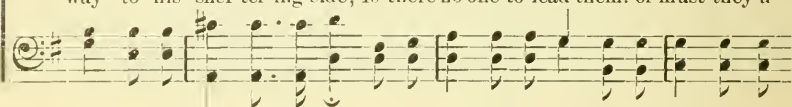
vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are thine.



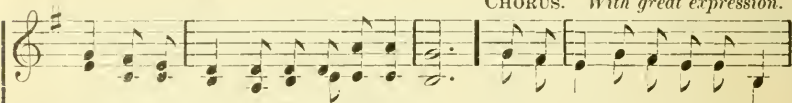
1. There are souls bent with burdens of sor-row and care, Pleadingsad-ly for
2. There are fathers and mothers with hair white as snow, Wearing sin's aw-ful
3. Lit-tle children are there who are sad all the while, For the tempter al-
4. They per-haps have been told of the Saviour who died, But have found not the



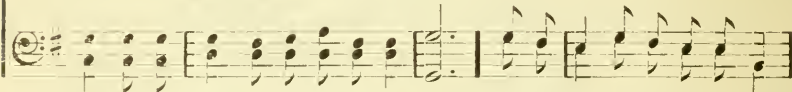
help as they sink in de-spair, But their cries are in vain, for no friends have they  
 fet-ters wher-ev-er they go, And the world only laughs at their burdens of  
 red-y has stolen their smile, And is plotting and planning their souls to de-  
 way to his shel-ter-ing side; Is there no one to lead them? or must they a-



CHORUS. *With great expression.*



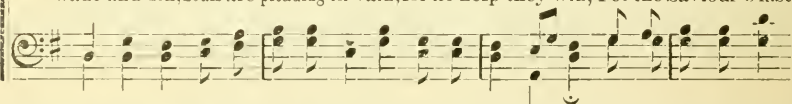
there, On the storm-beaten deserts of sin.	} On the storm-beaten deserts of
woe. On the storm-beaten deserts of sin.	
file, On the storm-beaten deserts of sin.	
bide On the storm-beaten deserts of sin?	



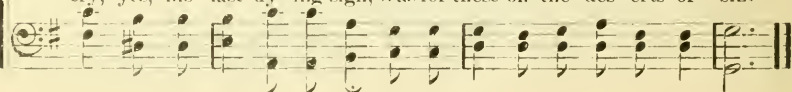
*Tempo ad lib.*



want and sin, Souls are pleading in vain, for no help they win, Yet the Saviour's last

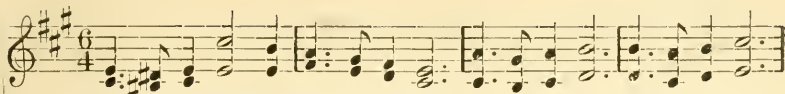


cry, yes, his last dy-ing sigh, Was for these on the des-erts of sin.

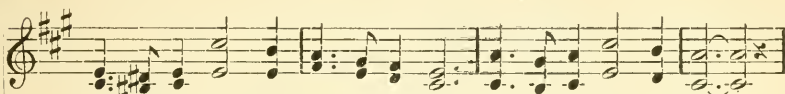


W. T. SLEEPER.

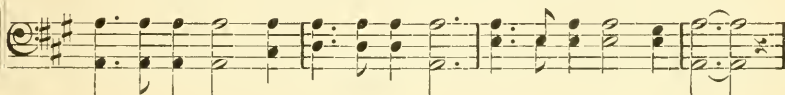
GEO. C. STERRINS.



1. Out of my bondage, sorrow and night, Je- sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful fail-ure and loss, Je- sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar- ro-gant pride, Je- sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je- sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;



In - to thy free-dom, gladness and light, Je - sus, I come to thee;  
 In - to the glo-rious gain of thy cross, Je - sus, I come to thee;  
 In - to thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je - sus, I come to thee;  
 In - to the joy and light of thy home, Je - sus, I come to thee;



Out of my sickness in-to thy health, Out of my want and in - to thy wealth,  
 Out of earth's sorrows into thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to thy calm,  
 Out of myself to dwell in thy love, Out of de-spair in-to rap-tures a-bove,  
 Out of the depths of ru- in un-told, In-to the peace of thy shel-ter-ing fold,



Out of my sin and in - to thy-self, Je - sus, I come to thee.  
 Out of distress to ju - bi-lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to thee.  
 Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to thee.  
 Ev - er thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je - sus, I come to thee.



MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Has a voice in thy heart oft - en whis-per'd And bid - den thee  
 2. Hear it, ye who in dark-ness are wand'ring, Give heed to the  
 3. He to high-er at-tain-ments is call - ing, To rich - es of  
 4. O his voice will grow faint-er and faint - er, If al - ways his

turn from thy sin? 'Twas the voice of the Spir - it still striv - ing Thy  
 small, pleading voice, Cease from all of your doubting and fear - ing, Make  
 grace yet in store, To be thine, tru - ly thine for the ask - ing If  
 plead - ings you spurn, And ag - griev'd he will take his de - part - ure, And

*CHORUS. tenderly.*  
 heart and af - fections to win.  
 Je - sus for - ev - er your choice. } That voice is pleading, is gen - tly  
 on - ly thou'lt o - pen the door.  
 nev - er a - gain will re - turn.

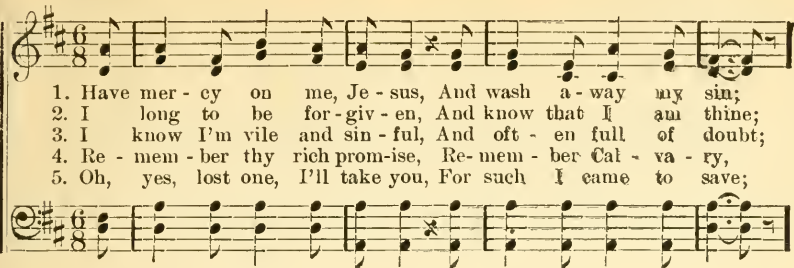
plead - ing, And a pierc - ed hand is knocking at thy heart; That voice is

plead - ing, and torn and bleeding Is the hand that is knocking at thy heart.

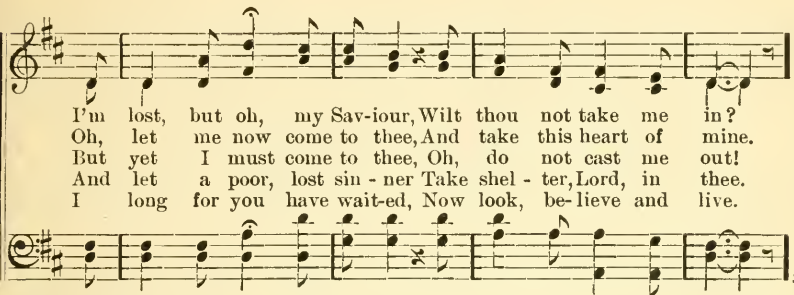


JOHN WILLAN.

JOHN WILLAN.

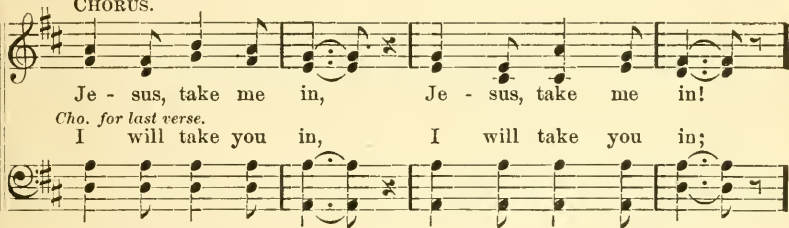


1. Have mer - cy on me, Je - sus, And wash a - way my sin;  
 2. I long to be for - giv - en, And know that I am thine;  
 3. I know I'm vile and sin - ful, And oft - en full of doubt;  
 4. Re - mem - ber thy rich prom - ise, Re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry,  
 5. Oh, yes, lost one, I'll take you, For such I came to save;

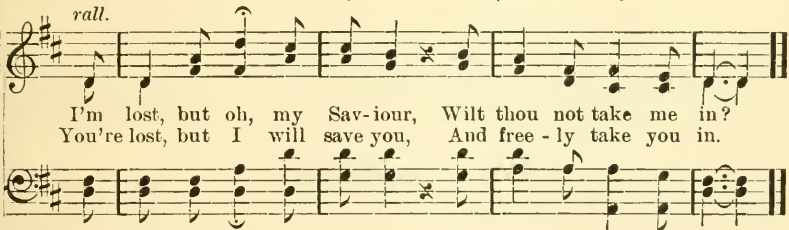


I'm lost, but oh, my Sav-iour, Wilt thou not take me in?  
 Oh, let me now come to thee, And take this heart of mine.  
 But yet I must come to thee, Oh, do not cast me out!  
 And let a poor, lost sin - ner Take shel - ter, Lord, in thee.  
 I long for you have wait-ed, Now look, be - lieve and live.

## CHORUS.



Je - sus, take me in, Je - sus, take me in!  
 Cho. for last verse.  
 I will take you in, I will take you in;

*rall.*


I'm lost, but oh, my Sav-iour, Wilt thou not take me in?  
 You're lost, but I will save you, And free - ly take you in.

Copyright, 1889, by John Willan. Used by per.

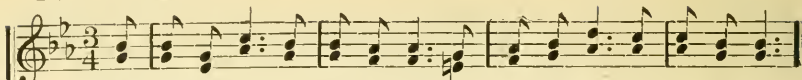
\* I was born in a christian home and had strict parents, but fell in with evil companions when quite young, found myself frequenting saloons and gambling joints, but one day a certain minister came to see me and asked me to lead the singing in a revival meeting which he was going to conduct. I did not intend to go, and yet the Spirit of the Lord directed my steps to the meeting. One night, about the middle of the second week, this minister called on Mrs. Owen, who was much interested in me, to lead in prayer and she mentioned my name, as she prayed, and then "Jesus, Take Me In" was sung. The prayer, together with the words of the song, went to my heart as nothing before had ever done. I left my position in front of the choir and went forward and surrendered my heart to the Lord.

I have used this little song ever since my conversion and have seen it used of the Lord in leading many to accept Christ.

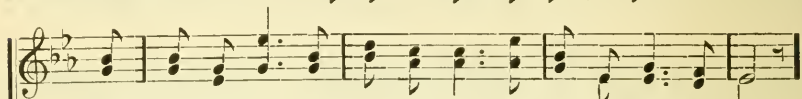
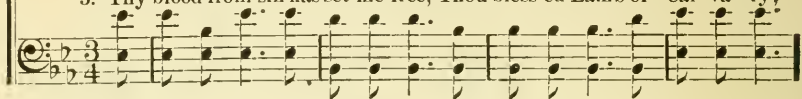
Yours in the Master's Name, A. D. George.

DR. M. VICTOR STALEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. My earthly all I give to thee, For thou didst die, O Christ, for me;
2. No bur-den is too hard to bear, If I, in heav-en, free from care,
3. Thy blood from sin has set me free, Thou bless-ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry;



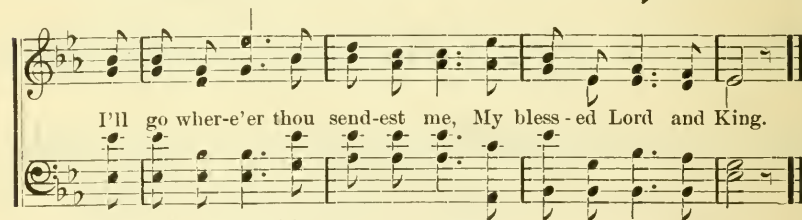
Thy faith-ful fol-l'wer I will be, My bless-ed Lord and King.  
 May meet, at last, my Sav-iour there, My bless-ed Lord and King.  
 And henceforth thou shalt ev - er be, My bless-ed Lord and King.



## CHORUS.



My life I con - se - crate to thee, Thy servant I will ev - er be;

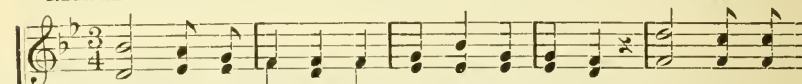


I'll go wher-e'er thou send-est me, My bless-ed Lord and King.

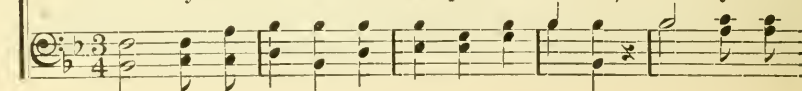
Copyright, 1904-1905, by John P. Hillis.

REGINALD HEBER.

LOWELL MASON.



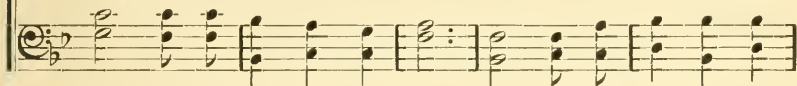
1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our
2. Cold on his cra-dle the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies his
3. Say, shall we yield him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of
4. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion, Vain - ly with



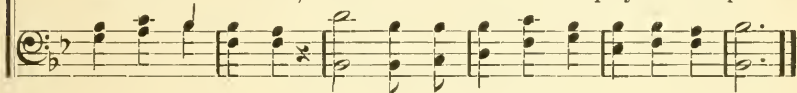
## Brightest and Best.—Concluded.



dark-ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-  
head with the beasts of the stall; An-gels a-dore him, in  
E-dom and off-rings di-vine? Gems of the mountain, and  
gifts would his fa-vor se-cure; Rich-er by far is the



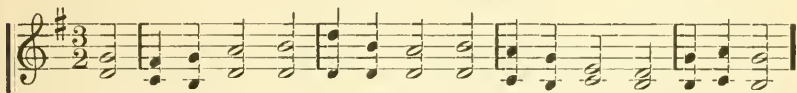
ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deemer is laid.  
slum-ber re-clin-ing,—Mak-er, and Mon-arch, and Saviour of all.  
pearls of the o-cean, Myrrh from the for-est, and gold from the mine?  
heart's ad-o-ra-tion; Dear-er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.



## 148 Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, tr. (ROCKINGHAM. L. M.)

LOWELL MASON.



1. Of him who did sal-va-tion bring, I could for-ev-er think and sing;
2. Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis giv'n; Ask, and he turns your hell to heav'n:
3. To shame our sins he blush'd in blood; He clos'd his eyes to show us God:
4. 'Tis thee I love, for thee a-lone I shed my tears and make my moan;
5. In-sa-tiate to this spring I fly; I drink, and yet am ev-er dry:



A-rise, ye need-y, he'll re-lieve; A-rise, ye guilt-y, he'll for-give.  
Tho' sin and sor-row wound my soul, Je-sus, thy balm will make it whole.  
Let all the world fall down and know That none but God such love can show.  
Where'er I am, wher-e'er I move, I meet the ob-ject of my love.  
Ah! who against thy charms is proof? Ah! who that loves, can love e-nough?

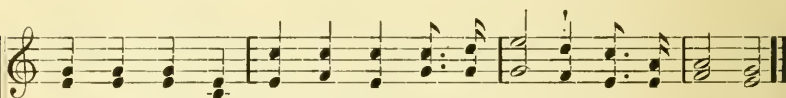
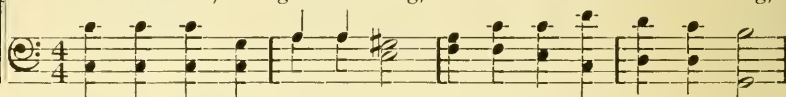


P. P. B.

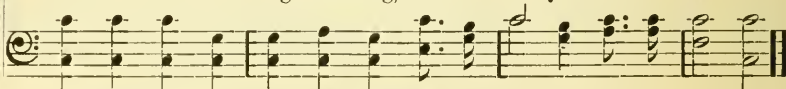
P. P. BLISS.

*Moderato.*

1. "Man of sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came,
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place condemn'd he stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile, and help-less we; Spotless Lamb of God was he;
4. Lift-ed up was he to die, "It is fin-ished," was his cry,
5. When he comes, our glo-rious King, All his ransom'd home to bring,



- Ru-in'd sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!  
 Seal'd my par-don with his blood; Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!  
 "Full a-tone-ment" can it be! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!  
 Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!  
 Then a-new this song we'll sing, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!



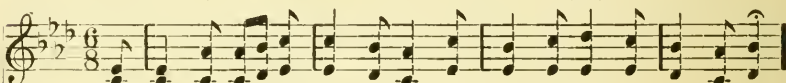
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## 150

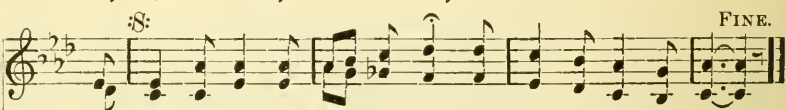
## Take Me As I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

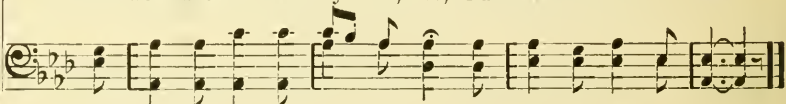
REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Je-sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un-less thou help me I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal-va-tion I would prove;
5. If thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart re-new,



- O bring thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!  
 And thou can'st make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!  
 But since to thee I can-not move, O take me as I am!  
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!



D.S.—bring thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!



# Take Me as I Am.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Take me as I am, Take me as I am;  
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

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## Whisperings of Jesus.

D. K. W.

Hosea 2: 19.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*With expression.*

1. Not a sound invades the stillness, Not a form invades the scene,
2. And with-in those heav'nly pla-ces, Calmly hushed in sweet re-pose,
3. Wrapt in deep, a - dor-ing si-lence, Je - sus, Lord, I dare not move,
4. Rest, then, O my soul, content-ed, Thou hast reach'd thy happy place,

Save the voice of my Be-lov-ed, And the per - son of my King.  
There I drink with joy ab-sorb-ing, All the love Thou wouldst disclose.  
Lest I lose the smallest say-ing Meant to catch the ear of love.  
In the bo - som of thy Saviour, Gaz-ing up in his dear face.

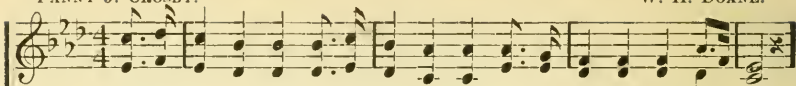
CHORUS.

Precious, gen - tle, ho - ly Je - sus! Bless-ed Bridegroom of my heart,  
Precious, Blessed,

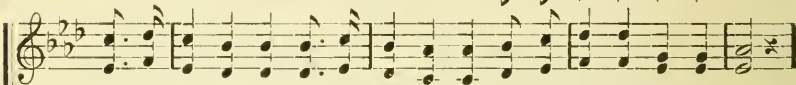
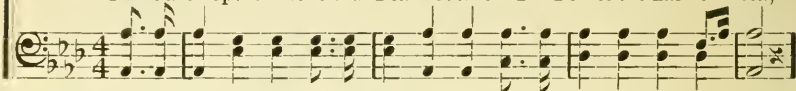
In thy se - cret in - ner chamber Thou wilt whis - per what thou art.  
In thy Thou wilt

FANNY J. CROSBY.

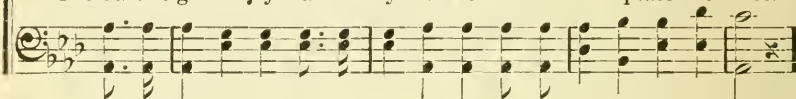
W. H. DOANE.



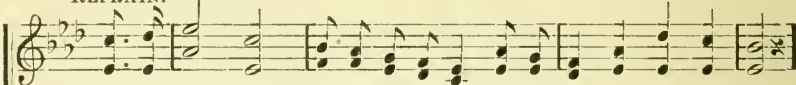
1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That before thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar-row sea;



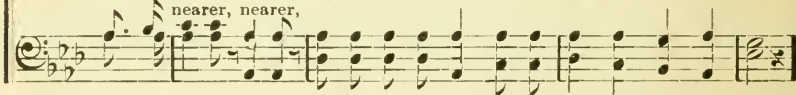
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to thee.  
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine.  
 When I kneel in pray'r and with thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.  
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.



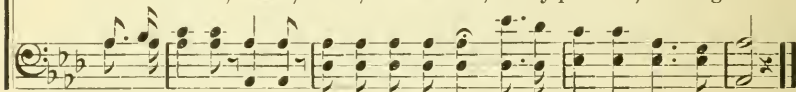
## REFRAIN.



Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died;  
 nearer, nearer,



Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To thy precious, bleeding side.

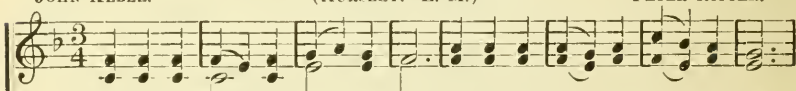


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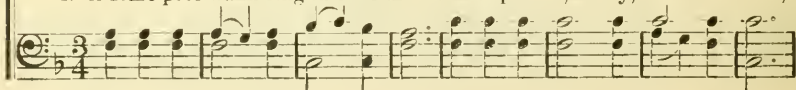
JOHN KEBLE.

(HURSLEY. L. M.)

PETER RITTER.



1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can-not live;
4. If some poor wand'ring child of thine Have spurn'd, to-day, the voice divine,



# Sun of My Soul.—Concluded.

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.  
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast.  
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.  
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin, Let him no more lie down in sin.

154

## Ready.

S. E. L.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Ready to suf-fer grief or pain, Read-y to stand the test;  
 2. Ready to go, ready to bear, Read-y to watch and pray;  
 3. Ready to speak, ready to think, Read-y with heart and brain;  
 4. Ready to speak, ready to warn, Read-y o'er souls to yearn;

Ready to stay at home and send Oth-ers if he sees best.  
 Ready to stand a-side and give, Till he shall clear the way.  
 Ready to stand where he sees fit, Read-y to bear the strain.  
 Ready in life, read-y in death, Read-y for his re - turn.

### CHORUS.

Ready to go, ready to stay, Ready my place to fill;

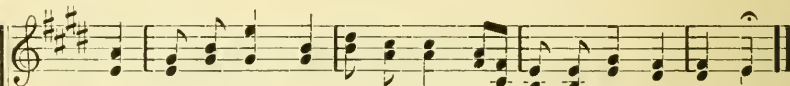
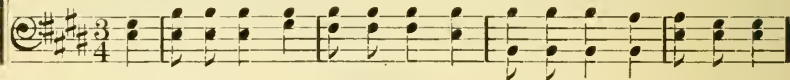
Ready for serv-ice, low-ly or great, Ready to do his will.

DORA GREENWELL.

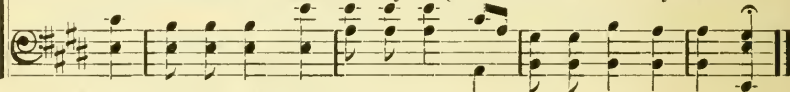
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I am not skill'd to understand What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;
2. I take him at his word indeed: "Christ died for sinners," this I read;
3. That he should leave his place on high, And come for sin - ful man to die,
4. And O! that he ful-ful'd may see The trav - ail of his soul in me,
5. Yea, living, dy-ing, let me bring My strength, my sol - ace from this spring,



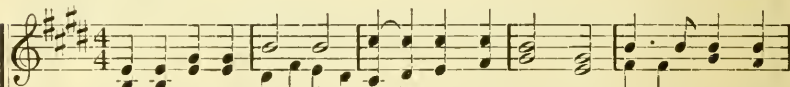
I on - ly know at his right hand Stands One who is my Sav-iour!  
 For in my heart I find a need Of him to be my Sav-iour!  
 You count it strange?—so once did I, Be - fore I knew my Sav-iour!  
 And with his work con-tent-ed be, As I with my dear Sav-iour!  
 That he who lives to be my King Once died to be my Sav-iour!



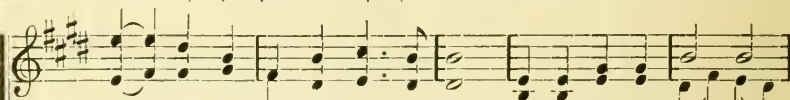
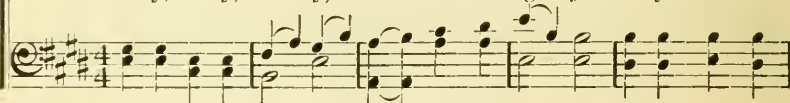
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REGINALD HEBER.

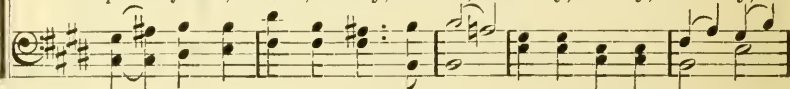
JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints a-dore thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All thy works shall

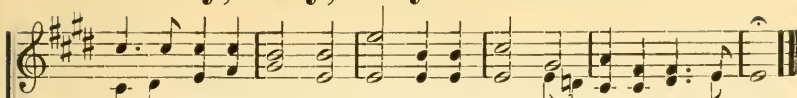


morn- ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,  
 golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim  
 sinful man thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly thou art ho-ly;  
 praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,

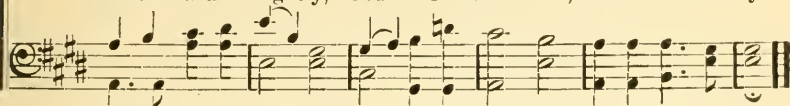




## Holy, Holy, Holy!—Concluded.



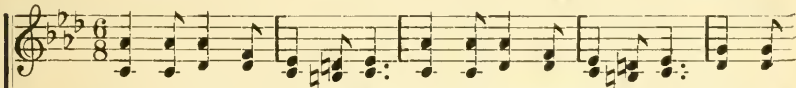
mer-ci - ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, blessèd Trin-i - ty!  
falling down be-fore thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.  
there is none be-side thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pur-i - ty.  
mer-ci - ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, blessèd Trin-i - ty!



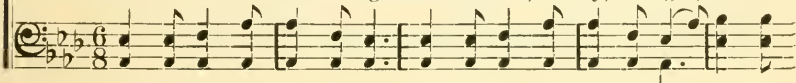
## 157 Day is Dying in the West.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.



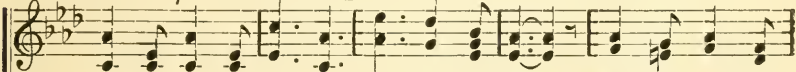
1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love en - fold - ing all, Thro' the
3. When for ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



worship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.  
glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil thy face, Our hearts as - cend.  
an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shadows end.



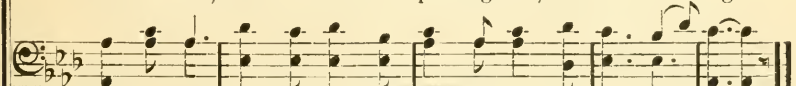
### REFRAIN. *p*



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are



full of thee; Heav'n and earth are praising thee, O Lord most high!



JOSEPH GRIGG.

(FEDERAL ST. L. M.)

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man asham'd of thee?  
 2. Asham'd of Je - sus! soon - er far Let evening blush to own a star;  
 3. Asham'd of Je - sus! just as soon Let midnight be asham'd of noon;  
 4. Asham'd of Je - sus! that dear friend On who my hopes of heav'n de - pend!  
 5. Asham'd of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way;

Asham'd of thee, whom an - gels praise Whose glories shine thro' endless days?  
 He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.  
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.  
 No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.  
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

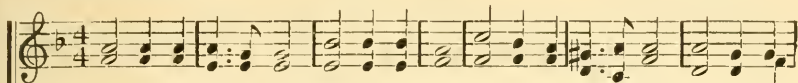
G. W. DOANE.

(WALTHAM. L. M.)

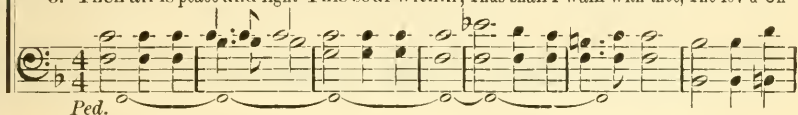
J. B. CALKIN.

1. Fling out the banner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;  
 2. Fling out the banner! an-gels bend In anx-i-ous si-lence o'er the sign,  
 3. Fling out the banner! heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight;  
 4. Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls That sink and per-ish in the strife  
 5. Fling out the banner! let it float Sky-ward and seaward, high and wide;

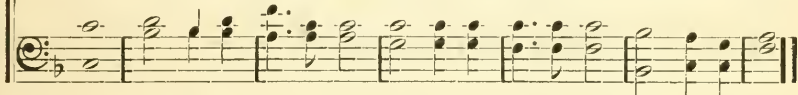
The sun, that lights its shining folds, The cross, on which the Saviour died.  
 And vain-ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love di-vine.  
 And nations, crowding to be born, Baptize their spir-its in its light.  
 Shall touch in faith its radiant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life.  
 Our glo - ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru-ci-fied!



1. No, not des-pair-ing-ly Come I to thee, No, not distrust-ingly Bend I the
2. Ah! mine in -i- qui-ty Cri-mson has been, In - fi-nite, in - fi-nite Sin up-on
3. Lord, I con-fess to thee Sad-ly my sin; All I am tell I thee, All I have
4. Faithful and just art thou, For-giving all; Loving and kind art thou When poor ones
5. Then all is peace and light This soul within; Thus shall I walk with thee, The lov'd Un-



knee: Sin hath gone o-ver me, Yet is this still my plea, Je-sus hath died.  
 sin; Sin of not lov-ing thee, Sin of not trust-ing thee, In - fi-nite sin.  
 been: Purge thou my sin away, Wash thou my soul this day; Lord, make me clean.  
 call: Lord, let the cleansing blood, Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul.  
 seen; Lean-ing on thee, my God, Guid-ed a-long the road, Nothing between.



## 161 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

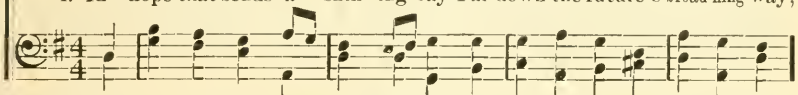
WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

(CANONBURY. L. M.)

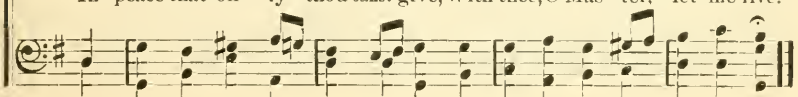
ROBERT SCHUMANN.



1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
3. Teach me thy pa-tience; still with thee In clos-er, dear-er com-pa-ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way;



Tell me thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.  
 Teach me the way - ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.  
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong. In trust that triumphs o-ver wrong.  
 In peace that on-ly thou canst give, With thee, O Mas-ter, let me live.



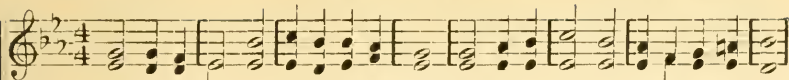
1. O thou in whose pres-ence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af-flic-tion I call,  
 2. Where dost thou, dear shep-herd, re-sort with thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love?  
 3. O why should I wan-der, an al-ien from thee, Or cry in the des-ert for bread?  
 4. Ye daught-ers of Zi-on, de-clare, have you seen The star that on Is-ra-el shone?  
 5. Dear Shep-herd! I hear, and will fol-low thy call; I know the sweet sound of thy voice;

My com-fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all!  
 Say, why in the val-ley of death should I weep, Or a-lone in this wild-er-ness rove?  
 Thy foes will re-joice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.  
 Say, if in your tents my be-lov-ed has been, And where with his flocks he is gone.  
 Re-store and de-fend me, for thou art my all, And in thee I will ev-er re-joice.

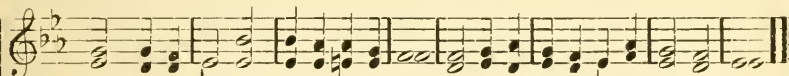
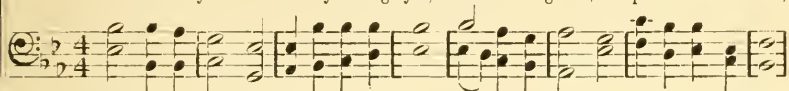
1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, May Je-sus Christ be praised!  
 2. To thee, O God a-bove, I cry with glowing love, May Je-sus Christ be praised!  
 3. Does sad-ness fill my mind? A sol-ace here I find; May Je-sus Christ be praised!  
 4. Be this, while life is mine, My can-ti-cle di-vine, May Je-sus Christ be praised!

A-like at work and pray'r, To Je-sus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be praised!  
 This song of sa-cred joy, It nev-er seems to cloy: May Je-sus Christ be praised!  
 Or fades my earthly bliss? My comfort still is this: May Je-sus Christ be praised!  
 Be this th'e-ter-nal song, Thro' all the a-ges long, May Je-sus Christ be praised!

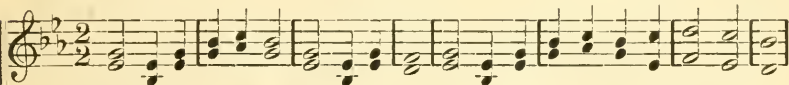
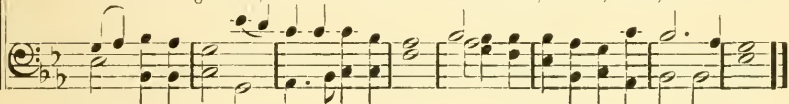




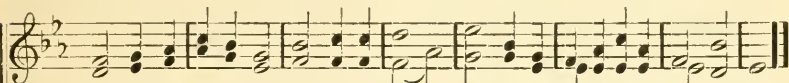
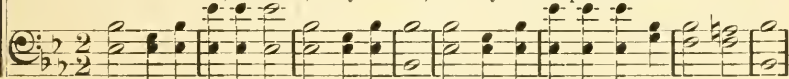
1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven- tide, The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a-way;
3. I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
5. Hold thou thy cross be-fore my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;



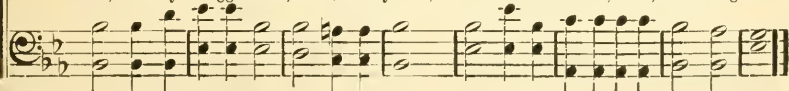
When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me!  
 Change and de-cay in all around I see; O thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!  
 Who, like thy-self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!  
 Where is death's sting, where grave thy vict'ry? I triumph still, if thou a-bide with me.  
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!



1. Break thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea;
2. Bless thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As thou didst bless the bread By Gal-i-lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On-ly for thee, As thy dis-ci-ples lived In Gal-i-lee;



Be-yond the sa-cred page I seek thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for thee, O liv-ing Word!  
 Then shall all bondage cease, All fet-ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All-in-All.  
 Then, all my struggles-o'er, Then, vict'ry won, I shall behold thee, Lord, The living One.

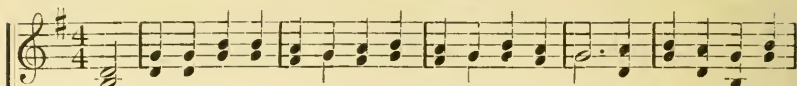


# 166 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

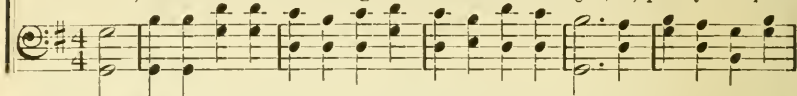
EDWARD PERRONET.

(CORONATION. C. M.)

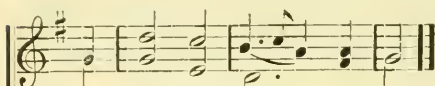
OLIVER HOLLEN.



1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who saves you
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies

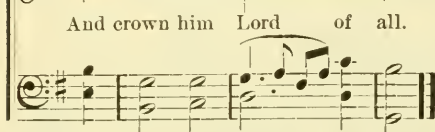


di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a-dem,  
by his grace, And crown him Lord of all, Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
at his feet, And crown him Lord of all, Go, spread your trophies at his feet,



And crown him Lord of all.

- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.



- 5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

# 167 All Hail the Power. (Second Tune.)

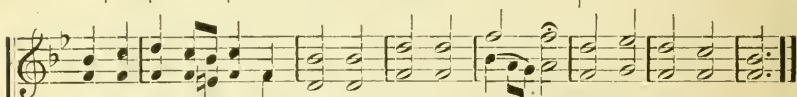
EDWARD PERRONET.

(MILES LANE. C. M.)

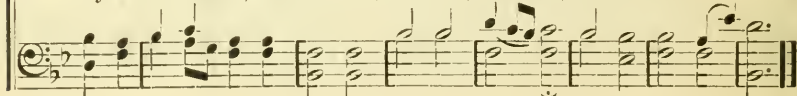
WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.



1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the



roy-al di - a-dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.



## Joy to the World.

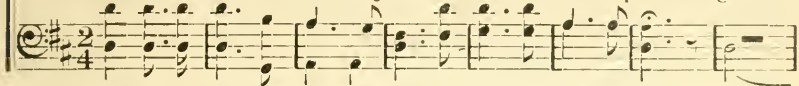
I. WATTS.

(ANTIOCH. C. M.)

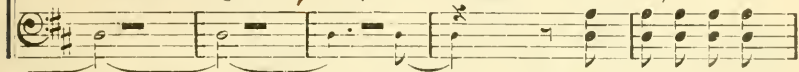
G. F. HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev'ry
2. Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs em- ploy; While fields and
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glo-ries



heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And  
floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sounding joy, Re -  
of his righteous - ness, And won - ders of his love, And



And heav'n and na-ture



heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.  
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.  
won - ders of his love, And won - ders, won - ders of his love.



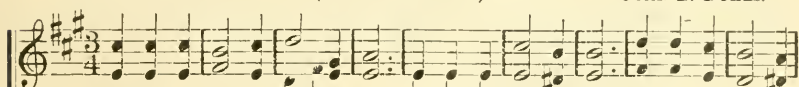
sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

## 169 Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

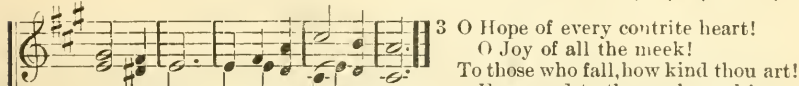
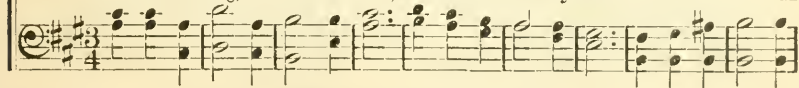
EDWARD CASWALL. Tr.

(ST. AGNES. C. M.)

JOHN B. DYKES.

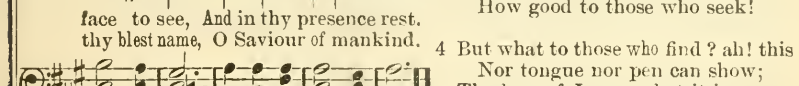


1. Je-sus, the ver - y tho't of thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far thy
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find A sweeter sound than



face to see, And in thy presence rest.  
thy blest name, O Saviour of mankind.

- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart!  
O Joy of all the meek!  
To those who fall, how kind thou art!  
How good to those who seek!



- 4 But what to those who find ? ah! this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of Jesus, what it is,  
None but his loved ones know.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,  
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!  
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;  
All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring;

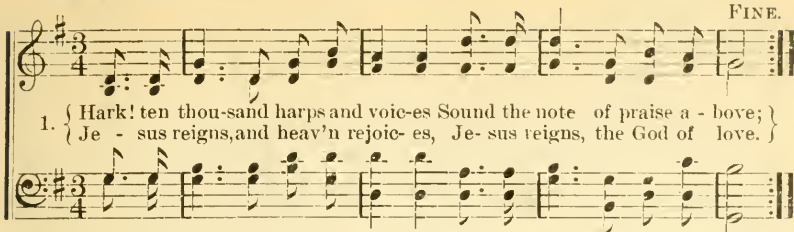
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!  
Cov - er my de - fenseless head With the shad - ow of thy wing.

3 Thon, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

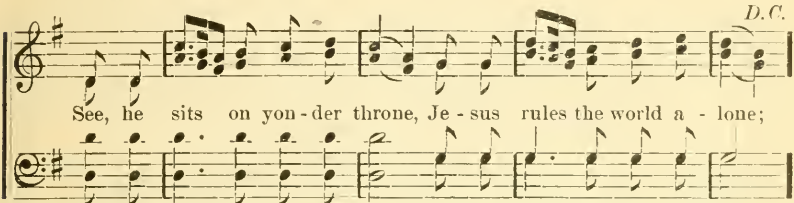
4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee;  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

FINE. D.C.





D.C.—Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.



2 King of glory reign forever;  
 Thine an everlasting crown;  
 Nothing from thy love shall sever  
 Those whom thou hast made thine own;  
 Happy objects of thy grace,  
 Destined to behold thy face.

3 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;  
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,  
 When, the awful summons hearing,  
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;  
 'Then with golden harps we'll sing,  
 "Glory, glory to our King."

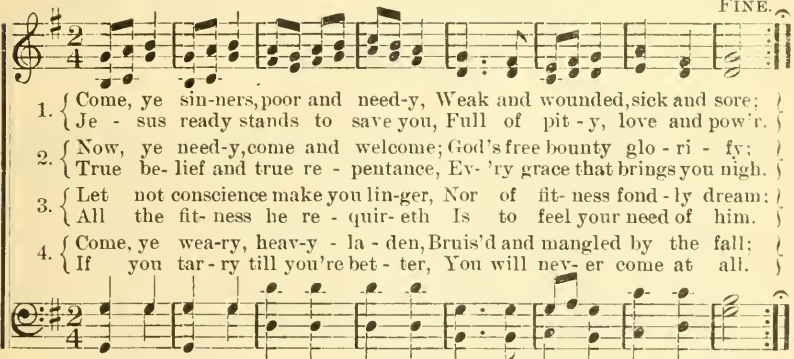
## 173

## Turn to the Lord.

JOSEPH HART.

JEREMIAH INGALLS

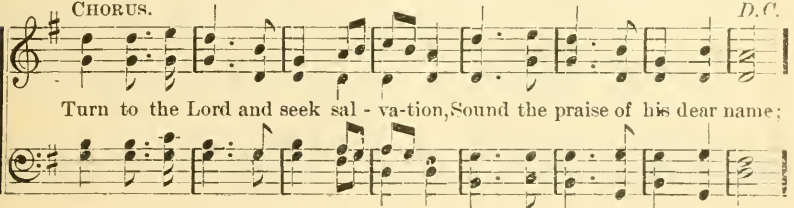
FINE.



D.C.—Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord has come to reign.

CHORUS.

D.C.



*Moderato.*

1. When he com-eth, when he com-eth To make up his jew-els, All his  
 2. He will gath-er, he will gath-er The gems for his kingdom, All the  
 3. Lit-tle children, lit-tle children Who love their Re-deem-er, Are the

CHORUS.

jew-els, precious jew-els, His lov'd and his own. } Like the stars of the  
 pure ones, all the bright ones, His lov'd and his own. }  
 jew-els, precious jew-els, His lov'd and his own. } They shall shine in their

1  
 morn-ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing,  
 beau-ty, (Omit.....) Bright gems for his crown.

2

1. Je-sus calls us, o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;  
 2. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's golden store;  
 3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,  
 4. Je-sus calls us! by thy mer-cies, Sav-iour, may we hear thy call;

Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol-low me."  
 From each i-dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love me more."  
 Still he calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love me more than these."  
 Give our hearts to thy o-be-dience, Serve and love thee best of all.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care. }  
 { In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare: } Bless-ed Je- sus,  
 2. { We are thine, do thou be- friend us, Be the Guardian of our way; }  
 { Keep thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a- stray; } Bless-ed Je- sus;

Bless-ed Je- sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are; Je- sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.  
 Bless-ed Je- sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray; Je- sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be;  
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free;  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,  
 Early let us do thy will;  
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,  
 With thy love our bosoms fill;  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

JOHN FAWCETT,

(DENNIS. S. M.)

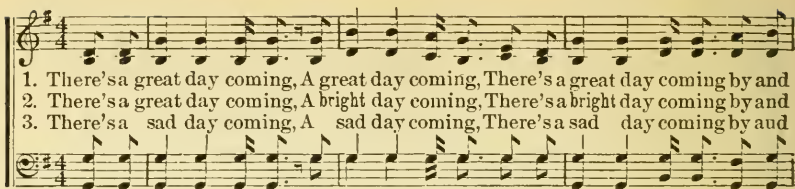
HANS G. NAEGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fel-low-ship of  
 2. Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our

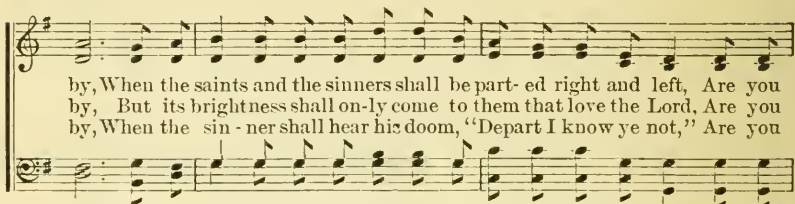
kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.  
 aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,  
 Our mutual burdens bear;  
 And often for each other flows  
 The sympathizing tear.

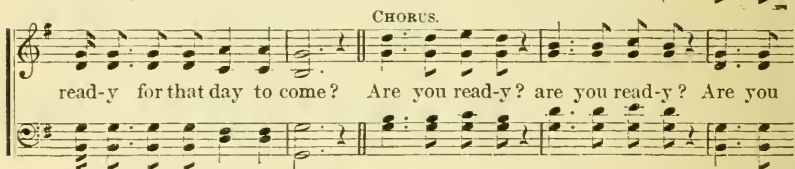
4 When we asunder part,  
 It gives us inward pain;  
 But we shall still be joined in heart,  
 And hope to meet again.



1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day coming by and
2. There's a great day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day coming by and
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day coming by and

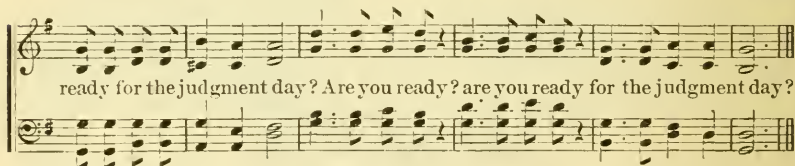


by, When the saints and the sinners shall be part-ed right and left, Are you  
by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you  
by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "Depart I know ye not," Are you



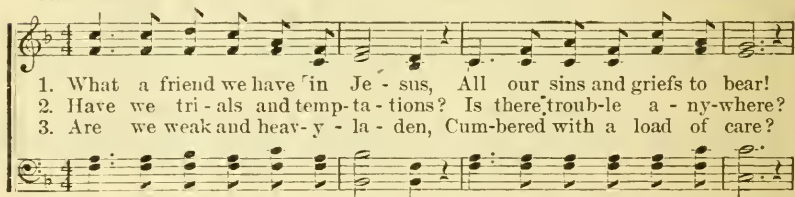
CHORUS.

read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y? are you read-y? Are you

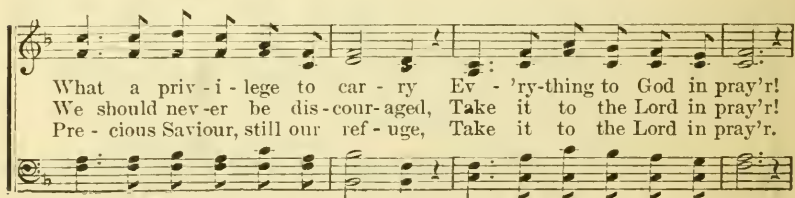


ready for the judgment day? Are you ready? are you ready for the judgment day?

By permission of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.



1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!  
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!  
Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.



## What a Friend.—Concluded.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,  
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?  
Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r,

All be - cause we do not ear - ry Ev - 'rything to God in pray'r!  
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!  
In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

180

## Save One.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Out in the breakers are per - ish - ing souls, Save one, save one;  
2. Out in the darkness of sin's aw - ful night, Save one, save one;  
3. Out on the mountain so sad - ly a - stray, Save one, save one;  
4. Lov'd one or stran - gers, who - e'er they may be, Save one, save one;

Out there the cur - rent of sin mad - ly rolls, Save one, save one.  
Tell them of Je - sus, and lead to the light, Save one, save one.  
From the sweet home land so far, far a - way, Save one, save one.  
Go in his spir - it who saves you and me, Save one, save one.

CHORUS.

Pit - y the per - ish - ing, La - bor and pray; Hast - en to res - cue them,

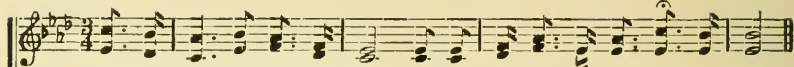
Save one to - day; Then in your heart will be heaven begun, Save one, save one.

## 181.

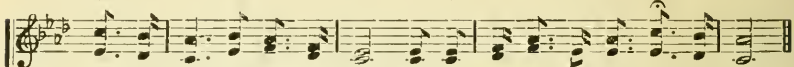
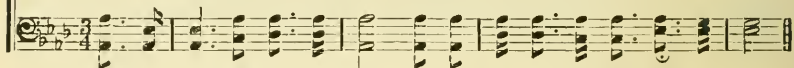
## Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

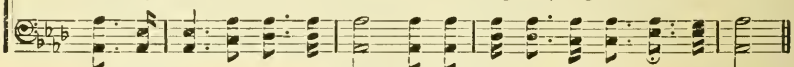
W. H. DOANE.



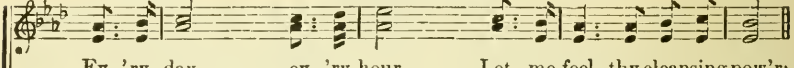
1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
- 3 Let me love thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;



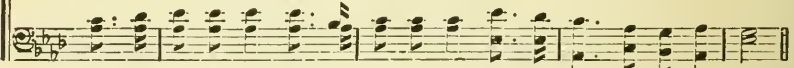
Let thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near thy side.  
Trusting thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.  
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.



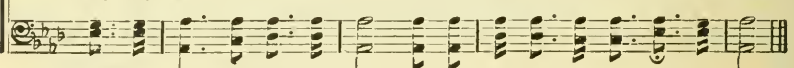
## CHORUS



Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel thy cleansing pow'r;  
and hour, ev-'ry day and hour.



May thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to thee.



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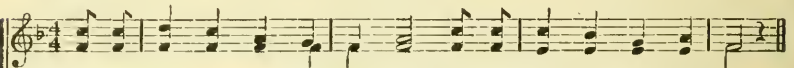
## 182.

## Old Time Power.

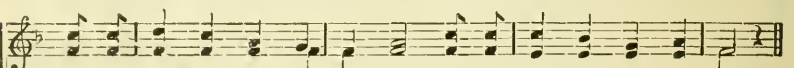
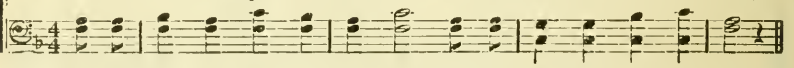
C. D. T.

Acts 2: 4.

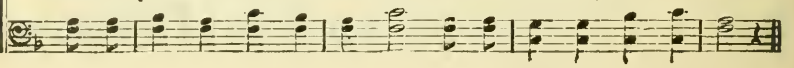
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. They were in an up-per cham-ber, They were all with one ac-cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n descend-ed With the sound of rush-ing wind;
3. Yes, this "old time" pow'r was giv-en To our fa-thers who were true;

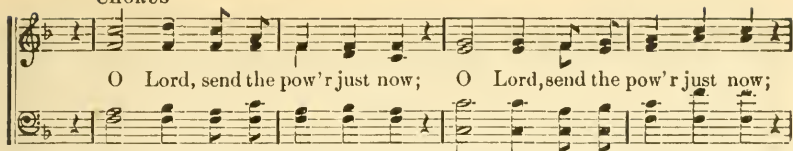


When the Ho-ly Ghost de-scend-ed, As was prom-ised by our Lord.  
Tongues of fire came down up-on them, As the Lord said he would send.  
This is promised to be-liev-ers, And we all may have it too.

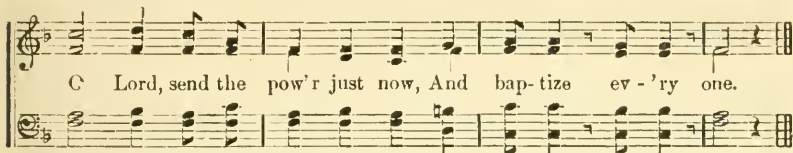


# Old Time Power. Concluded.

## CHORUS



O Lord, send the pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now;



O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap-tize ev-'ry one.


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183

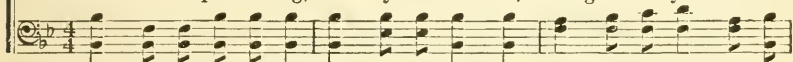
## Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



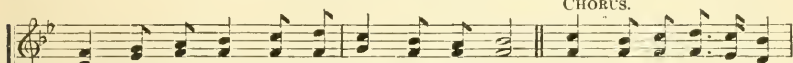
1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is wait-ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the



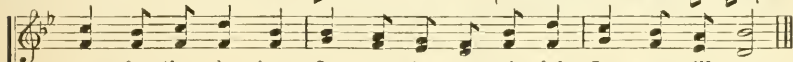

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fal - len,  
child to re - ceive. Plead with them earnest - ly, Plead with them gen - tly:  
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,  
Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;



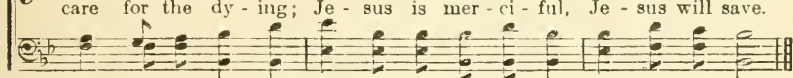
## CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.  
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. } Res - cue the per-ish-ing,  
Chords that were bro-ken will vi-brate once more.  
Tell the poor wand'r'er a Sav-iour has died.

care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.



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1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the  
 2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my  
 3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as  
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the  
 long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies  
 dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 thorns on thy brow; If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

Used by permission.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;

D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,  
 Could my zeal no languor know,  
 These for sin could not atone;  
 Thou must save, and thou alone;  
 In my hand no price I bring;  
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

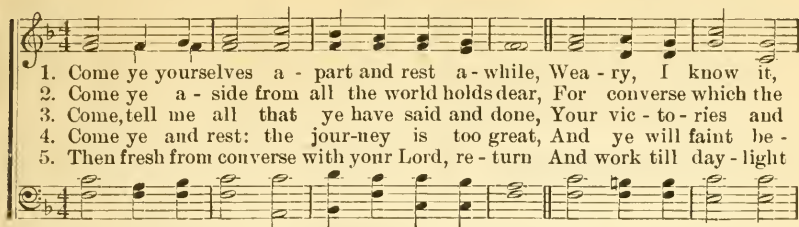
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When mine eyes shall close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 And behold thee on thy throne,  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee.



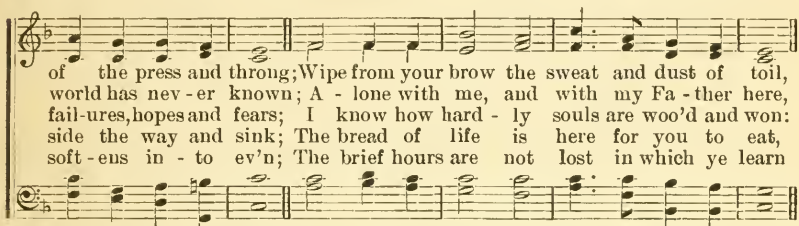
BISHOP BICKERSTETH. By per.

LANGRAN. 10s.

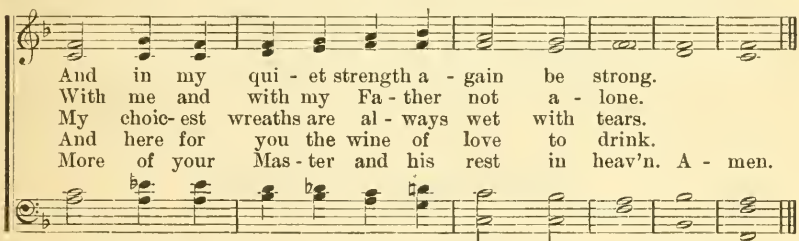
JAMES LANGRAN.



1. Come ye yourselves a - part and rest a - while, Wea - ry, I know it,  
 2. Come ye a - side from all the world holds dear, For converse which the  
 3. Come, tell me all that ye have said and done, Your vic - to - ries and  
 4. Come ye and rest: the jour - ney is too great, And ye will faint be -  
 5. Then fresh from converse with your Lord, re - turn And work till day - light



of the press and throng; Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,  
 world has nev - er known; A - lone with me, and with my Fa - ther here,  
 fail - ures, hopes and fears; I know how hard - ly souls are woo'd and won:  
 side the way and sink; The bread of life is here for you to eat,  
 soft - ens in - to ev'n; The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn



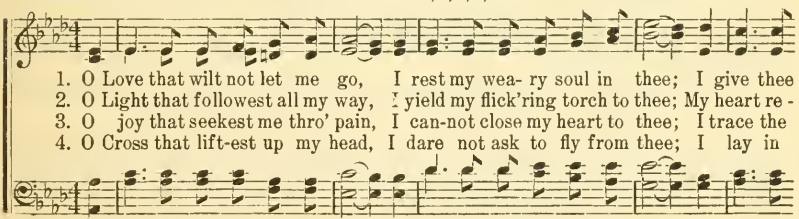
And in my qui - et strength a - gain be strong.  
 With me and with my Fa - ther not a - lone.  
 My choic - est wreaths are al - ways wet with tears.  
 And here for you the wine of love to drink.  
 More of your Mas - ter and his rest in heav'n. A - men.

## 187 O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

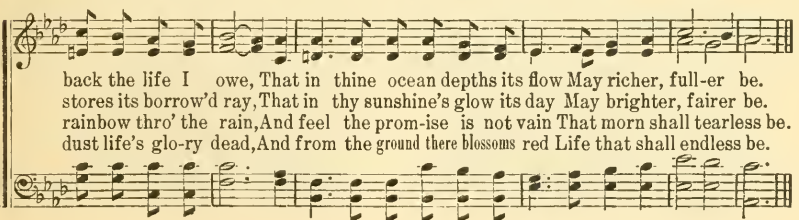
GEORGE MATHESON.

ST. MARGARET. 8, 8, 8, 8, 6.

ALBERT L. PEACE.



1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry soul in thee; I give thee  
 2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to thee; My heart re -  
 3. O joy that seekest me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to thee; I trace the  
 4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from thee; I lay in



back the life I owe, That in thine ocean depths its flow May richer, full - er be.  
 stores its borrow'd ray, That in thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fairer be.  
 rainbow thro' the rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.  
 dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

JOSEPH. H. GILMORE.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!  
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
 3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine;  
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 By wa-ters still, o'er trou-bled sea—Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

{ He leadeth me, He lead-eth me! By His own hand he leadeth me! }  
 { His faithful follow'r I would be, For by his hand he (*Omit. . . . .*) leadeth me.

WILLIAM W. WALFORD.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. { Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,  
 And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (*Omit. . . . .*) wishes known. }

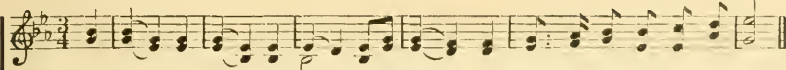
*D.C.*—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return sweet (*Omit. . . . .*) hour of pray'r.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,

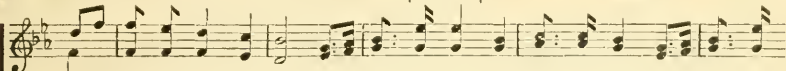
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
 Thy wings shall my petition bear  
 To him, whose truth and faithfulness  
 Engage the waiting soul to bless:  
 And since he bids me seek his face,  
 Believe his word, and trust his grace,  
 I'll cast on him my every care,  
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
 May I thy consolation share,  
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
 I view my home, and take my flight:  
 This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise  
 To seize the everlasting prize;  
 And shout, while passing through the air  
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

LOWELL MASON.



1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt
3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears,
4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,



Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with  
Of sin and wrath divine; I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all  
Ex - alt-ed on his throne; In loft-iest songs of sweetest praise, I would to  
And I shall see his face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e -



Gabriel, while he sings, In notes almost di-vine, In notes almost di-vine.  
perfect, heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.  
ev-er-last-ing days Make all his glories known, Make all his glo-ries known.  
ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Tri-umphant in his grace, Triumphant in his grace.

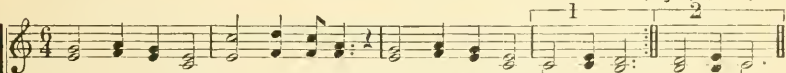


## 191

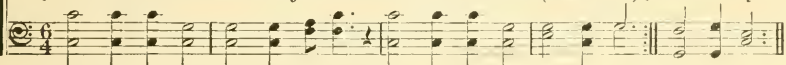
## He is Calling.

F. W. FABER.

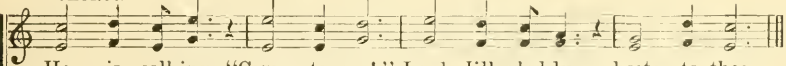
Arr. by S. J. VAIL.



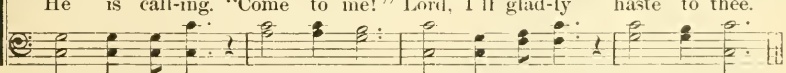
1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea; }  
{ There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than (Omit. ....) } lib-er-ty.



CHORUS.



He is call-ing. "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to thee.



- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good:  
There is mercy with the Saviour;  
There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind;

- And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderful and kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,  
We should take him at his word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of the Lord.

ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say—Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,  
 2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and thine alone, Can change the  
 3. For noth - ing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim—I'll wash my  
 4. When from my dy - ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then 'Je - sus  
 5. And when before the throne I stand in him complete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.  
 lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.  
 garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb. Je - sus paid it all!  
 paid it all!" Shall rend the vault-ed skies.  
 tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

MRS. E. CODNER.

Even Me. 8, 7, 3.

WILLIAM D. BRADBURY.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scattering full and free; }  
 { Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me, }

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O God my Father,  
 Sinful though my heart may be;  
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
 Let thy mercy light on me,  
 Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,  
 Let me live and cling to thee;  
 I am longing for thy favor;  
 Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me,  
 Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
 Thou canst make the blind to see;  
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
 Speak the word of power to me,  
 Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,  
 Blood of Christ, so rich, so free;  
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
 Magnify them all in me,  
 Even me.



E. E. HEWITT.

J. P. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. With outstretched hands and pleading tone, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;  
 2. From sin's de-file-ment, sin's con-trol, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;  
 3. By count-less mer-cies, day by day, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;  
 4. He bids thee to a feast of love, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;  
 5. Then turn this mo-ment, look and live! The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;

From Calv'ry's cross, from yon-der throne, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.  
 O yield to him thy blood-bought soul, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.  
 By tri-als sent a-long the way, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.  
 To shir-ing man-sions built a-bove, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.  
 Full, ev-er-last-ing life he'll give, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.

*D.S.*—The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.

CHORUS.

Call-ing, call-ing, The Sav-iour is calling for thee; Call-ing, call-ing,  
 Calling for thee, calling for thee; Calling for thee, calling for thee;

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R. E. HUDSON.

G. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;  
 2. I now be-lieve thou dost re-ceive, For thou hast died that I might live;  
 3. O thou who died on Cal-va-ry To save my soul and make me free,

*Cho.*—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

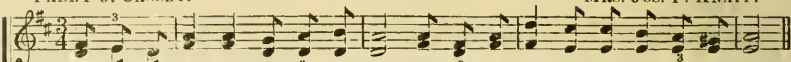
*D.C. Chorus.*  
 O may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!  
 And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav-iour and my God!  
 I con-se-crate my life to thee, My Sav-iour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

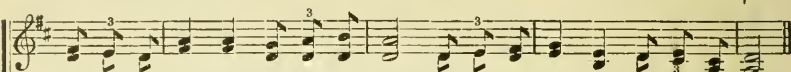
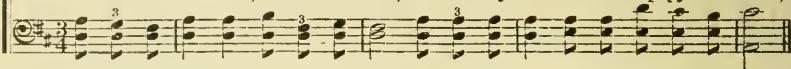
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

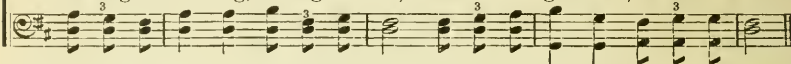
MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.



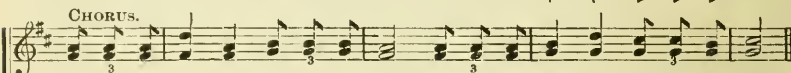
1. Blessed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glo-ry di-vine!  
 2. Per-fect submis-sion, perfect de-light, Vis-ions of rapture now burst on my sight;  
 3. Per-fect submis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am hap-py and blest;



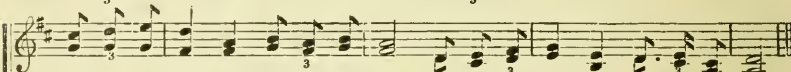
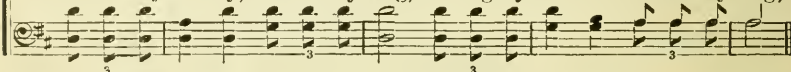
Heir of sal-va-tion, purchas'd by God, Born of his Spir-it, wash'd in his blood.  
 An-gels descending, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of mer-cy, whispers of love.  
 Watching and waiting, looking a-bove, Fill'd with his goodness, lost in his love.



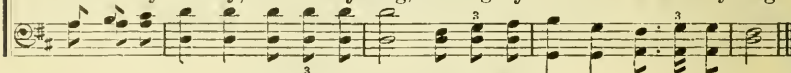
## CHORUS.



This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long;



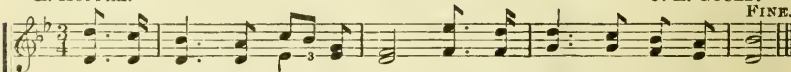
This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.



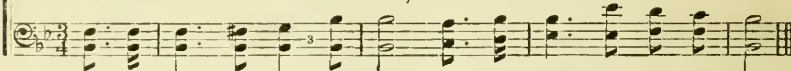
E. HOPFER.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.



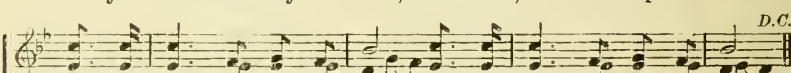
1. Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me O-ver life's tem-pest-uons sea;  
 2. As a moth-er stills her child Thou canst hush the o-cean wild;  
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful break-ers roar



D. C.—Chart and com-pass came from thee: Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.

D. C.—Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.

D. C.—May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi-lot thee."



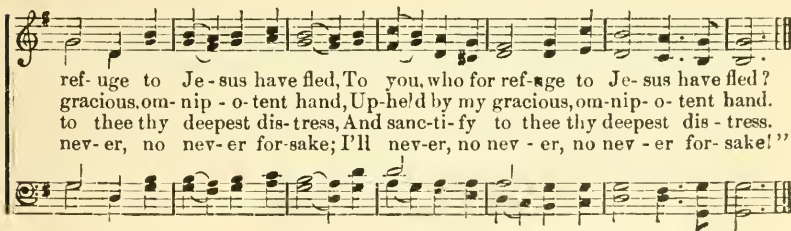
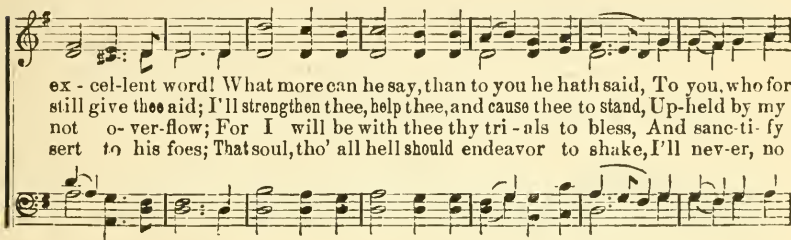
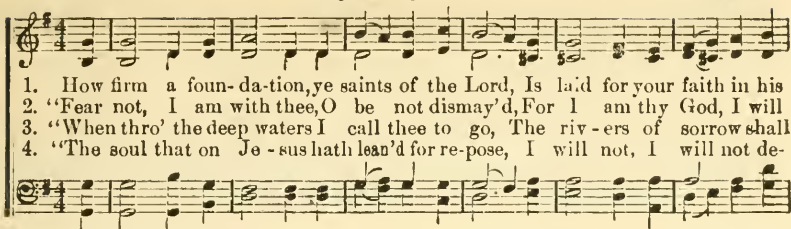
Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
 Bois-terous waves o-bey thy will When thou say'st to them "Be still,"  
 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on thy breast,



GEORGE KEITH.

Portuguese Hymn. 11s

J. READING.



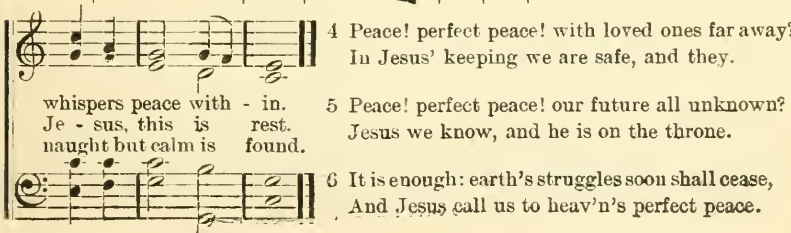
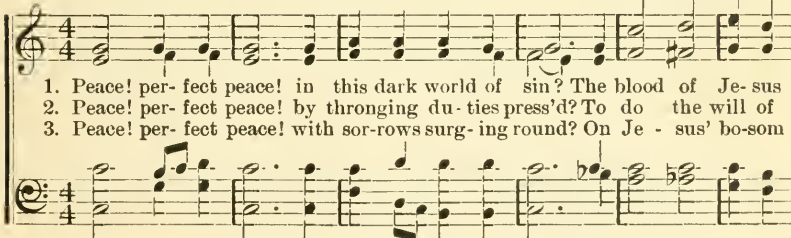
## 199

## Peace! Perfect Peace!

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

(PAX TECUM. 10s.)

G. T. CALDBECK.



MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - iour, so  
 2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an off - 'ring to  
 3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I  
 4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my

pre - cious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shel - ter me  
 Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the  
 glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but  
 an - chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges, ev - er to be Near - er, my

safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."  
 cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.  
 Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.  
 Sav - iour, still nearer to thee, Near - er, my Saviour, still near - er to thee.

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## 201

## The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not  
 2. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on his unchanging grace; In ev - 'ry  
 3. His oath, his cov - e - nant, and blood, Sup - port me in the whelming flood; When all a -

CHORUS.  
 trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je - sus' name.  
 high and stormy gale, My anchor holds with - in the veil. } On Christ, the sol - id  
 round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay. }

rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sinking sand, All oth - er ground is sinking sand.



MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way; O for  
 2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-  
 3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev-er heal my woe; I will  
 4. Something whispers in my scul, Tho' your sins like mountains roll, Je-sus'  
 5. I o-bey the Sav-iour's call, Now to him I yield my all, At his

CHORUS.

strength of faith to say, Je-sus died for me.  
 day I'll try a-gain, Je-sus, help thou me.  
 rise at once and go, Je-sus died for me. } Can it be, O can it be  
 blood will make me whole, Je-sus died for me.  
 feet, where oth-er's fall, There's a place for me.

*rit.*  
 There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je-sus died for me.

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Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be  
 2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more  
 3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing him each day; What I ask  
 4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

CHORUS.

free from dross Still I would en-ter in.  
 of his pow'r Ev-er my pray'r would be. } Deep-er yet, deep-er yet,  
 he will give, So then with faith I pray.  
 I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.

In-to the crimson flood; Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, Under the pre-cious blood

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S. B. GOULD.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus  
 2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing  
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je-sus  
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go-ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;  
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vi-ded, All one bod-y we;  
 Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er, 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
 In the triumph-song; Glo-ry, laud and hon-or Un-to Christ the King;

CHORUS.  
 For-ward in-to bat-tle, See, his ban-ners go!  
 One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.  
 We have Christ's own promise, And that can not fail.  
 This thro' countless a-ges Men and an-gels sing.

Onward, Christian sol-diers!

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

SIDNEY DYER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; }  
 { Work, while the dew is sparkling, (Omit. ....) } Work 'mid springing flow'rs.

D.C.—Work, for the night is com-ing, (Omit. ....) When man's work is done.

Work, when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work through the sunny noon;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor,  
 Rest comes sure and soon.  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more


3 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies;  
 While their bright tints are glowing.  
 Work, for daylight flies.  
 Work till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more;  
 Work while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.

## 206.

## Loving Kindness.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

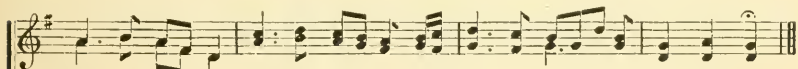
WM. CALDWELL



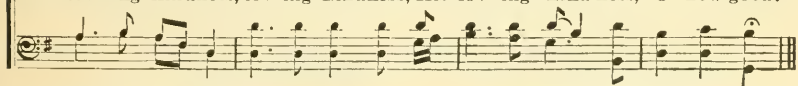
1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
 2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with-standing all;  
 3. Tho' numerous hosts of might - y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose,  
 4. When trouble, like a gloom - y cloud, Has gath - ered thick and thundered loud,



He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free!  
 He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how great!  
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how strong!  
 He near my soul has al - ways stood, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how good!

Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free!  
 Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how great!  
 Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how strong!  
 Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how good!



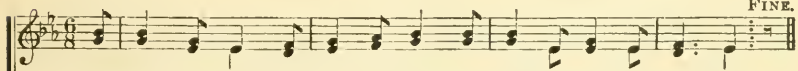
## 207

## The Great Physician.

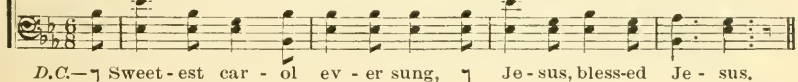
WILLIAM HUNTER.

Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.



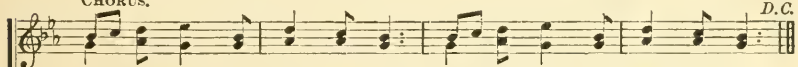
1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, }  
 { He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus, }  
 2. { Your ma - ny sins are all forgiv'n, O hear the voice of Je - sus, }  
 { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }



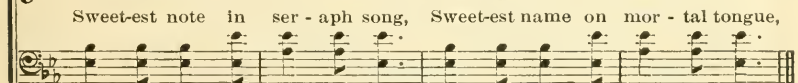
D.C.— Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

CHORUS.

D.C.



Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,



3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
 No other name but Jesus:  
 O how my soul delights to hear  
 The charming name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small  
 Who love the name of Jesus,  
 May now accept the gracious call  
 To work and live for Jesus.

W. COWPER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fount-ain flled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;  
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day:  
 3. Thou dy-ing Lamb! thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its power,

And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.  
 Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

D.S.—And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
 D.S.—And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.  
 D.S.—Till all the ran-somed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

Lose all their guilt-y stains,.... Lose all their guilt-y stains,  
 Wash all my sins a-way,..... Wash all my sins a-way,  
 Are saved, to sin no more,..... Are saved, to sin no more,

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing thy power to save,  
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,  
 Lies silent in the grave.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Woodworth. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,  
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,  
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
 Because thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown  
 Has broken every barrier down;  
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!



J. W. VAN DEVENTER.  
SOLO.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to him I free - ly give; }  
 { I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres - ence dai - ly live. }  
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at his feet I bow; }  
 { World - ly pleas - ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }  
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour, whol - ly thine; }  
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine. }

CHORUS.

I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;  
 I sur - ren - der all,  
 All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,  
 Lord, I give myself to thee;  
 Fill me with thy love and power,  
 Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,  
 Now I feel the sacred flame;  
 O the joy of full salvation!  
 Glory, glory to his name!

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SIR JOHN BOWRING.

Rathbun. 8s, 7s.

ITHAMER CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r - ing o'er the wrecks of time;  
 2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,  
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming, Light and love up - on my way,  
 4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime,  
 Ner - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds new lus - ter to the day.  
 Peace is there, that knows no meas - ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

FANN, J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-bles cry; While on  
 2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing  
 3. Trust-ing on-ly in thy mer-it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my  
 4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.  
 oth-ers thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.  
 there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.  
 wounded, broken spir-it, Save me by thy grace.  
 I on earth be-side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee? } Sav-iour, Sav-iour,

Hear my humble cry, While on others thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

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J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer-cy with the Lord,  
 2. For Je-sus shed his pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;  
 3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;  
 4. Come, then, and join the ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,

And he will sure-ly give you rest By trust-ing in his word.  
 Plunge now in-to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.  
 Be-lieve in him with-out de-lay, And you are ful-ly blest.  
 To dwell in that ce-less-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flew.

CHORUS.  
 { \* On-ly trust him, on-ly trust him, On-ly trust him now; }  
 { He will save you, he will save you, He will (omit.....) } save you now.

\* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used for chorus instead of "Only Trust Him."

## 214

## Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

Bethany. 6s, 4s.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross  
 2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,  
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou send-est me,  
 4. Then, with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs  
 5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,

D. S.—Near - er, my God, to thee,

FINE.

D. S.

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck-on me Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near - er, my God, to thee,

Near - er to thee!

## 215

## Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Lux Benigna. 10s, 4s.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on! The night is  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to  
 3. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on 'O'er-moor and

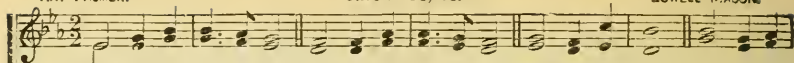
dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on! Keep thou my feet; I  
 choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on! I loved the gar - ish  
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e - nough for me,  
 day, and spite of fears Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!  
 an - gel fa - ces smile While I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

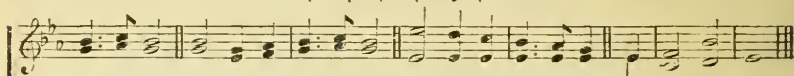
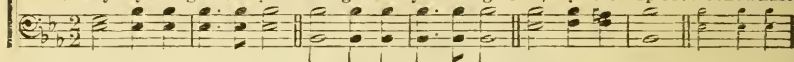
RAY PALMER.

Olivet. 6s, 4s.

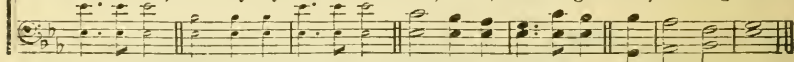
LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calva-ry, Saviour di-vine; Now hear me  
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As thou hast



while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly thine!  
died for me, O may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!



3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.

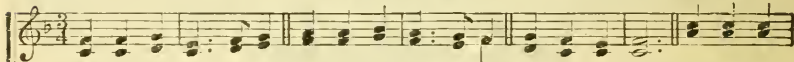
4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul!

## 217 My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

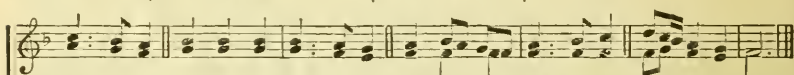
S. F. SMITH, D. D.

America. 6s, 4s.

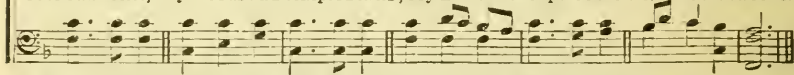
AD. HENRY CAPEY.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my  
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thyname I love; I love thy



fathers died! Land of the Pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.



3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King!

## 218 Come, Thou Almighty King.

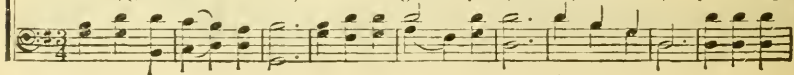
CHARLES WESLEY.

Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.

FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, thou al-might-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all-  
2. Come, thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come, and thy  
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sacred wit-ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al-  
4. To thee, great One in Three, E-ter-nal glo-ry be, Hence, evermore; Thy sov'reign





# Come, Thou Almighty King.—Concluded.

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days.  
 people bless, And give thy word success: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de-scend!  
 mighty art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r!  
 ma - jesty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

219

## Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } Happy  
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }

day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray. }  
 { And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day. }

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
 To him who merits all my love!  
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!  
 I am my Lord's and he is mine;  
 He drew me, and I followed on,  
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

220

## Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHORUS.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Re - vive us a - gain.

- 2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,  
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,  
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,  
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;  
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

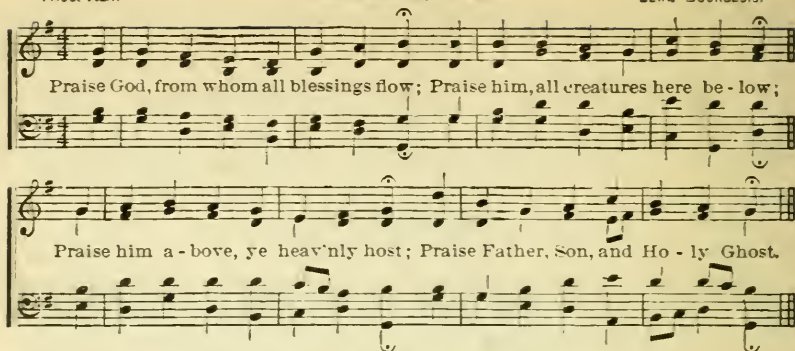
## 221

THOS. KEN.

## Doxology.

Old Hundred. L. M.

LEWIS BOURGEOIS.

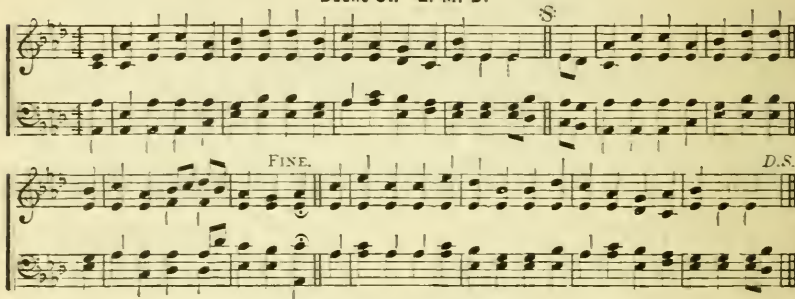


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be-low;  
Praise him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

## 222

## Praise God From Whom.

Duane St. L. M. D.

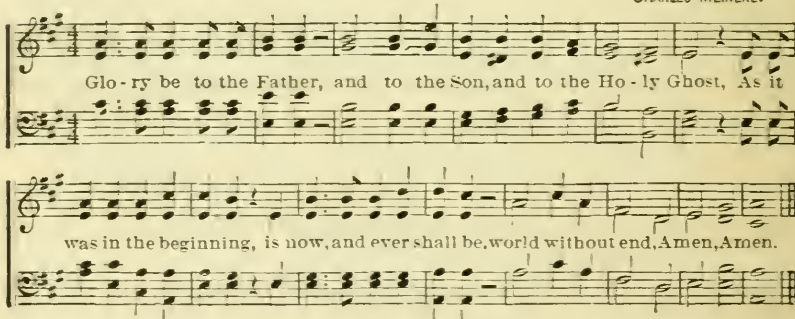


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be-low;  
Praise him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

## 223

## Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.



Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost, As it  
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen, Amen.

## Grace at Meals.

"Thou openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."—Ps. 145: 16.

## 224

Blessing Invoked. L. M.

Be present at our table, Lord,  
Be here and everywhere adored.  
These mercies bless, and grant that we  
May feast in Paradise with thee.

## 225

Thanks Returned. L. M.

We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,  
For life and health and mercy good;  
Let manna to our souls be given,  
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want thee for-ev-er to  
 2. Lord Je-sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-  
 3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en-treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at thy  
 4. Lord Je-sus, thouse-est I pa-tient-ly wait: Come now, and within me a

live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe; Now  
 plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev-er I know: Now  
 cru-ci-fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow: Now  
 new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st "No," Now

## CHORUS.

wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes,

whit-er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

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ANDREW REED.

Mercy. 7s.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho-ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;  
 2. Ho-ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;  
 3. Ho-ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this sad-den'd heart of mine;  
 4. Ho-ly Spir-it, all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn my dark-ness in-to day.  
 Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.  
 Bid my ma-ny woes de-part, Heal my wound-ed, bleeding heart.  
 Cast down ev-'ry i-dol-throne, Reign su-preme—and reign a-lone.

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### THE PRAISE PUBLISHING COMPANY

Western Office:

FAIRBURY, ILLINOIS

1530 Chestnut Street

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